The Saturday Evening
POST
August 25, 1956 — 15¢

You May be Risking
Your Children's Lives . . .
IS YOUR HOUSE A FIRETRAP?

A Husband's Story:
I MARRIED A POLIO VICTIM

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John Clymer

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Germs are the most common cause of bad breath—and no tooth paste kills germs the way Listerine does!

That's true—the No. 1 cause of bad breath (halitosis) is germs—germs that are always present in the mouth. No tooth paste can kill germs the way Listerine Antiseptic does because no tooth paste is antiseptic.

Listerine kills germs by millions—stops bad breath instantly and usually for hours on end.

Listerine kills germs on contact . . . kills them by the millions. That's why Listerine stops bad breath four times better than any tooth paste. Gargle Listerine full-strength morning and night.

LISTERINE . . . *THE MOST WIDELY USED ANTISEPTIC IN THE WORLD*

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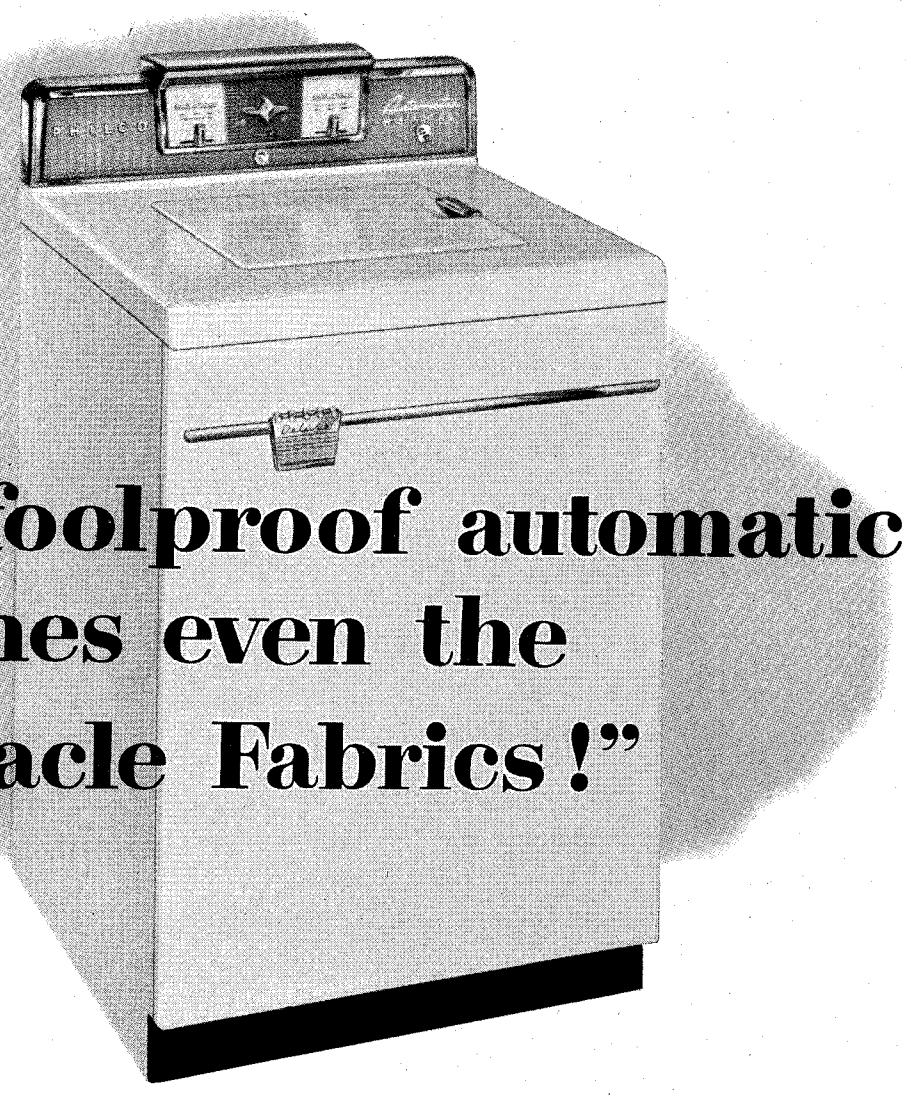
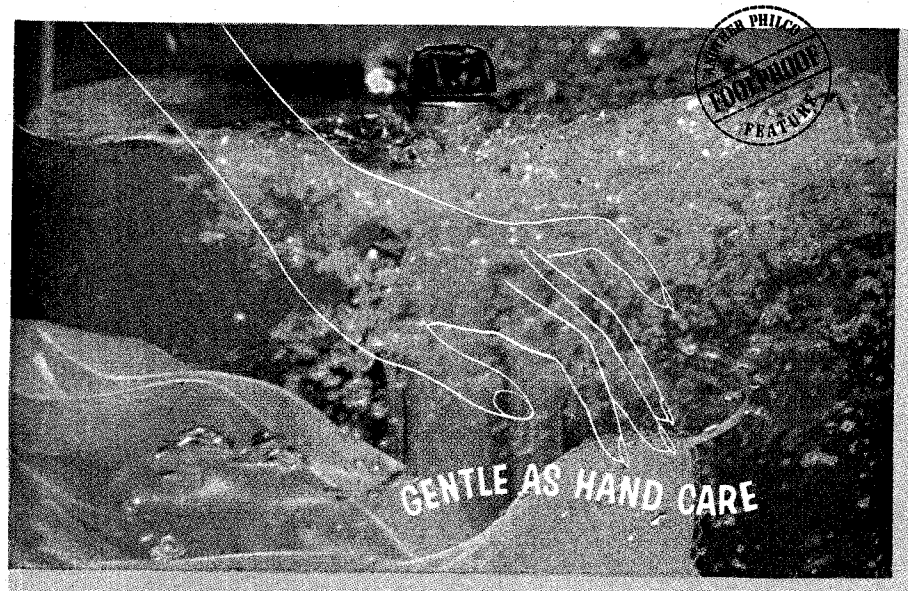
Claire McCardell
famous fashion designer and fabric expert, says:



"Here at last... a foolproof automatic that safely washes even the lovely new Miracle Fabrics!"

Today's trend to clothes made of the new Miracle fibers called for a new *kind* of washer. It had to be one that would handle the sheerest fabrics *without* rough action yet wash dirtiest work clothes or shag rugs—and get *both* types *super*-clean. The answer is Philco's Ball Point Balance Automatic. It eliminates rough action but provides the most thorough washing and rinsing you've ever seen—the *ONLY AUTOMATIC THAT WASHES ANY FABRIC, ANY LOAD!*

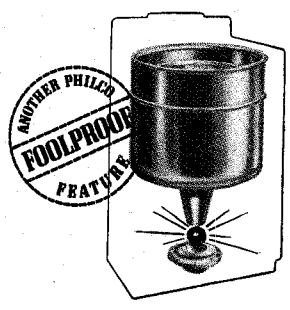


1 Separate Cycle for FINE FABRICS

Philco's Fine Fabric Cycle takes far less time and is as gentle as hand care . . . especially necessary for any fibers that are weaker in water. Your finest garments will *last longer* with a Philco!

2 Separate Cycle for REGULAR WASH

Because of its exclusive Ball Point Balance, Philco handles washable rugs, bedspreads and other bulky articles that cause "cut-offs"—or can't even be washed—in some automatics.

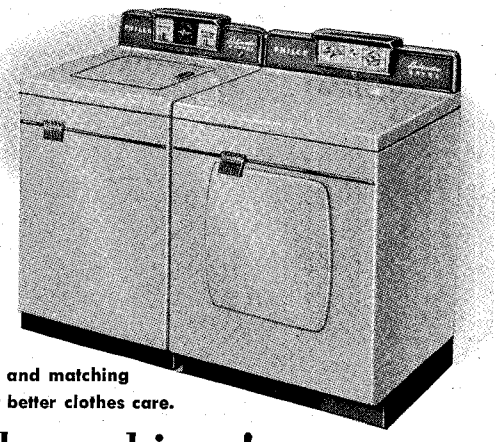


Secret of Philco's Superiority—

BALL POINT BALANCE*

Here is a revolutionary new principle—the *first* basically *new* development in washers since the automatic was born! Philco has completely eliminated the weights, springs, dampers and shock absorbers required by other washers to control the tremendous forces set up in spinning. In place of these, Philco has developed a simple, *foolproof* element that absorbs all the stresses of washer operation. When your washing is done in a Philco, there will be no cut-offs, no half-washed clothes . . . no straining or tearing of delicate fabrics, stitching or buttons . . . no harmful vibration. And both clothes and washer will LAST LONGER!

**Pat. Pending*



Philco Ball Point Balance Washer and matching Sun-a-matic Dryer. Perfect pair for better clothes care.

PHILCO® Proved by 6,500,000 typical family washings!

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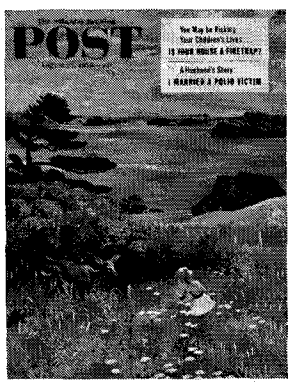

THE COVER

That little dear (the big deer is thinking) is evidently offering me something to browse on. The noise she is making with her mouth sounds to me like "carrot." I believe a carrot is something that sticks in the ground over there in her buck-papa's garden, where various tender green shoots have made me admirable meals from time to time. Well, I'm beginning to run out of tender green shoots, and if this carrot is tasty, maybe I can learn to dig roots. So—but hold on! Why did that automobile stop up there windward of the meadow and why is that man staring at me? It looks like the old buck is up to no good. Thanks, anyway, fawn-girl—I think I'll take to the tall timber. (And Mrs. Deer did. John Clymer, touring in Ontario, Canada, was the old buck who upset her.)

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BOY! FOR A TWO WEEKS VACATION, MARGE PACKS ENOUGH KARO AND LUGGAGE TO OUTFIT AN EXPEDITION TO THE SOUTH POLE
Karo
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Karo SYRUP
I'M GONNA STAY HOME AND POUR KARO SYRUP ON ICE CREAM--- --YEAH!
ICE CREAM
DON'T FORGET TO TAKE ALONG ALL 3 DELICIOUS FLAVORS – BLUE LABEL··· DARK 'N RICH, RED LABEL·· ··MILD 'N LIGHT, AND GREEN LABEL WITH THAT GOOD MAPLE-Y FLAVOR
WOW! THIS KARO 'N BREAD SANDWICH MAKES SOME SNACK!
US 22
STAN-RANDALL

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Letters

Unfair Wage Limit?

Dear Sirs:

I wish to express my deep appreciation for what you say in your editorial: LET THE OLD FOLKS EARN ALL THEY CAN!, July 21.

The law, rightly, makes us contribute to the "Social Security" fund, but in too many cases refuses to let us have our pension after we have bought and paid for it.

THEO J. OTTO
Wenatchee, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

The "$1200 only" provision is, to my mind, an hypocritical feature and only serves to help starve some earnest would-be-workers.

RIPLEY WATSON
Hamburg, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

I can imagine our colonial ancestors being told by a Continental Congress how much they could earn. They probably would have made the Boston Tea Party look like a Sunday-school picnic.

WILLIAM J. DOWER
Reno, Nev.

Dear Sirs:

I get very annoyed at references to Social Security as Old Age Benefits, thus giving the connotation of something being given by the Government. . . .

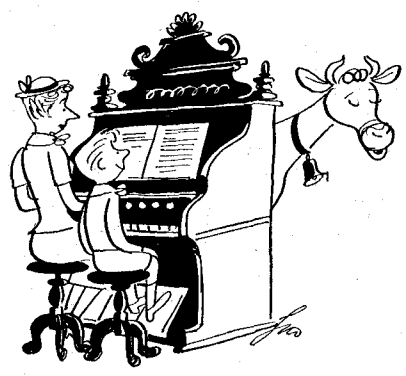
There is no "Government benefit" involved in Social Security. Each eligible person is paying his or her own way on a normal "insurance-risk" basis and while some persons draw more than they paid in, this is also true of all life-insurance programs and private annuity programs, and all forms of insurance.

JOSEPHINE L. CHAPMAN
Greenwich, Conn.

Church Organist

Dear Sirs:

The delightful experiences of Mrs. Genevieve Jensen [A NEW KIND OF INSIDE STORY, July 21] might have come from my own diary, except that I opened



my organ career at the age of nine by pumping the organ with the munificent salary of a nickel a Sunday. . . .

In the college town where I played myself through school the pumper boy was not too bright and often came to sit by me during the sermon; and once, before the wind had given the last gasp, he marched boldly down the pedals, which, of course, whined and mooed like a dying cow.

MRS. GARFIELD M. WELD
South Hero, Vt.

Dear Sirs:

I was particularly interested in Mrs. Jensen's inability to obtain permission to practice the organ. In my opinion, churches refusing to allow young organists to practice are doing a great disservice to themselves, to other churches and to the young organists. Where do they think they are going to find organists in the future if they are not allowed to practice now?

W. J. STILES
Keytesville, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

The best laugh I've had in years!

MRS. L. BUDER
Merchantville, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

Shame on you, and Genevieve Jensen, for publishing such a flippant caricature of Protestant worship. Evidently, the author has become so "professional" that the ministry of music in interpreting God through the universal language of music died an early death within her. She surely showed a lack of spiritual preparation for her work.

REV. EDWARD A. PUFF
Dayton, Ohio

Ex-Prisoner 16688

Dear Sirs:

Re: THE CASE OF PRISONER NO. 16688 by John Kobler [July 14], as long as our law structure remains the way it is, I am afraid this case won't be the first or last of this type of injustice. Many times in the past the D.A.'s have been so determined in their pursuit of convictions to further their political careers that many a poor innocent man or woman suffered as the result.

JOSEPH L. BARNA
Dravosburg, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

A recent study, in one of our larger counties, has shown that sixty per cent of the defendants are indigent and in need of assigned counsel.

The only adequate solution is the Public Defender System, to be established by our state legislatures, providing for public defenders to represent the large number of defendants—innocent until they are proved guilty—and unable to obtain their own counsel. It is the duty of the judge to assign counsel, but under our prevailing conditions there are few lawyers available for assignment. The result is Roy Eaton, and similar cases, differing only in degree.

JOHN A. MATHEWS
Former Chemung County Judge
Elmira, N.Y.

● *Eaton had the help of two lawyers—both fresh out of law school. The Illinois Public Defender Act, passed in 1950, provides indigent defendants with experienced counsel.*
—ED.

Gas-Station Blues

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations on [THE THINGS THEY ASK ME TO DO!] by Sam O. Gamble [as told to Joe Alex Morris, July 14]. I have wished for years that someone would print something of this kind.

He forgot one thing, though. What about the truck driver who is constantly coming into highway service stations and wanting you (Continued on Page 6)

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ROAD BIRDS

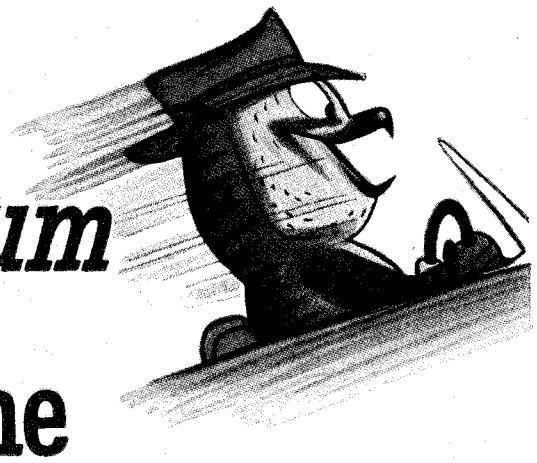
a series by Ethyl Corporation

The Uncouth Coot has no manners at all. Whether picnicking at the roadside—or having a snack while flying down the highway—he litters the landscape with all kinds of refuse.

The Smart Bird doesn't throw things from his car. He appreciates the beauty of the roadside. And, what's more, he leaves it beautiful by keeping a bag in his car for "travel trash."

The Smart Bird also appreciates full engine power. That's why he always uses premium gasoline. Premium gasoline has a higher octane rating . . . which means you can get *more power* out of it!

It's smart to use *premium* gasoline



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How to stop being a Ghostess

by KitchenAid

You know what a ghostess is: that's a hostess who disappears right after the meal. And leaves her guests with that awkward choice—pitch in with the dishes, or try to ignore those stacks of soiled tableware.

But change the scene just slightly... add a KitchenAid automatic dishwasher... and see the hostess be a part of the party! Now she has *time*. Time for gracious entertaining and living. Time to really enjoy her family. Time for so many of the better things.

Why a KitchenAid? Because a KitchenAid *belongs* in this scene. Because the product itself is unequaled.

Ask friends that have one. You'll hear them echo our own proud claim: "The finest made." Or an expert—a dealer. He'll explain that a dishwasher has two important actions. *Washing* (it must remove every trace of food). *Drying* (it must leave no spots). He'll show you why a KitchenAid, by Hobart, does *both* jobs better—the revolving power wash arm, the separate electric blower-dryer unit—no other make has either one! Compare these superior features with ordinary "splasher"-type or "needle-spray" washers... see the *big* difference for yourself!

But of course you're concerned with appearance, too: "How will it go in my kitchen?" The answer—beautifully! Your dealer can provide the model, style and finish you prefer, the color you wish... your new KitchenAid will take its place in your kitchen as naturally as it fits your way of life.

For information, write Dept. KQ, KitchenAid Home Dishwasher Division, The Hobart Manufacturing Co., Troy, Ohio.

Canada: 175 George St., Toronto 2.

KitchenAid®

The Finest Made... by Hobart

World's Largest Manufacturer of Food, Kitchen and Dishwashing Machines

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

to pad his receipt so he can knock down a few bucks on the boss? . . .

I have been 11 years in my highway location here and am disgusted with crooked truck drivers.

R. D. SMITH
Columbia City, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

Gripe, gripe, gripe, I never heard so many gripes from a gas-station owner as from Sam O. Gamble, of Manning, S. C. . . . I carry credit cards and although I might have just had my car serviced, I would like to feel free to ask

for information or service whether I buy gas or not. He says gas sales are not the main source of his income. Where would he be if he didn't sell gas? I would go a long way before I would stop at a station like his.

SAM JOHNSON
Findlay, Ohio

Home-Repair Gyps

Dear Sirs:

Stanley Frank, in his BEWARE OF HOME-REPAIR RACKETEERS (July 21), makes six recommendations as safeguards to prevent homeowners from being "gypped." . . .

The most essential recommendation, he regrettably omitted. That one is: Retain a lawyer to advise you.

CHARLES V. FALKENBERG, *Attorney*
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

In April, 1954, I tacked a card beneath my front door bell with the following legend:

WE WILL NOT
REPAIR,
REMODEL,
OR INSTALL SIDING
AT ANY PRICE!
ON ANY TERMS!

Please do NOT
ring or knock
to inquire about this matter!
— OWNER —

Not one agent tried to make contact that year. Furthermore, telephone and mail "offers" also ceased.

MRS. J. BROADUS HAYNES
Seattle, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

Dozens of utility companies (who do not themselves sell or install wiring) employ well-trained home-wiring advisors, whose services are available without obligation to the homeowner. Similarly, in many areas, groups of honest and competent electrical contractors offer the same service on a co-operative basis. . . . However, the "suède-shoe boys" and a few unscrupulous practitioners are hampering these sincere efforts. . . .

Stanley Frank's suggestion that homeowners ask for positive identification of an "inspector" or a utility company representative is excellent.

CARL T. BREMICKER
Northern States Power Co.
Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Sirs:

This article will help tremendously, I believe, to put many more homeowners on their guard. . . .

The article, however, appears to deal with Title I Loans as if the same free-wheeling abuses of past days are still going on. They are not.

Specifically, the article says that "Crooks exploit to the hilt a weakness in the Title I setup that makes homeowners sitting ducks for fraudulent contracts and once-over-lightly work." Our own record of action on complaints involving failure to meet contract obligations is evidence that this is not true.

The article also says that the "Justice Department vigorously prosecutes debtors and eventually collects the money owed, but the crooks merely are placed on a precautionary list." The fact is that the Justice Department has obtained 450 convictions and 890 indictments for home-repair rackets since April, 1954, many of them for cases that occurred before the present safeguards were erected.

ALBERT M. COLE, *Administrator*
Housing and Home Finance Agency
Washington, D.C.

● *"However," replies author Stanley Frank, "how much of a dent do these figures make in the 174,175 complaints about crooked home repairers received by the Better Business Bureau last year?"—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

In your article . . . I am quoted as saying: "The Mickey Cohen gambling mob is behind a lot of funny stuff going on in Chicago and Detroit."

The remarks I made on this situation were strictly in the past tense. . . . We have no evidence that any of the people working with or for Cohen are doing any business under the FHA program.

I am also quoted as saying that "the precautionary list isn't much of a deterrent to racketeering."

I did not make this statement.

C. B. SWEET
Assistant Commissioner,
Federal Housing Administration
Washington, D.C.

● *Author Stanley Frank replies: "I simply wrote down what Mr. Sweet told me."—ED.*

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▶ Right now . . . and through every month to follow . . . this Oldsmobile Ninety-Eight De Luxe *Holiday* Coupé lives up to its name. For indeed, it is powered high, styled low and long, to add a vacation-like zest to driving. Its Rocket T-350 Engine is always ready with a safety reserve of power to make short, easy work of any trip. The relaxing smoothness of Jetaway Hydra-Matic Drive is yours, too . . . and the effort-saving precision control of Safety Power Steering. This car cuts a proud figure . . . at ease in your driveway or in action on the road. Your Oldsmobile dealer suggests that you inspect it carefully, drive it critically. And this is an experience to be enjoyed *right now!*

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Oldsmobile

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An Advertisement Presented in the Public Interest by New York Life

The men who serve labor, industry and government in settling labor relations problems generally have had broad experience in personnel work.

Should your child go into Personnel Work?

by CYRUS S. CHING

Former Director of the Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service
(As told to HAROLD BARON)

A CLOSE BRUSH with death made me realize how important personnel work can be.

On a warm August day in 1904 I was repairing equipment for an electric railway. Standing on a dry board, I gripped a wire carrying 5,000 amperes and began to twist it off. My clothes were wet with perspiration, and while leaning over, I touched the damp wall of the tunnel.

The shock threw me off balance, I grabbed a steel truss rod and the full power flashed through my body, wrapping me in blue flames.

It was six days before I regained consciousness in the hospital.

During the four months I spent there, some friends cared enough to visit me, but not one person from the company called. You can imagine how I felt.

Fifty years ago, my experience wasn't unusual. Today, it would be. Most businessmen now know that a feeling of well-being among employees is vital to a firm's success. There are specially trained experts whose task it is to develop just such a feeling. Personnel specialists, they're called, and I know of few professions which are more rewarding.

What does a personnel man do? Primarily, he sees to it that manpower is used in the most effective way possible. For example, he tries to fit the right employee into the most suitable job.

Not long ago a personnel man in a large industrial plant had to warn a clerk that he would lose his job if he continued to do poor work. "Here was a man of good caliber," the personnel man said later, "who wasn't doing well. I gave him a series of tests, found he had fine mechanical ability and liked to work with his hands. Now, after training and a change in jobs, he's risen to department head."

Today, that employee is valuable to the firm and to himself.

The personnel man in business and industry fills another important need by finding out what causes friction and helping to prevent or correct it.

When a factory had to close down a department of 375 skilled men, the personnel director made plans far in advance by explaining the situation to the employees. "We'll find a spot for each of you," he said. As new jobs came up, transfers went through smoothly. By foresight, he prevented any discontent or friction.

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In general, the functions of a personnel department in business and industry may include:

Hiring, which involves judging and testing future employees.

Training employees in their jobs.

Wage administration: This includes setting salaries and wage rates, as well as cutting down waste time and motion.

Settling labor relations problems: Negotiation and administration of union contracts, the handling of grievances and the maintenance of good rapport with union officials.

Developing the attitude of management and individual employees toward each other. This involves determining personnel policies and explaining them.

Encouraging safety and health: Many personnel workers specialize in the prevention of accidents and the promotion of good health through safety education, inspection, physical examinations and sanitation.

There are all sorts of special services, too. These may include housing assistance, restaurant management, social clubs, counseling, and publishing employee news.

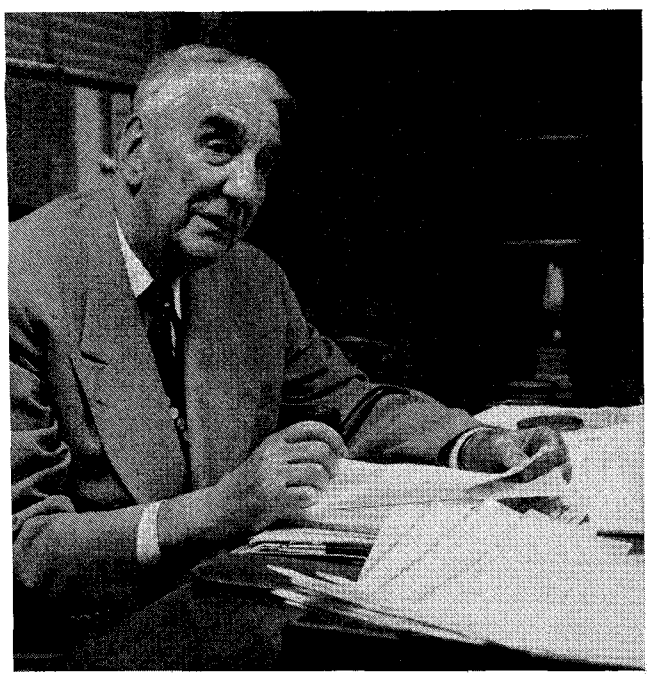
Although the largest number of men and women doing personnel work are in business and industry, there are personnel specialists in most government departments and in our schools and colleges, as well. The educational background necessary for each varies.

Most of the men doing personnel work in industry, in the early days, came from the ranks. But generally, now, a child wanting a career in personnel work should plan for a college degree. He may want to specialize in such subjects as business management, safety engineering, or psychology.

Government service often requires a degree in one of the social sciences. College personnel work usually demands an M. A. in psychology. In secondary schools, the personnel department often teaches, too, so they must meet the requirements for teaching.

Ambitious men and women aiming for the top jobs in industry should take graduate professional training. I have found my legal training invaluable in handling labor relations problems because so many State and Federal laws can be involved.

A young man interested in personnel work will find practical experience as important as his degree. Many companies hire college graduates who become personnel workers after training periods where they learn about jobs, methods, and people. I know of no better basic training than working right with people on their jobs.



CYRUS S. CHING has pioneered in industrial relations for 50 years. Closely associated with leaders in labor and industry, he has himself participated both within industry and with the government under several Presidents. He is now a consultant on labor-management and public relations.

There are wonderful opportunities for a career-minded student to start getting practical experience through a summer job in a community center, a department store, or a factory. One young man I know works during his summer vacations as a clerk in a machine shop. By keeping the bulletin boards in different departments up to date, he's getting to know the men and learn some of the details of their work. His experience will help him, later, in handling industrial personnel relations.

Are there many jobs for women in this profession? Yes, in almost every large personnel department. Many firms, because of the nature of their business, prefer women in personnel—particularly when the rest of their employees are mostly women.

One girl, although she had a degree in personnel management, took a job as a receptionist in a fashion-shop chain. "I studied the customers, their reactions and problems," she said, "and learned more about the business than I could have anywhere else in the firm."

Within a year she impressed the personnel director with what she had learned and he shifted her to interviewing in his department. Then, she became his assistant. Now, she is in charge of training the country-wide staff.

Obviously, this girl likes people and enjoys working with them. To be successful in personnel work, though, liking people is not enough. What are the other characteristics your child must show in order to be successful in this field?

Does your child have horse sense? It's surprising how many personnel problems can be solved with a simple, common-sense approach.

Does he like detail? Many records must be kept or examined. Decisions affecting one employee's job or a whole firm's investment in a new product can depend on this kind of careful analysis.

Does he understand people? It's necessary to handle all kinds of people. Doing this effectively requires a keen eye to see their strengths, weaknesses, and to judge their reactions.

Is his memory good? For a contact job, it's important to observe and recall how employees act in various situations. In a crisis, this can be important.

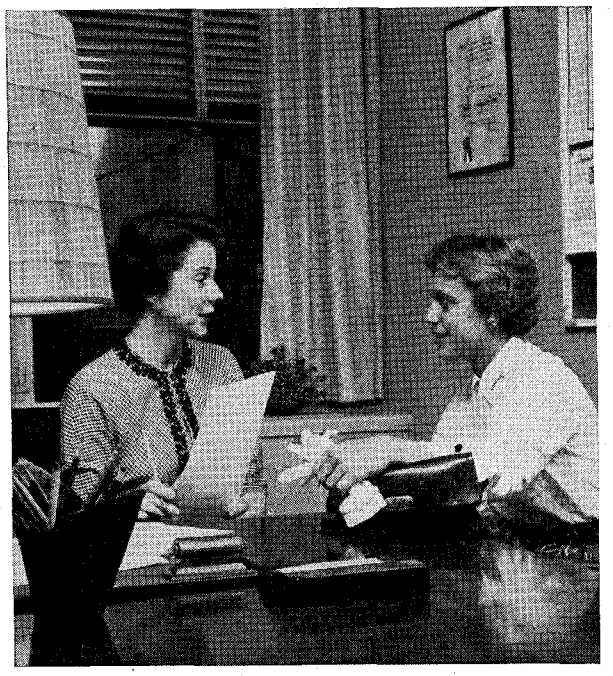
Is he persuasive? A personnel worker must have some traits of a fine salesman. In a sense, he sells company policy to the employees and new personnel plans to management.

Does he have integrity and courage? A sense of justice earns the respect of employees. Sometimes, to put beliefs into practice requires courageous action.

Does he have moral and spiritual values? Men's lives and livelihoods are often in the hands of personnel specialists. I think that faith in the basic dignity of man under God helps to insure fairness.

What can a personnel worker expect to earn? College graduates often start at $3,600 to $4,800 a year. Government workers may earn about $5,400 a year, and top men earn as much as $13,400. Personnel workers in schools earn salaries on a par with those of teachers. The average income for classroom teachers is $3,405 for nine months' work. The industrial relations director averages $12,000, with a range from $3,600 to $50,000. His assistant averages $8,500, with a range from $3,000 to $23,500.

Besides the monetary rewards, a boy or girl entering this profession can find rich personal satisfaction. American employers have become more and more aware that the maintenance of good employee relations can be even more important than the maintenance of machines.



Screening job applicants is a key function of the personnel department in any organization. It is a fascinating task that calls for a keen sense of judgment and a liking for contact work. Women will find many opportunities in personnel work today—particularly with firms whose employees are predominantly women.

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HOW TO HELP YOUR CHILD HAVE THE CAREER HE WANTS

Many factors will enter into your child's choice of a career: his interests, his ambitions, his abilities, the counsel he receives from teachers, friends and family. But, most of all, it will depend on his opportunities *to get the training he needs to enter the field of his choice.*

Even though his college days are still years away, it's never too soon to start making sure that your child will have the opportunity to continue his education when the time comes.

Your New York Life agent has chosen as his career the business of helping families plan for the future—for education, for retirement, for all the things which life insurance helps make possible. Through training and experience he has become a highly qualified specialist. You'll find him both able and willing to help you.

Booklets available on many careers

This article on Personnel Work is one of a continuing series on career opportunities for young men and women. Thus far, similar articles have been prepared on Newspapering, Law, Medicine, Accounting, Teaching, Architecture, Aeronautical Engineering, Electronic Engineering, Public Service, Farming, Chemistry, Selling, Nursing, Starting a Business of Your Own, Pharmacy, Dentistry, Banking, Printing, Home Economics *and* the Mineral Industry. *Each is available in booklet form and will be sent to you on request. You'll also find additional help in our free booklet, "The Cost of Four Years at College." Just drop a postcard to:*

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Editorials

Informed Citizens Don't Balk at Jury Service

Jury service is unpopular in most places, but the citizens of Lake County, Illinois, and, for that matter, most of the state's other counties, have at least the opportunity to know what jury service involves. With greater knowledge has come greater willingness to undertake this obligation of citizenship. This change of attitude grows out of the inauguration in 1953 of jury commissions, charged with the job of qualifying prospective jurors for their tasks. Jury commissions are composed of three members appointed by the judges of the county, and are required in all counties in Illinois with a population of 140,000 or more. The commissioners interview those who have been summoned for jury duty, instruct them in court procedure, answer questions and dispose of doubts. For example, to those who feel that their education is inadequate, the jury commission explains that intelligence and integrity are more important than formal education. Some people are reluctant to sit in judgment on another person. They are reminded that a juror merely says, in effect, "In view of this evidence I believe this person did (or did not) commit this act." Those who plead indispensability to their employers are asked if they are sure they are giving up something more important to them than loss of wages might be to a humbler citizen. Jury service is represented as a privilege which only a few can enjoy, rather than a chore to be handed off to someone else.

The jury-commission law provides the mechanics for selecting jurors, but the successful application of it rests with the commissioners, the judges and attorneys of the county, and the local press. In Lake County the system has the wholehearted support of these elements, with the result that the commissioners are able to lay down and enforce rules of procedure which have the respect and co-operation of the people. The most important rule is that no one—except those exempt by law—whether a "big wheel" or a wage earner, is excused from service. Since it became known that all were being treated alike, requests to be excused have been virtually nonexistent.

During the three years that the jury commission has been in existence in Lake County, nearly 3000 citizens have served on either grand or petit juries. They have thus acquired first-hand knowledge of our courts and the problems that are involved in law enforcement. People who have assumed this responsibility can be relied upon to be righteously indignant when law enforcement breaks down. They have not compromised their right to complain by using political influence to be exempted from jury service.

Before 1953, jury service was often the monopoly of a small revolving group of what might be called professional jurors. Many of them were fine public-spirited citizens. Nevertheless, chronic jurors tend to develop a pattern of thinking which attorneys are quick to recognize and take advantage of. Conscientious amateurs, competently instructed in their duties, do a better job. Among the items credited to the jury-commission system in this one county are a reduction in the cost of trials, a real saving in time and, most important of all, a quickened interest in government by citizens who have served as jurors.

"Krush" and "Bulge" Got the Affability Act From "Old Joe"

For some reason or other, the "free world" has been led to believe that the Kremlin tactic of blaming its predecessors for the ills of communism is original with Khrushchev and Bulganin. Actually they are simply using an impudent trick taught them by Stalin.

In those days it was he who used to blame his associates, confiding to Roosevelt at Yalta and to other foreign leaders that he had to appear tough to appease his pugnacious underlings who were always pushing him around. President Truman, long after meeting him at Potsdam, publicly declared, "I like old Joe." The country was told that old Joe would like to be friendly, but he was a "prisoner of the Politburo which was much tougher."

Now it is Khrushchev and Bulganin who are posing as friendly fellows, while depicting Stalin as the villain of the play. Stalin could be most ingratiating when he wished. Joseph E. Davies, the rich and fervent New Dealer who was our Ambassador to the Kremlin during the Great Blood Purge of 1936–38, was privileged to meet the seclusive Stalin once. "His demeanor is kindly," wrote Davies to Secretary of State Cordell Hull. And to his daughter Davies reported, "He greeted me cordially with a smile."

Ambassador Davies penned another bit of praise: "His brown eye is exceedingly kindly and gentle. A child would like to sit in his lap and a dog would sidle up to him." General John R. Deane put it more coolly: "I have seen him fawn over children before the multitude with the same political acumen that prompts similar public displays by American politicians."

During the war, Secretary Hull himself went to Moscow, and his memoirs show that Stalin, at their first meeting, "was very cordial and affable." Moreover, when they met for the last time, Hull "had an impressive experience with Stalin," who showed such friendliness, sincerity and unspoken emotion that the American political veteran wrote, "I thought to myself that any American having Stalin's personality and approach might well reach high public office in our country."

Stalin's pupils can imitate Stalin's affability when needed. But it was Khrushchev who purged the peasants of the Ukraine pitilessly for Stalin. Bulganin has a long record in Stalin's murderous secret-police system.

For complex, practical reasons, Stalin's pupils are now kicking their late sainted teacher into the doghouse. Because of their greater vigor and flexibility, these heirs of tyranny are even more dangerous to us than the aged tyrant was. Their smiles, their ingratiating Stalinist affability, should be a warning rather than a sedative.

At Last, a Break for the "Student of Average Ability"!

Robert and Arnold Hoffman are two philanthropists whose benefactions will have a moving appeal for a great many people. The Hoffman brothers have recently set up the Robert and Arnold Foundation, Inc., with a modest endowment, to provide aid at Harvard for "needy students who do not quite make scholarship grade"; in short, boys with C average. Both Hoffmans graduated from Harvard, where they worked their way and received scholarships and loans. Robert Hoffman explained to The New York Times reporter that "we felt that very often a student who is not too outstanding in college may make good in later life."

Alumni back from their reunions will see a lot of point in Mr. Hoffman's remark. Indeed many years ago Sinclair Lewis rather horrified a reunion of his Yale classmates by reminding them how obscure he had been in college and how obscure some of the "big men on the campus" turned out to be in later life. A more recent reunionist at another university came home with dazzling reports of how the old boys had spent all their time cuddling up to a man whom "nobody ever heard of in college," but who now could buy out most of his classmates and hardly notice it, unless as a deductible item for taxes. Let's leave the names of prominent people out of this, but history is filled with the achievements of "students with less than honor grade."

It is particularly appropriate that Harvard should be the beneficiary of the Hoffman Foundation. After all, time was when at Harvard the grade of C was described as "the gentleman's mark." Those were the days for the right people, but this horrid idea of Selective Service that even a gentleman has to do considerably better than C to keep out of the infantry has probably ended them forever. Even the Hoffman Foundation insists that the C students it helps must be "needy." The rich "Gold Coasters," the athletes and the mere dilettantes will have to slug it out with the books like everybody else.

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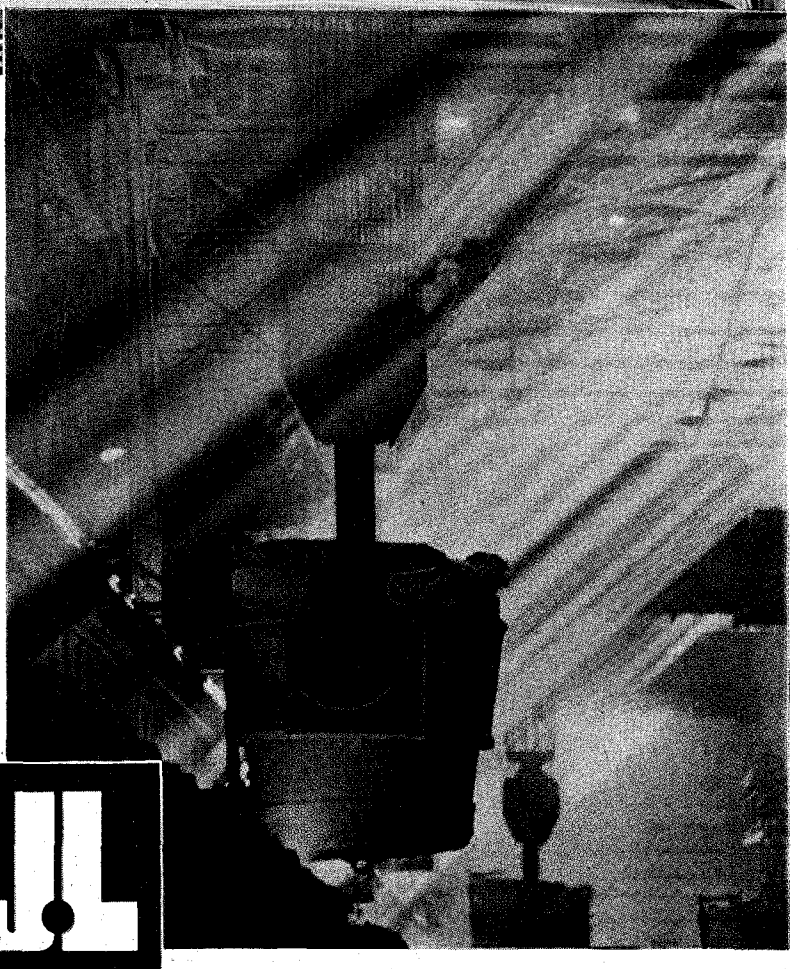

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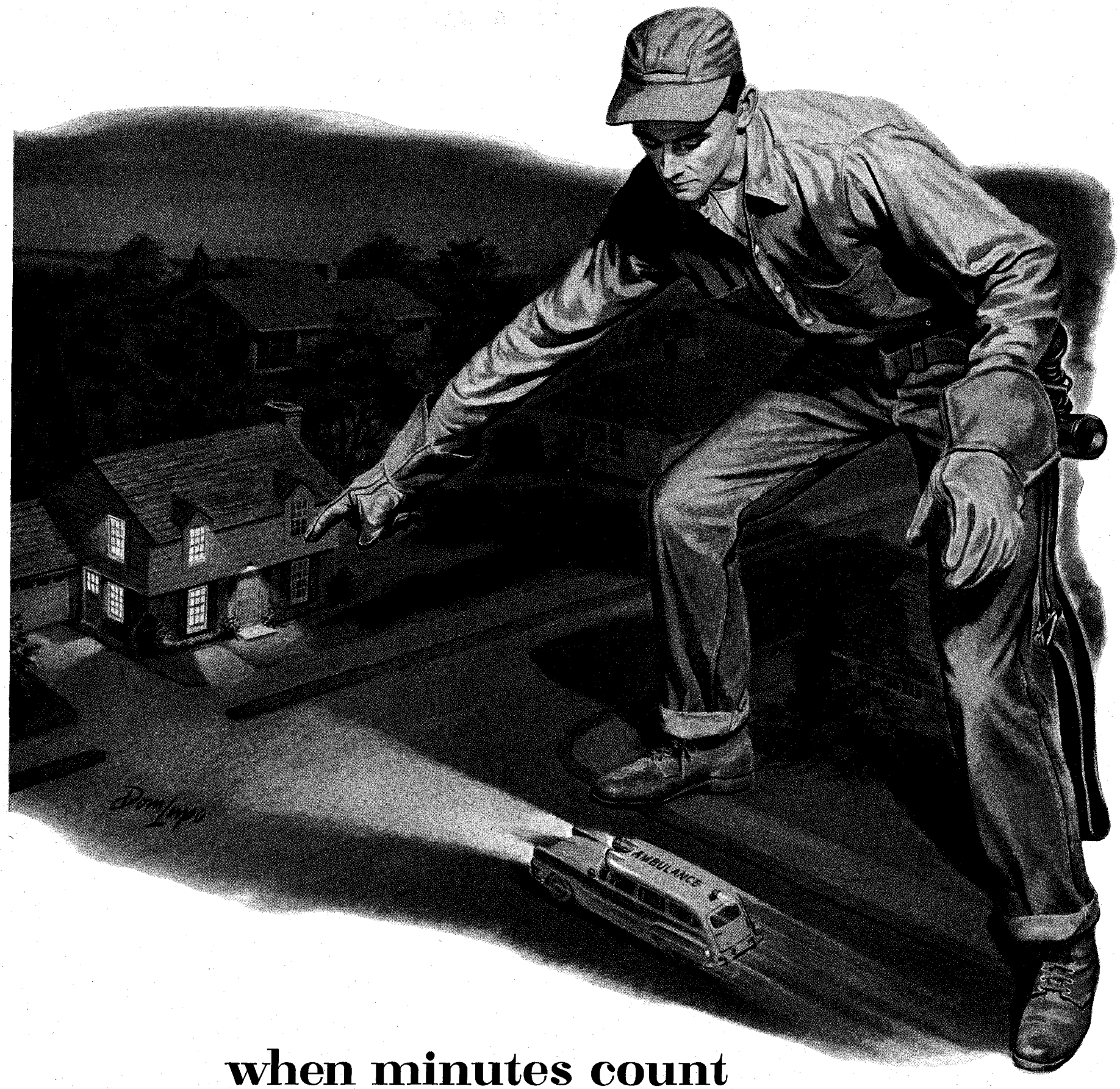

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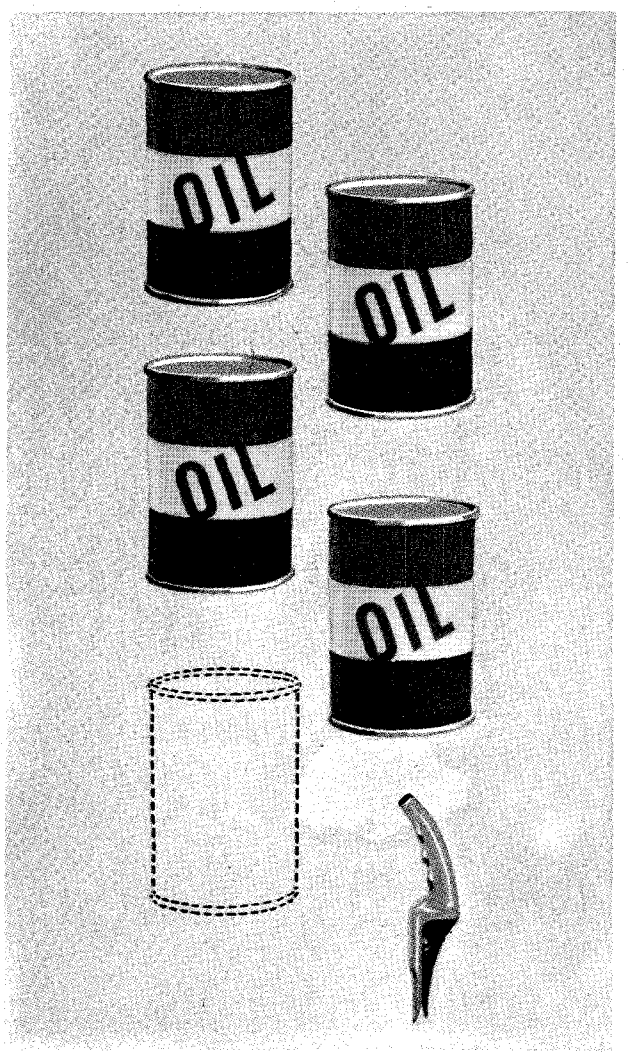
You get the winning V8



3. NEEDS ONLY FOUR QUARTS OF OIL!

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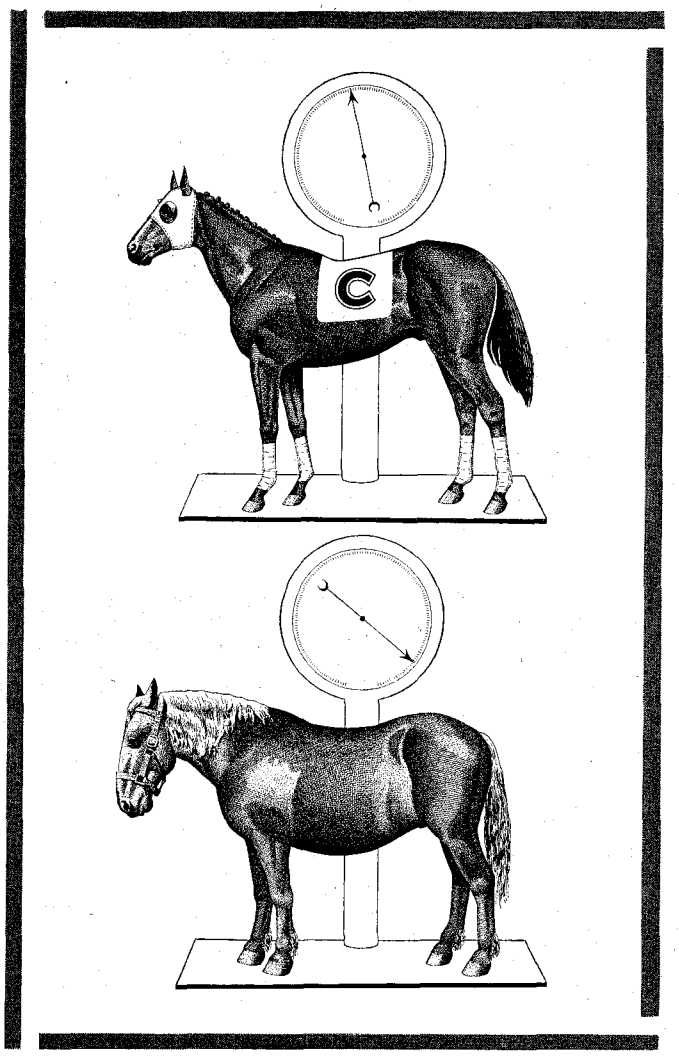
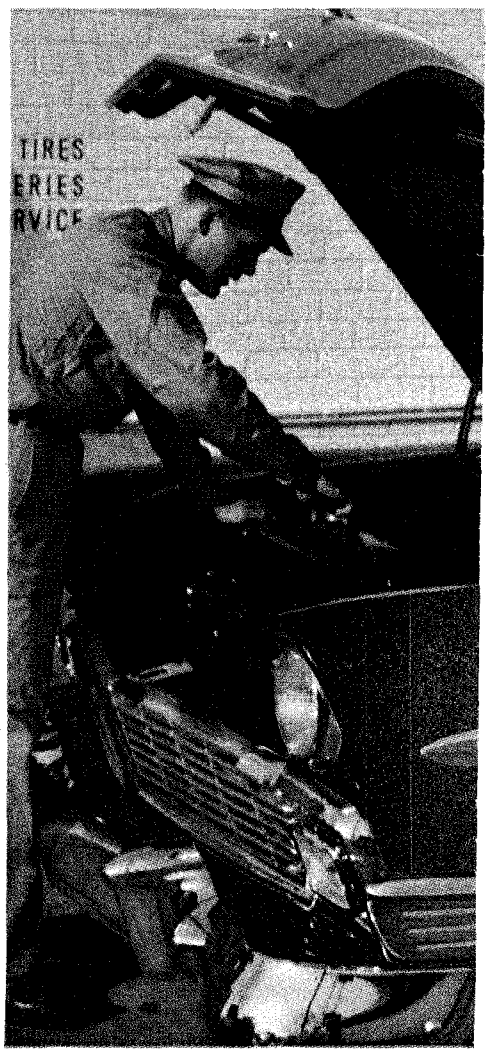


4. HIGHEST HORSEPOWER PER POUND!

A Chevrolet V8 pours out more power per pound of engine weight than any other V8 going! That's a good indication of its efficiency and precision.



5. REQUIRES LESS COOLANT!

Here's another measure of efficient engine desi Chevy V8's are cooler running, so they do need as much water or antifreeze.

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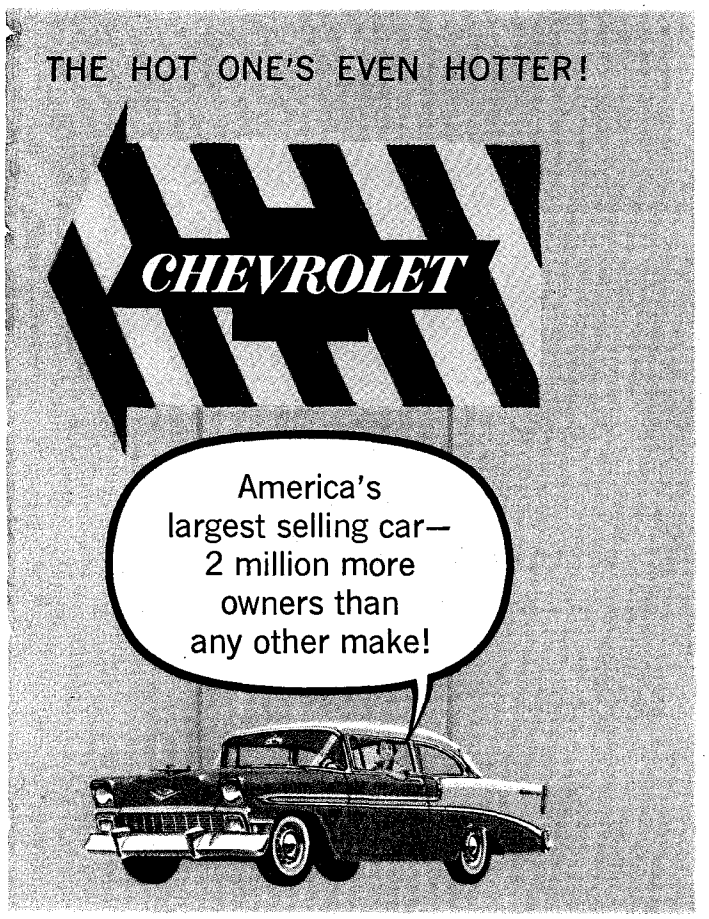

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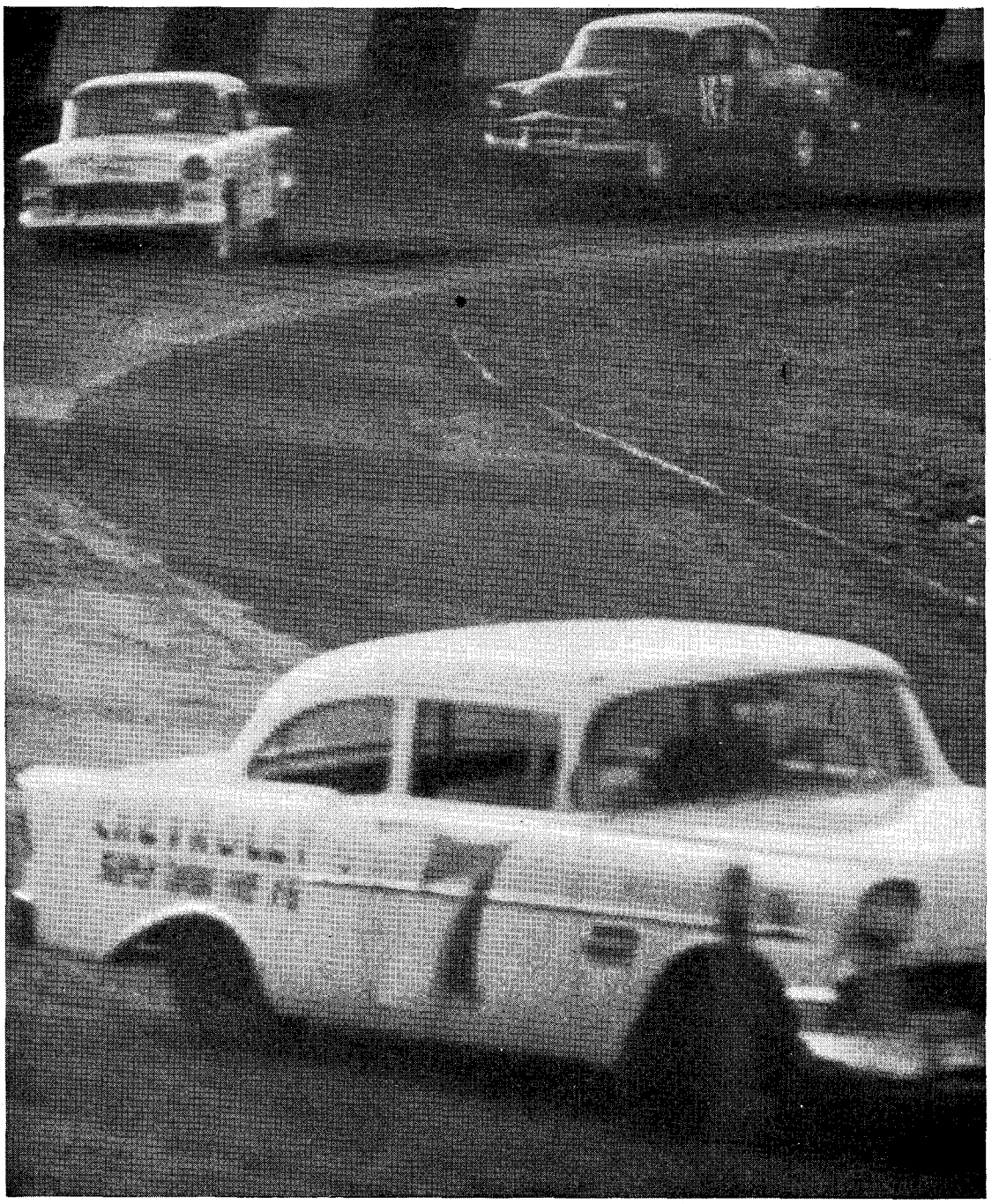

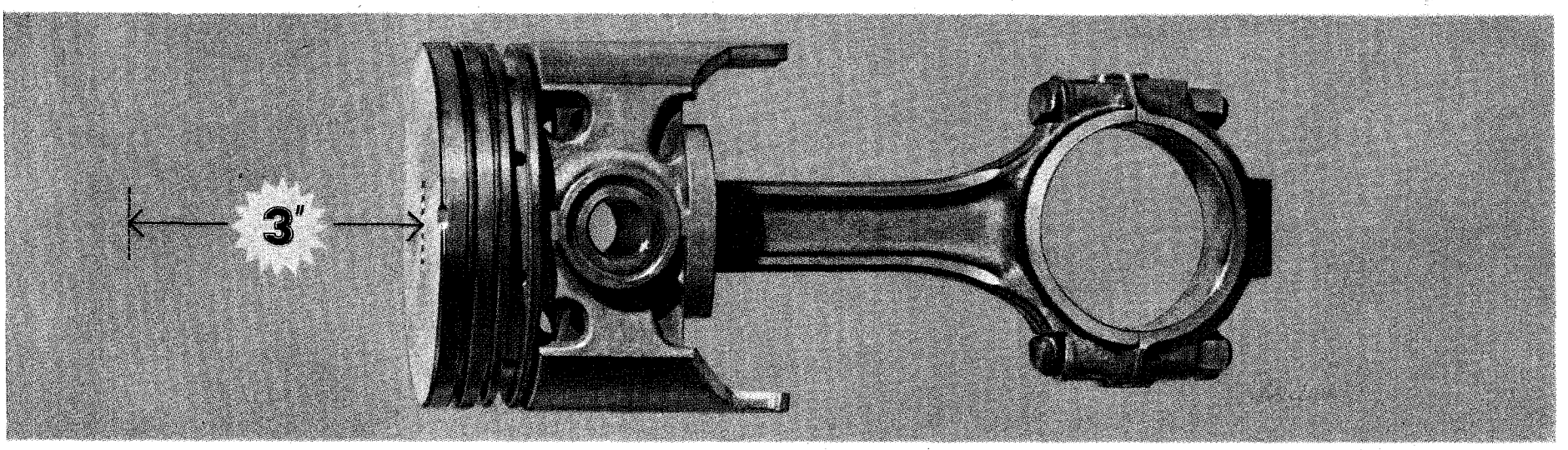

6. SHORTEST STROKE IN ITS FIELD . . . ULTRA HIGH COMPRESSION!

The stroke is actually smaller than the bore in Chevrolet's oversquare V8 design. The result is a compact, sweet-running engine that covers the miles with less piston travel and less friction. Another reason for Chevy's red-hot V8 performance is ultra high compression—as high as 9.25 to 1! Nobody spared the "horses" either. Horsepower ranges clear up to 225 in this record-breaking new Chevrolet!

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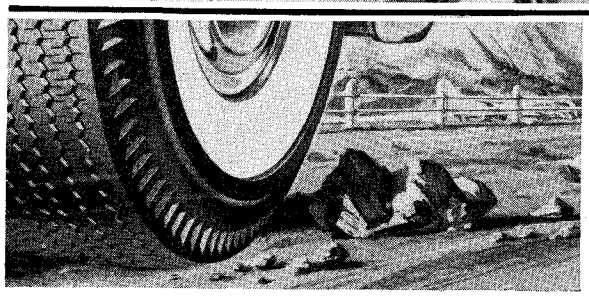

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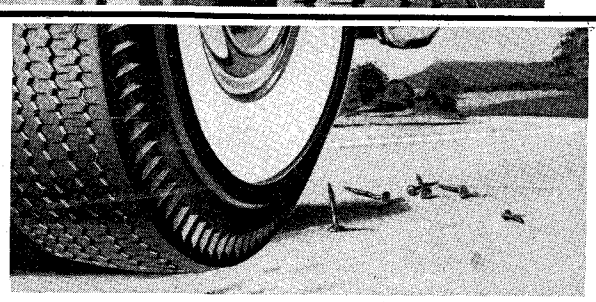

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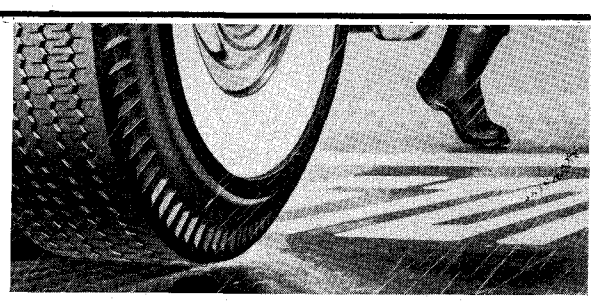

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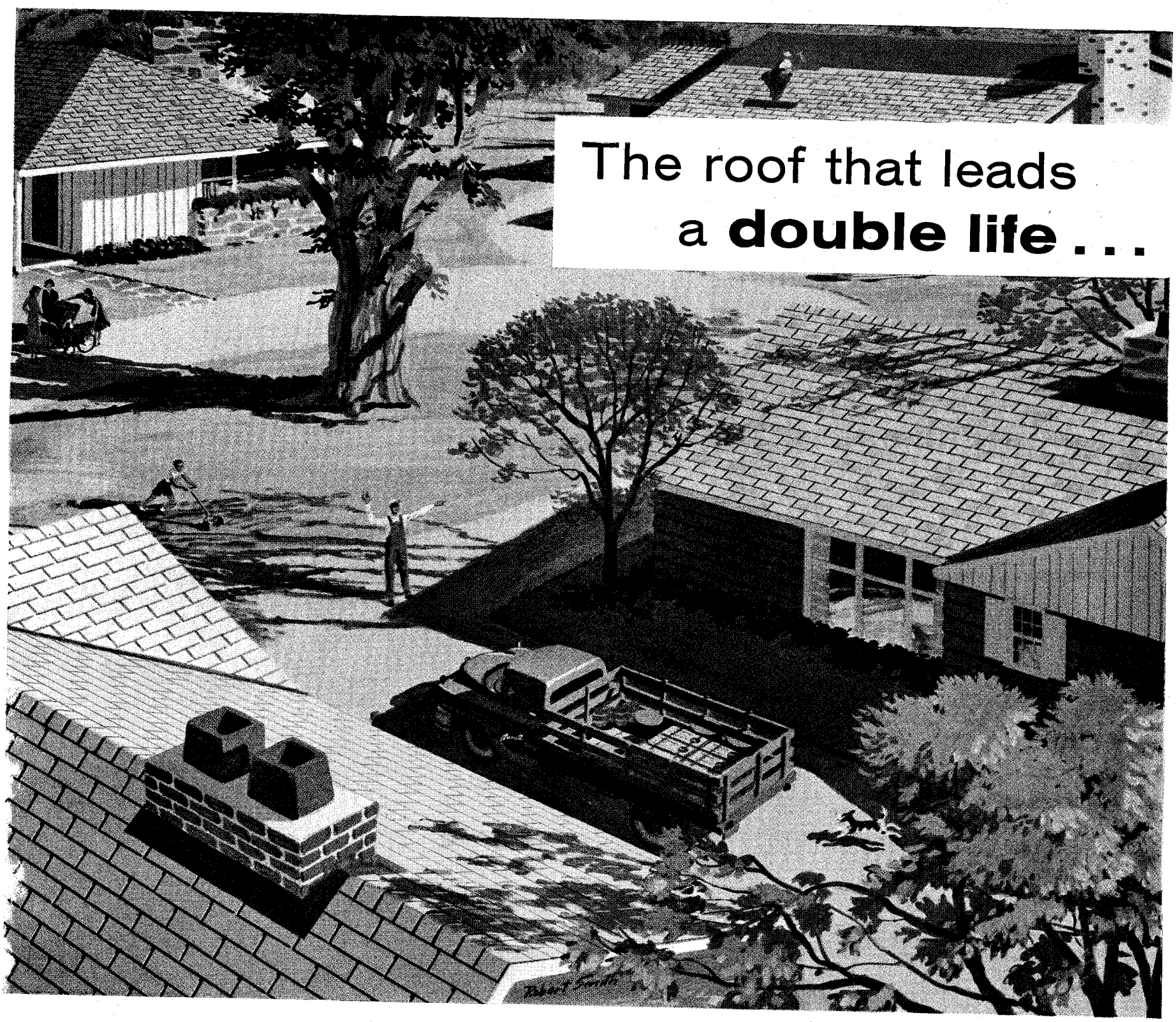

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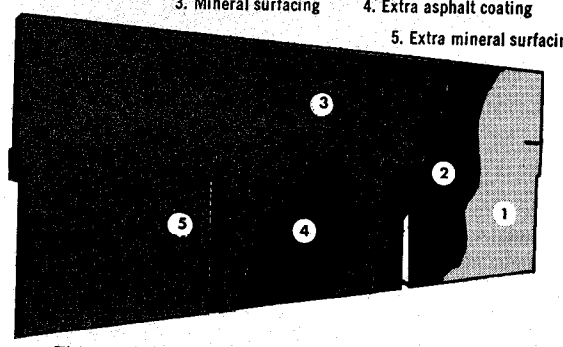

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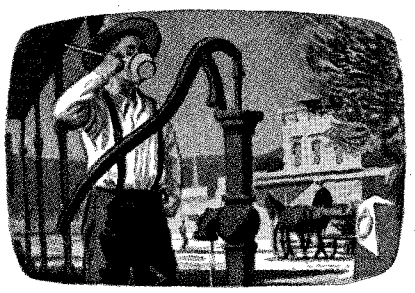
Important Milestones in Modern Medicine: **1796**—Triumph Over Contagious Diseases. First inoculation by Dr. Jenner. **1846**—Triumph Over Pain. Dr. Morton's demonstration of ether. **1929**—Triumph Over Bacterial Infections. Fleming discovers penicillin.

Now—1956—Procter & Gamble proudly announces . . .

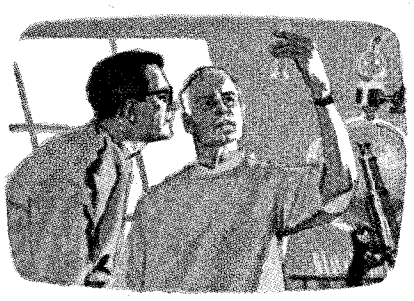
TRIUMPH OVER TOOTH DECAY

Crest Toothpaste with Fluoristan strengthens teeth themselves. You brush Crest on... it actually goes in... and locks decay out

Fluoristan® is Procter & Gamble's exclusive stannous fluoride formula —proven the greatest decay-preventive in any toothpaste.

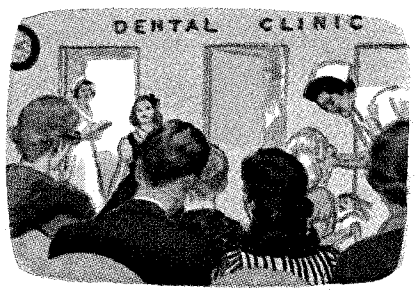


Miracle of the Towns Without Toothaches. For years, children growing up in certain Western towns were virtually without cavities. Then science learned why: nature's decay-preventive, *fluoride,* was present in their drinking water!



Science Long Tried to Capture Fluoride—only medically-approved preventive of decay—in a toothpaste. At last, after years of research, university scientists discovered *Fluoristan*—the greatest decay-preventive in any toothpaste.

Fluoristan Makes Possible Crest. Without Fluoristan, you cannot get maximum protection against tooth decay with a toothpaste. You brush Crest *on* . . . it actually goes *in* . . . and locks decay *out,* for adults and for children, 6 and over.



Dentists Tested Crest for three years with 5,673 people. No toothpaste stops all decay—but Crest set decay prevention records *never approached by any other toothpaste.* Thus Crest marks a new era . . . triumph over tooth decay everywhere.

IMPORTANT

Crest with Fluoristan is the only toothpaste ever developed that makes possible a major reduction in tooth decay for everyone, everywhere, by strengthening tooth enamel. Thereby, Crest marks a turning point in man's age-old struggle against this almost universal disease.

You brush Crest *on* . . . it actually goes *in* . . . and locks decay *out.* Each time you brush Crest *on* your teeth, Fluoristan builds new resistance to decay *into* tooth enamel. In this way, Crest actually *fortifies* and *strengthens* teeth to lock out cavities—the only toothpaste proved to do so. With Crest, your family approaches the long dreamed-of day of healthy, decay-free teeth.

Fluoristan® is a trademark for Procter & Gamble's exclusive fluoride tooth decay fighter

NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE PREVENTS DECAY LIKE ***CREST!***

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

Fire fighters remove the body of one of five youngsters who died in an early-morning blaze at their home in Walloomsac, N.Y.

Is Your House a FIRETRAP?

Each year 10,000 Americans die in fires at home. Here's how you can prevent a fire in your house, and what to do if one starts.

By PAUL W. KEARNEY

For twenty-five years I've covered fires from New York to Los Angeles, from Miami to the Maine woods. I've seen some beauts, but one grim fact stands out above everything else I've learned about the subject: the likeliest place for you to die from fire is in your own home, where three quarters of all the fatalities occur.

As I write this, the afternoon paper carries a headline reading: 3 CHILDREN DIE, FATHER BURNED IN L. I. BLAZE. Last week it was: FAMILY OF 5 WIPED OUT IN SOUTH JERSEY. Just a few days before that: PHILADELPHIA FIRE KILLS 6 CHILDREN, 3 WOMEN.

If you wonder why they didn't get out, glance at the details of the Long Island blaze. This one broke out around 12:30 A.M. on the ground floor. The father, sleeping upstairs with the rest of the family, was the first to awaken, but by then the flames downstairs had a good start.

The father roused his wife and daughters and got them out. Then he rushed back for the two boys. Both were lying on their bedroom floor, their pajamas burning. Beating out the flames, the frantic father carried the children to the window and dropped one after the other into the arms of a neighbor below. What he didn't know was that they were already dead. So was the baby in the crib, whom everybody had forgotten in the turmoil.

Parkin, Ark.: Mrs. Raul Montana lost all five of her children and saw six house guests perish in the Christmas Eve fire that destroyed her home.

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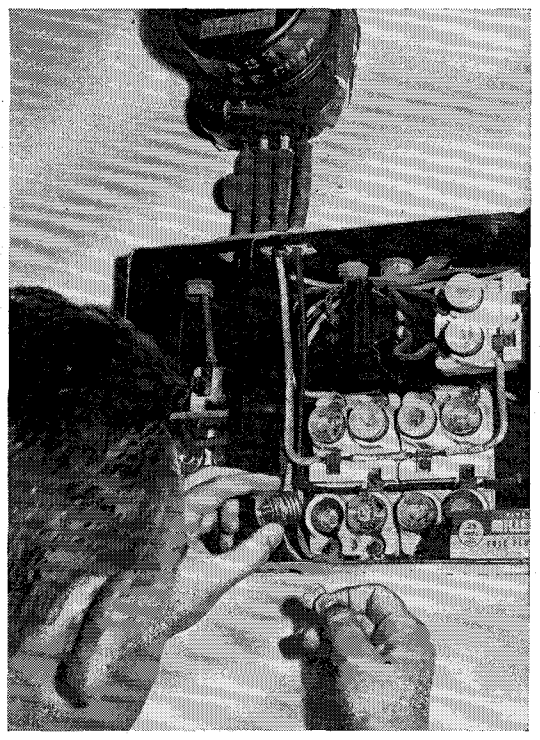
The three victims were not burned to death, as might be surmised. They were killed by lethal gas and superheated air—at temperatures of around 1000 degrees—flooding upstairs from the fire below. All were dead before their night clothes caught fire. Thousands of other dwelling-fire victims have died the same way, many without a mark on them, many before they even knew there was a fire. The classic example was a Texas case where an entire family of six were found in their beds, lying exactly as they had been in their sleep. One or two breaths of withering superheated air had killed them.

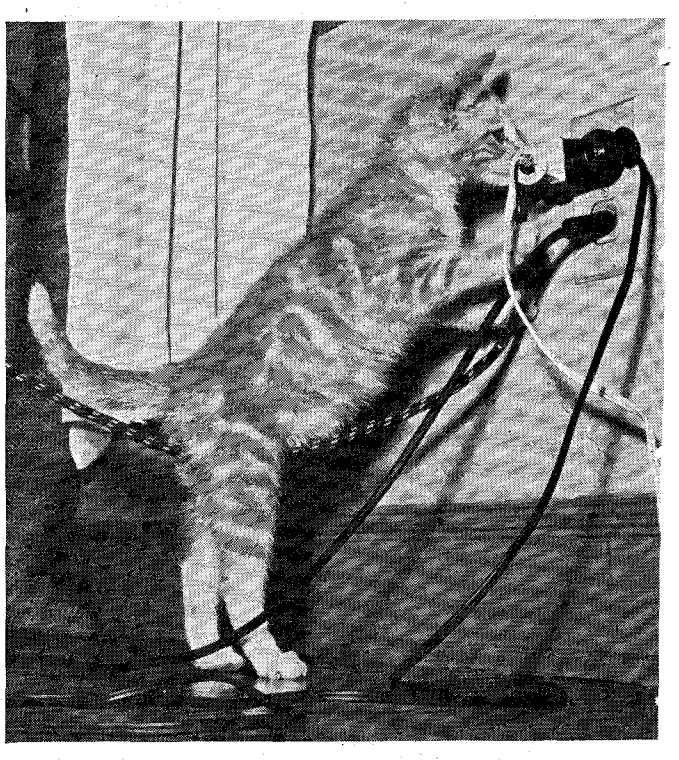
This little-understood aspect of fire is extremely dangerous; it accounts for the vast majority of deaths. Recently a young woman in New York dozed off in her chair with a burning cigarette, which dropped into a pile of newspapers on the floor. Wakened by the smoke, she crossed the room to a phone and called the fire department. When firemen arrived three minutes later, she was dead—yet nothing in the room was burned except the newspapers.

Boston's disaster in 1942 at the Cocoanut Grove night club, in which 49 died, was at the other end of the scale, yet the cause of most deaths was the same: inhalation of toxic combustion gas and superheated air. The general belief is that the Cocoanut Grove victims were trampled to death during a panic. The truth is they didn't have time to stampede. Medical examiners told me later that there was only one broken bone among all the dead and injured. Indeed, many of the dead never got up from their chairs at the tables. After a similar tragedy in the LaSalle Hotel in Chicago, where sixty-one persons died, the Cook County Inspection Bureau reported: "Approximately 80 per cent of the bodies were unburned. All of the victims died from anoxia and carbon-monoxide poisoning."



● DON'T use pennies or wire to replace burned-out fuses.

● DON'T hang clothes near the furnace. Most dwelling-fire victims die upstairs from fires starting downstairs.



● DON'T overload circuits on inadequate wiring. Also see that pets and babies don't chew through the wires.

DON'TS IN FIRE PREVENTION

● DON'T smoke in bed. Gases from burning material are likely to knock you out before the flames wake you up.

● DON'T let rubbish accumulate. Here a Los Angeles fireman shows how oil-soaked rags cause fires by spontaneous combustion.

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As evidenced by the woman and her burning newspapers, this threat is just as real in a private house as in a night club or hotel. When the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute analyzed the gases produced by the burning of ordinary household materials—cotton, wool, leather, silk, fur, rubber, newspapers, and so on—they found eleven to fourteen toxic gases in dangerous volume, two of them more deadly than carbon monoxide. Subsequent studies revealed that these gases in combination could kill even when there wasn't enough of any one gas to cause death.

It is understandable, then, why a nationwide survey by the National Fire Protection Association shows that 74 per cent of dwelling-fire victims die upstairs from outbreaks of fire downstairs. Heated air and gas always rise; in a private home there is no barrier to prevent their upward sweep via the open stairwell. Hence, to the fireman, all homes are firetraps when an outbreak is tardily discovered. Sixty-six per cent of the bad fires occur between midnight and dawn, and are discovered by passers-by rather than by the occupants.

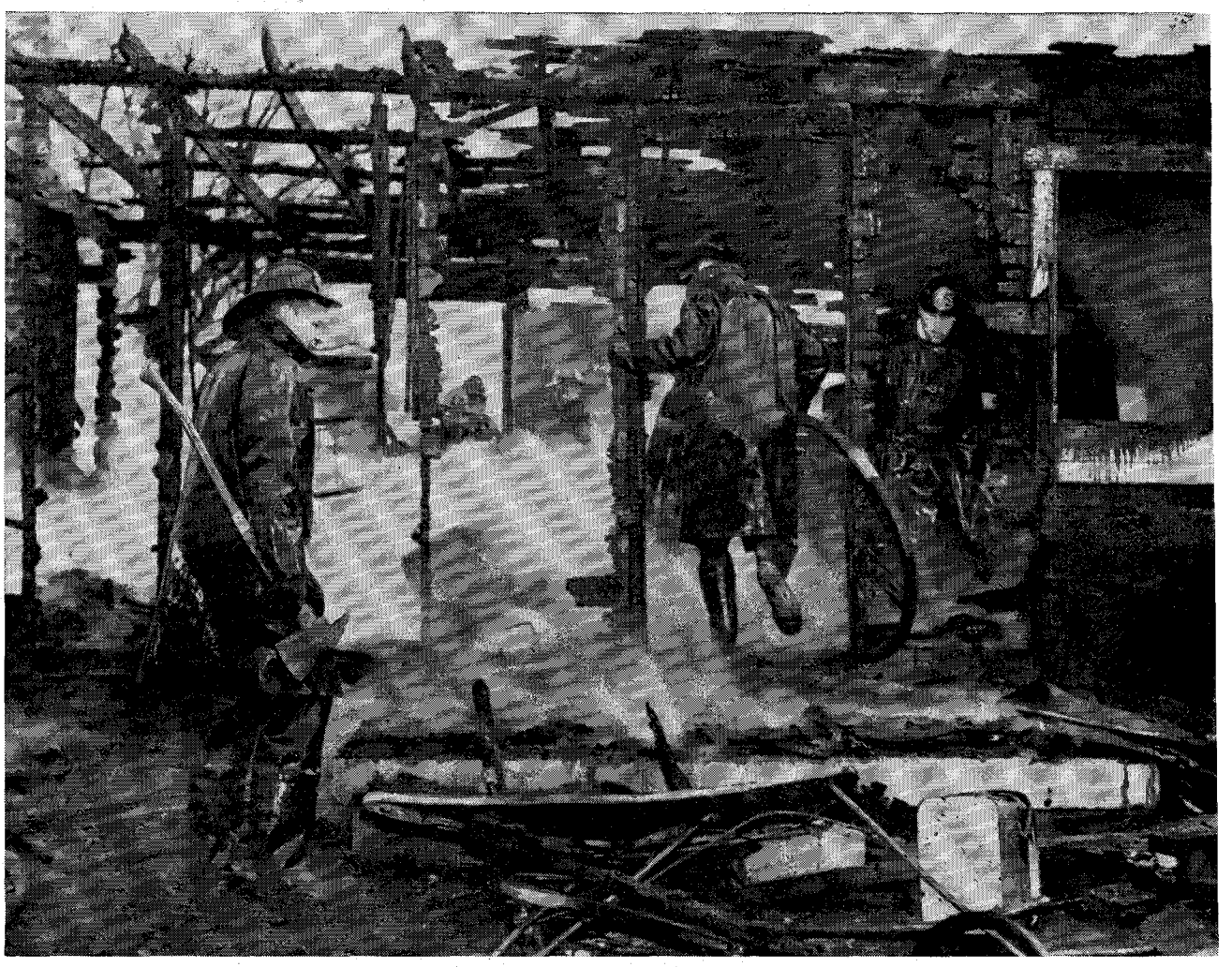
A ridiculously simple safeguard, to which very few give much heed, is the installation of a reliable, inexpensive fire alarm. Dealers are listed in yellow pages of most telephone directories. An even better idea is to forestall the fire. And the best way to do that, as hundreds of American cities are discovering, is to have the firemen come around before the fire starts.

New York City is a case in point. Every winter, for five years past, has brought a rash of fatal fires caused by kerosene heaters—the No. 1 cause of fatal fires the country over. In one eighty-hour period New York was shocked by a series of thirteen such deaths.

This past winter was the coldest in twenty-seven years, and cold spells are always bad news for firemen. Yet because they visited households in their dress uniforms, and talked about fire prevention, New York's blaze beaters saved an estimated twenty-four lives in this type of blaze alone. In other words, the campaign cut down seasonal deaths in heater fires to four—86 per cent under the previous winter's toll, 77 per cent under the average for the four preceding years.

In districts with bad records, every man in every firehouse was out on the street corners day and night, holding fire-prevention "revival meetings" and taking their fire alarms on two-way radio. They spoke in Spanish as well as English, because Puerto Ricans form a large part of New York's kerosene users. Hundreds of thousands of instructive pamphlets and cartoon books, in both languages, were distributed. Scores of specially trained men hammered home the message in schools, civic associations, religious organizations and professional groups. And while all this went on, gleaming fire apparatus carried its crews from block to block, where they climbed millions of steps from cellar to roof, inspecting residential quarters. In a single month these men made 77,702 inspections.

In Harlem, a danger area with a congested population of 300,000, outbreaks from all causes have been cut from an average of ten a day to five. And the effect of the educational campaign spread further; the first six months brought a city-wide decrease of 5115 in the total number of fires—the first time in memory that the upward trend has been reversed.



Three persons were killed in an Indianapolis tragedy that destroyed this dwelling. More than 1400 American houses catch fire every day, but the total could be cut in half, authorities say, by an adequate system of home inspection.

Full credit for this unprecedented feat goes to the energetic young fire commissioner, Edward F. Cavanagh, Jr., ably abetted by the chief of department, Edward Conners. What they did, in the face of monolithic inertia, was to introduce a program which has been under way in other cities since 1930.

The need for this sort of approach is evident from the fact that more than 1400 dwellings catch fire every day in this country. Two thirds of all our fires are in dwellings, and they cause three quarters of the 12,500 fire fatalities we suffer annually. Yet scores of cities, using educational tactics like New York's, have cut their dwelling-fire total by 50 per cent or better in one year.

The secret of prevention is getting the firemen on the scene before the fire happens. "Company inspection" is the official term. It means that every fireman on duty is out looking for potential fires instead of idling in quarters waiting for the gong to ring.

Its first application on a large scale came twenty-six years ago when the fire fighters of Providence, Rhode Island, voluntarily undertook to inspect, on their time off, the homes of those residents who desired it during Fire Prevention Week. The program was promoted so vigorously by the press and radio that the municipal incinerator received 1680 tons of burnable trash over and above its normal weekly collections—forty-three pounds per home. Included were over 900 dried-out Christmas trees, nine months old. In the first year of this effort, Providence's fire loss fell from $152,000 to $62,000. And as the campaign was repeated in ensuing years, the number of residential outbreaks dropped from 610 to 228 per year.

In 1934, Cincinnati adopted a similar home-inspection program with comparable results. Other cities followed suit, including Memphis; Worcester, Massachusetts; Berkeley and Oakland, California; Grand Rapids; Forth Worth; Houston; Milwaukee; Boston; Dallas; Salt Lake City, and Hartford. A dramatic job has been done in Los Angeles, where every man on the day shift is out six days a week inspecting homes. The results have been striking. Los Angeles, with a population over 2,000,000, had only twenty-eight fire deaths last year. If L.A. figures prevailed nationally, we would save 10,000 lives next year in this country—and at least 4000 of them would be children.

Indeed, the entire West Coast is ahead of the rest of the country in this campaign. Of an estimated total of 3,000,000 home inspections made in the country last year, 1,361,000 of them were in Los Angeles County alone.

The pioneer effort in this field was inaugurated in Portland, Oregon, in 1914, when Fire Marshal Jay W. Stevens began sending men out on their lunch hour to make home inspections under the direction of Capt. Edward Grenfell. As this program developed, the city's fire losses were cut 80 per cent in four years. Today, as Portland's chief of department, Edward Grenfell is conducting one of the most effective home inspections in the country. His erstwhile boss, Chief Stevens, is the dynamo behind the program adopted as a country-wide project by the International Association of Fire Chiefs, under the presidency of John H. Alderson, when chief of the Los Angeles Fire Department.

It is the avowed purpose of the I.A.F.C. to spread this (Continued on Page 78)

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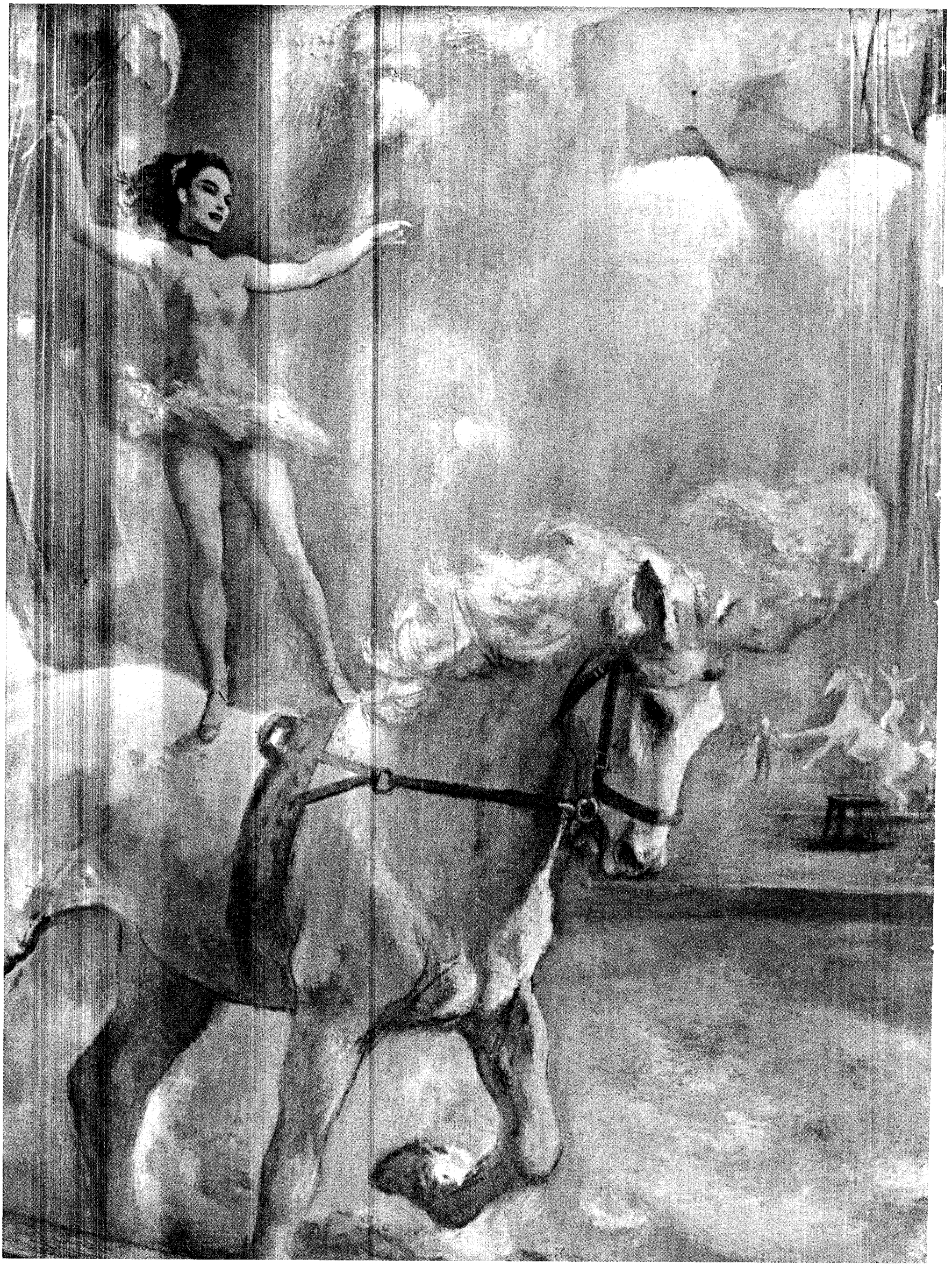

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He first saw her in the amber light of the big tent, poised like a pink feather on the white horse.

By
PHYLLIS
DUGANNE

REACH FOR A STAR

He was too young and too stubborn to know that love can be a hopeless thing.

His vacation would not begin for two days, but all week he had felt a mounting excitement. He had had vacations before; he had been to Europe before; yet now, at noon in his office, he was unable to concentrate. He had a luncheon engagement at one; he needed an extra suitcase, and he decided to buy it first.

He put on his hat and walked through the large outer room where twenty or more stenographers and clerks were at work. He was unaware that every one of them looked up to watch him pass. The men saw another man, a man who looked more like an athlete than an executive of a shipping company. They saw the hard, fit body, the broad shoulders and tapering hips. The women saw his face, his thick-lashed blue eyes and his mouth that was still like a boy's mouth, firm and somehow innocent.

He crossed Park Avenue, turned north on Madison, and collided head-on with a man as tall, but considerably older than himself. They stepped back from the impact, looked at each other incredulously, and moved together again in a bear hug.

He said, "Pete! Pete Shanley!"

"Tommy Lane!" said Pete.

Like boxers breaking a clinch, they separated, their hands resting on each other's shoulders. Shanley's wide-brimmed, pearl-gray hat had been pushed back on his head by their embrace; his small brown eyes were sparkling.

"It must be ten years!" Shanley said. "Let me look at you, punk!"

"Let's get off the street," suggested Tommy, and they moved through a doorway beneath a striped awning into a cocktail lounge.

"I'll have a beer," said Shanley. He grinned indulgently when Tommy ordered a Martini. "Come up in the world, haven't you?"

Tommy grinned back. "Which way is up?" he retorted. "What are you doing in New York and where's the show?"

"Show's in Jersey and I'm looking for a high-wire act."

"On Madison Avenue?" asked Tommy.

"Well, I found you here," said Pete. "Want a job?"

"Not on a high wire," Tommy said.

Pete Shanley laughed. "Remember the time Papa Vivaldi found you and Bianca trying to imitate the Flying Campellos?" He paused for an instant, to take a sip of his beer. "I suppose you got my letter about his dying, Tommy, and her getting married?"

"Yes," said Tommy Lane. "Yes, I did." He would never forget the day Pete's letter had caught up with him. He could feel Pete's eyes upon him, and he met them. "I never answered it," he said. "I'm sorry, Pete."

"I know. I didn't expect an answer," Shanley told him. "You married, Tommy?"

"No." Looking across the table at Pete's weather-beaten face, it seemed incredible that he had never attempted to find him. "Have you seen her?" he asked.

"Four-five years ago," Pete answered. "We had a booking outside Scranton, and she and her husband came to the show. They got some sort of farm nearby." He brought out a package of cigarettes, offered one to Tommy. "You look prosperous. Where you been and what you been doing? Fill me in."

It was twelve years since he had left the circus, ten since he had received Pete's letter in the South Pacific. "I went to college after I got out of the Army," he said. "Remember that first time in winter quarters when you made me go back to high school?"

"And worked you like a bull after school?" Pete added. (Continued on Page 46)

Illustrated by Ben Stahl

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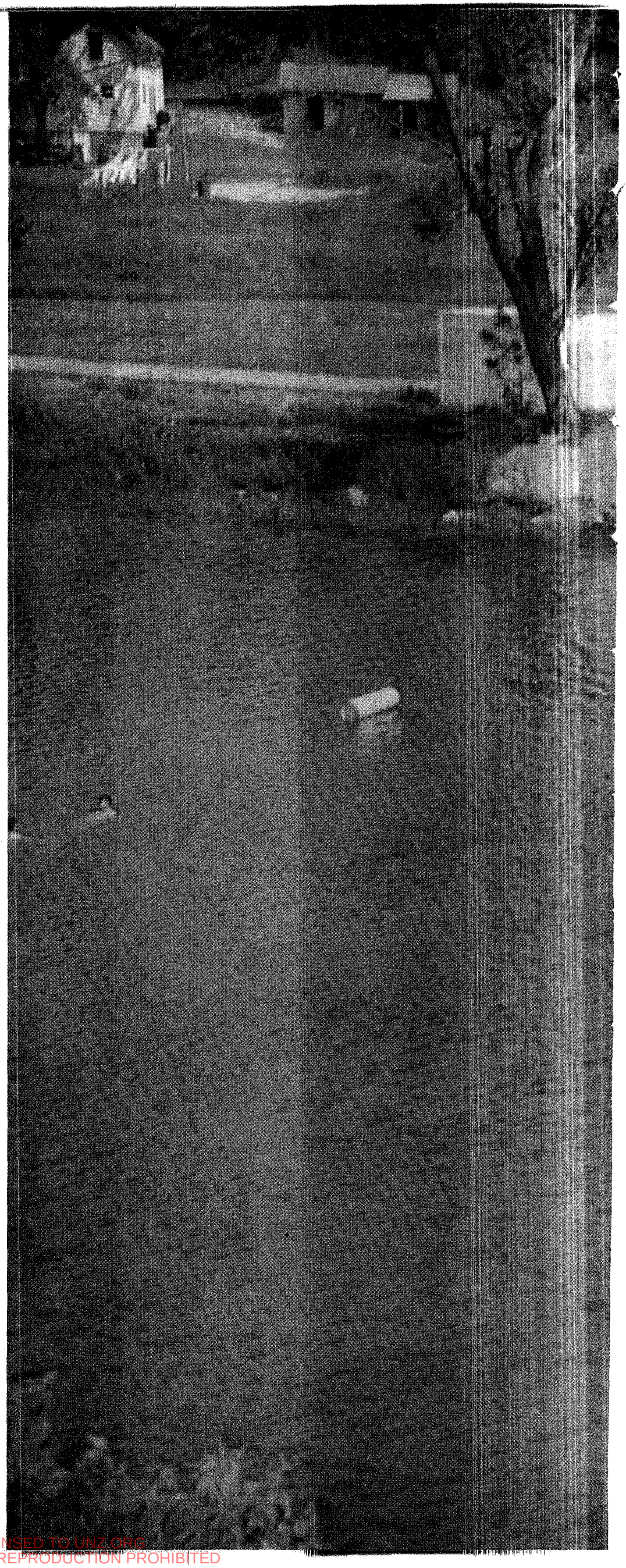
The Face of AMERICA

Fun in August

How many swimmin' holes are there in America, counting both natural and concrete? Anyway, here's one of them. Quite some time ago Nature started work on this one by constructing the Clearwater River in Minnesota. Considerably more recently, townfolk of Red Lake Falls (people: 2000) built an earthwork dam, spreading the water out to be more lovely and, around the coast line, less deep for youthful waders and old fraid-cats. Red Lake Falls is minus a falls; the river just slants downhill pretty fast, heading for Hudson Bay and refusing to pay any attention to the nearby Mississippi, which prefers the Gulf of Mexico. Last spring the river lost its temper, probably being sick of winter, and walloped a hole in the dam with cracked ice. Later it apologized with placid water; so the townfolk resuscitated the dam, and now river and people are getting along swimmingly together. Here, as at all watering places, you see boys being boys, and girls watching them and occasionally shrieking. Water sprites from other towns are invited to bathe here if they want to, and oh, boy, do they!—oh, girl, too! ❁ Photograph by Stephen Kanyusik



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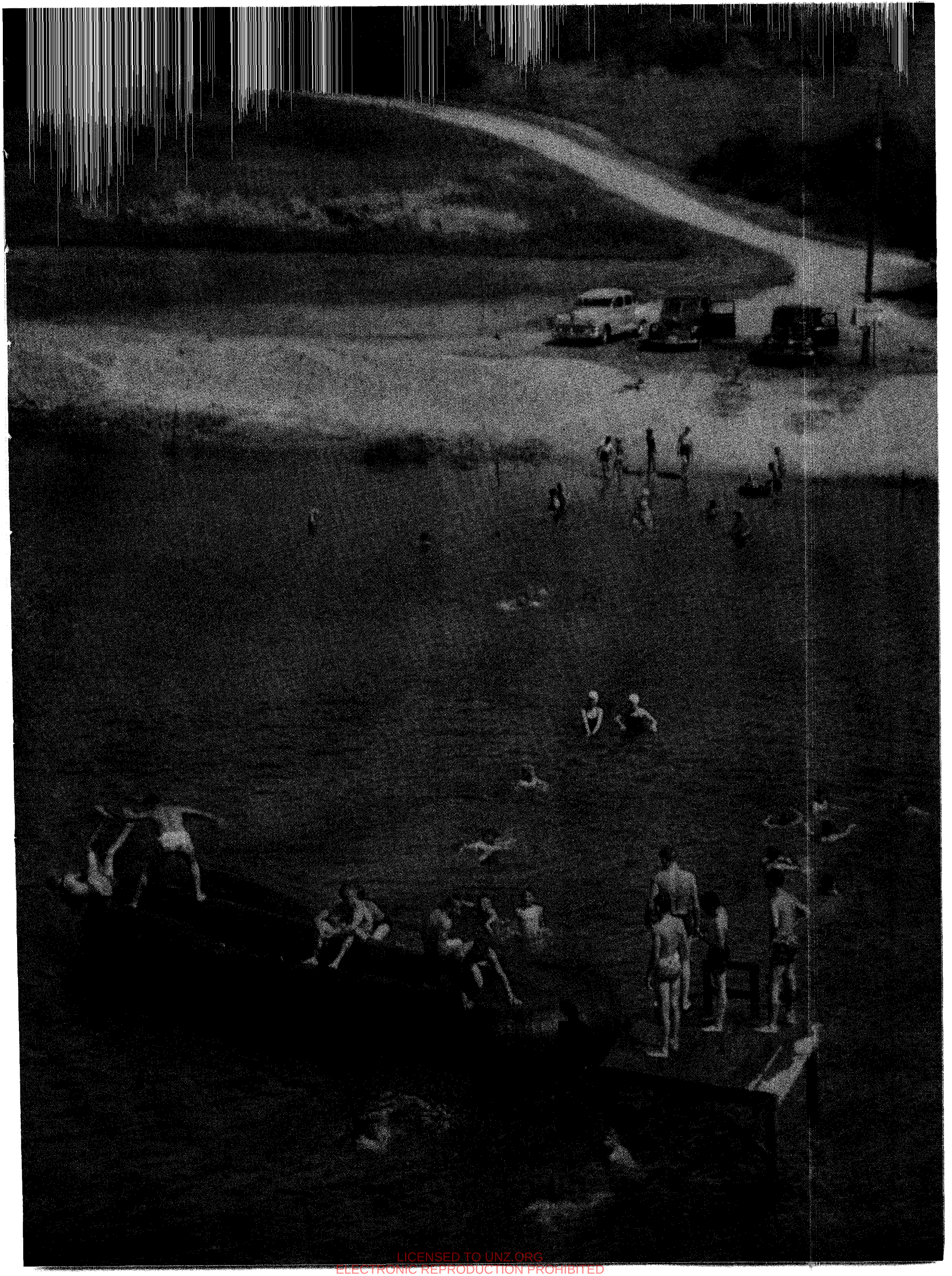

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"Want to change your mind about the parachute?" the skipper asked. "They never fail."

I'm Coming In

By JOSEPH N. BELL

A green young pilot had bet his life he could make a blind landing . . .

When the first flight went out at 6:45, the Texas sun had just poked its nose over the horizon and the hundreds of Navy training planes nestling on the ramp looked like gray ghosts in the dim morning light. Mounting the steps to the squadron control tower a few minutes earlier, I had noticed, far off to the north in the dew-infested haze, a lowering bank of black clouds. I remember feeling relieved that I wasn't flying that day, but had instead drawn the assignment as tower duty officer. Later, I would have been happy to trade places with almost anyone in the squadron.

In the glass-encased tower atop the hangar, all the disconnected threads of the complex operations of a wartime naval-air-training squadron were gathered and loosely held—until an emergency arose and the thread tautened and hauled in or played out as the emergency called for. Here, we were in direct radio contact with hundreds of practicing pilots, some fearful, some cocky, some cautious and some simply doing a job as best they knew how. This day one would survive an experience that dozens of others would never forget.

Perhaps, as I looked over the early-morning weather report, I was thinking of my own cadet days and how little I knew about the airplanes I flew then. A "norther"—one of those vicious Texas storms which sweep in so often with little warning and batter an area with driving rain, howling wind and biting cold—was due later in the day. Flying conditions were expected to be very bad by afternoon; but now the sun was climbing in the sky, a few fleecy clouds were scuttling by, and the EVERYTHING OUT sign was underscored on the flight schedule board.

Only a few minutes after the field had been cleared of planes headed out to practice formation flying or landings at remote practice fields, a revised weather report came in. The norther was moving much faster than had been expected; it would now hit in midmorning. A look outside to the north confirmed the emergency. The bank of black clouds which had looked so far away in the predawn light now loomed ominously in the near distance, bearing down on us with the malevolence that only a pilot can see in approaching bad weather.

I was reaching for the phone to ask permission to recall our planes when it jingled of its own accord. The (Continued on Page 55)

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I Married a Polio Victim

By Paul M. Mellinger,
as told to Neil M. Clark

A husband tells the moving story of how he and his permanently crippled wife manage to lead a normal life despite her handicap.

This article is about my wife, Peggy, who completely lost use of the muscles in her legs when she had polio at the age of twelve. The legs are not withered, but they give her no support. With braces and something to hang onto, she can stand. At work in the kitchen and around the house, she leans against, or holds onto, pieces of furniture. With canes, she goes almost everywhere she pleases, outdoors or in. She climbs up and down most kinds of stairs. She gets into cars by backing in, unlocking the braces at the knees and lifting her legs by hand.

Before she was able to do the things she does now, she passed through some bad crises. At one period she was way down most of the time. Now, however, she lives the normal life of a happy, ambitious, energetic housewife and mother, married to a man who doesn't earn a lot and is generally off hustling to make enough to live on and meet the payments on the house. I'm writing Peggy's personal story, but I like to think I am also saying something about the human race.

Peggy and I have a philosophy about handicaps. Most of it is hers. If I contributed anything, mainly it's a vigorous faith in self-reliance. Sometimes when I'm working

Peggy loves to sew, and she makes clothes for the whole family. Her sewing machine has a device that enables her to turn the power on and off with her elbow.

The Mellingers—Paul, Chris and Peggy. "What matters about any handicap," Paul and Peggy agree, "is not the fact of having it, but what a person does about it, and what he lets it do to him."

the late shift—I am a pastry cook for the A.&P.—and get home around midnight, Peggy and I lie in bed talking for a couple of hours. Not philosophy or anything like that; just small talk, intimate, gossip and stuff. One thing we always come around to is that every human being has a handicap of some sort—usually more than one. It may be physical, like her lameness, or something entirely different.

My left leg, for instance, is a little shorter than the other, giving me a slight limp, and I wonder if I didn't have a touch of polio myself at some time. I guess I am abnormally shy—at any rate, I get very absorbed in whatever interests me, like collecting bells, and I find it hard to join in light social conversations. In school I was only a fair student, especially if the subject bored me—and many did. What matters about any handicap, Peggy and I agree, is not the fact of having it, but what a person does about it, what it does to him, what he lets it do.

I didn't know Peggy before she was lame. My folks lived in Chicopee, Massachusetts, on the east side of the Connecticut River, north of Springfield, and she lived with her mother and grandmother in West Springfield, across the river. After coming back from Korea, where I was a medical-laboratory technician in the Army, I had a daytime job and tried to catch up on a pretty hit-or-miss education by attending night classes at the American International College, in Springfield. One course I enrolled in was General

(Continued on Page 71)

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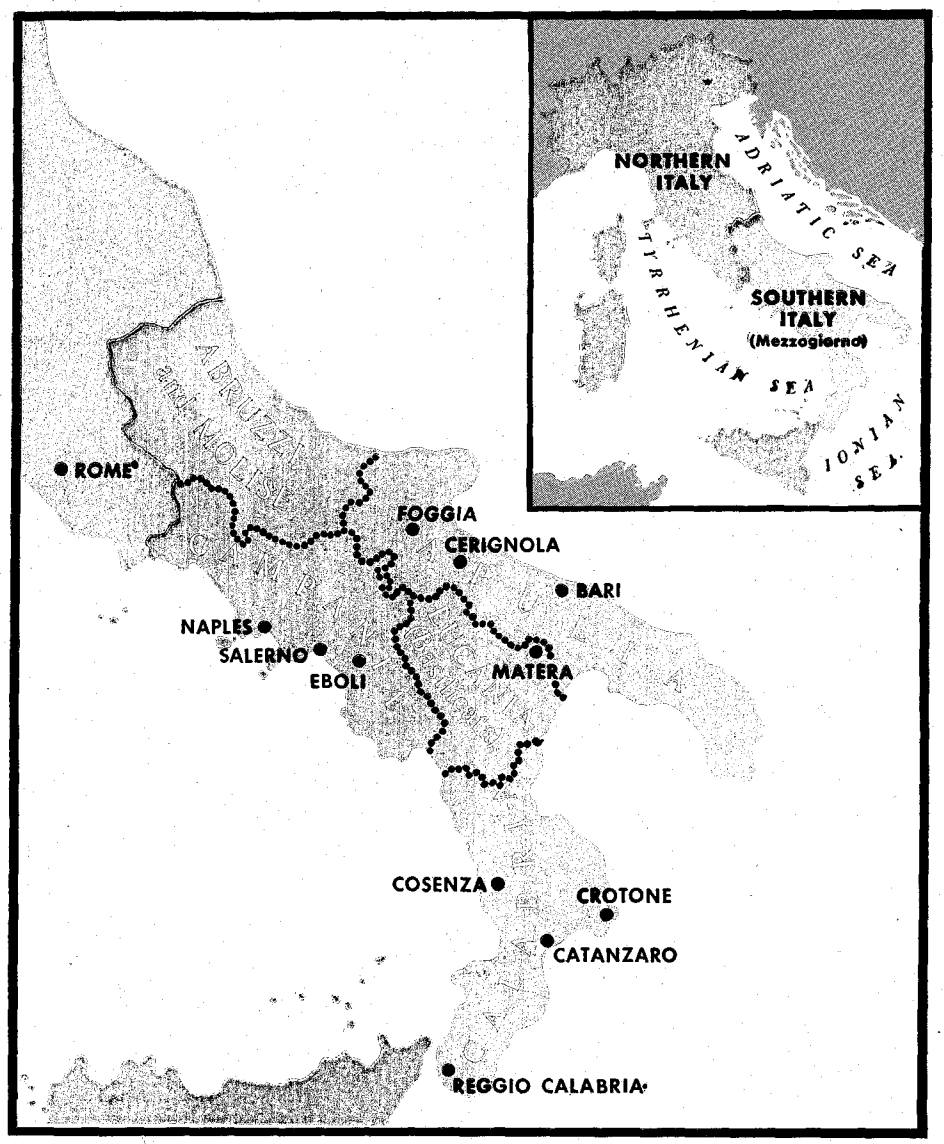

Italy's backward South—the *Mezzogiorno*. The contrast between North and South is infinitely vaster here than in the U.S., the author says.

Red Surge in Southern Italy

By ERNEST O. HAUSER

A Post editor reports from one of the western world's most impoverished areas, where the communists cash in on hunger, idleness and ignorance.

Communist pep talk in the assembly hall at Matera. In such regions, it's considered politic to be well stocked with membership cards—"one for the priest, one for the party."

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Portrait of poverty: Thirty-five people (four families) live on this typical, seventeen-acre farm in the miserably poor province of Apulia, a Red stronghold.

NAPLES.

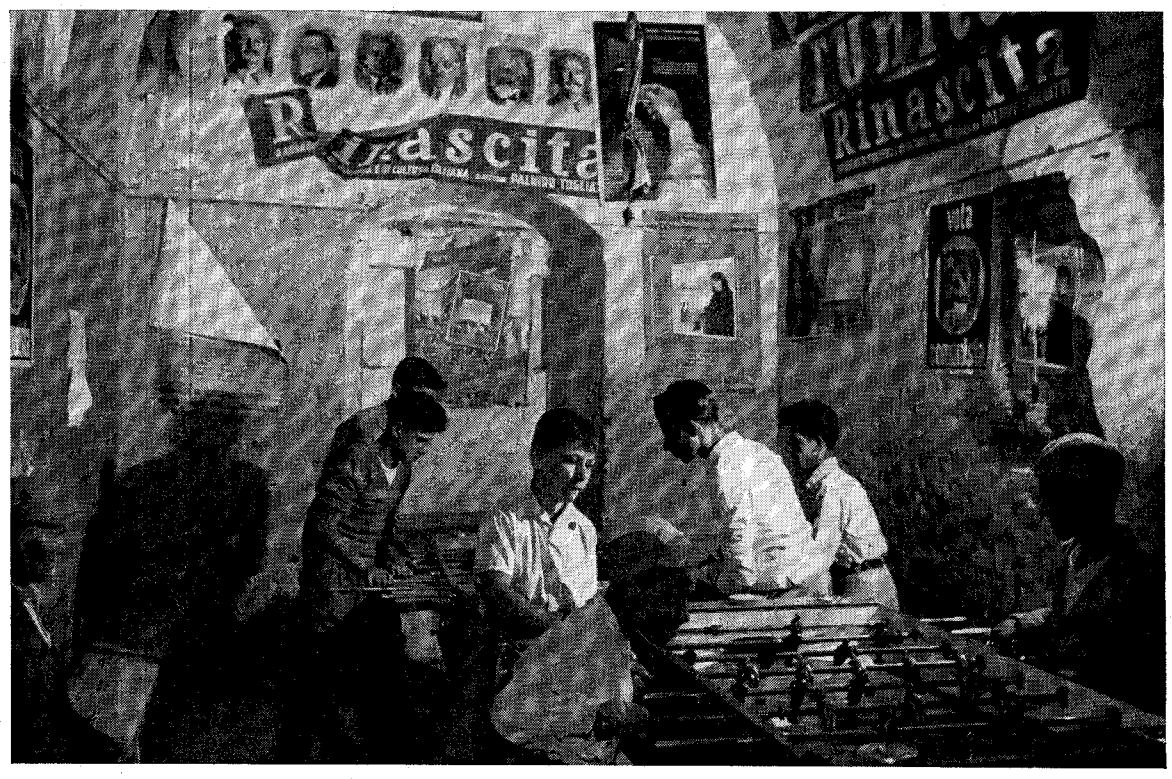
"Welcome to the world's most attractive depressed area," said an Italian lady somewhere south of Naples. She did not really mean to sound so flippant. This sprawling territory, washed by three warm seas, abounds in natural and man-made beauty. Its savage mountains and white beaches, its proud old castles and its Romanesque cathedrals, would surely make the southern half of Italy a tourist Eden were it not for the smell of poverty that rises up from it. In this harsh, arid country, a population that has been whipped, cheated and exploited through the centuries, still lives largely on hope. Spaghetti is for Sundays only, and meat is served on feast days. In the piazza, where haggard, shabbily dressed men pass idle hours, a promise buys a soul.

This backward South, or *Mezzogiorno*—the lower part of the Italian boot up to a line that cuts across it roughly halfway between Naples and Rome—is, in effect, a no man's land where communism and democracy are locked in deadly battle. In the provincial and town-council elections held on May twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth of this year, Italy on the whole registered a slight shrinkage of the leftist vote: the communists and fellow-traveling socialists, who had polled 35.5 per cent in the local elections of 1951–52, are down to 35.1 per cent. However, in the South, the current runs the other way. In this primarily rural area, where the lack of an industrial working class had until recently slowed down the Marxists, they are now catching up.

The picture is not pretty. Only in one of the five southern regions, the Abruzzi—nearest Rome—did the Red vote decline, from 28.2 to 27.8 per cent. In the four others—Campania, Apulia, Lucania, and Calabria—the left advanced, respectively, from 25.5 to 26.6; from 34.3 to 35.2; from 32.3 to 32.9; and from 32.3 to 34.6 per cent of the provincial vote. What's wrong?

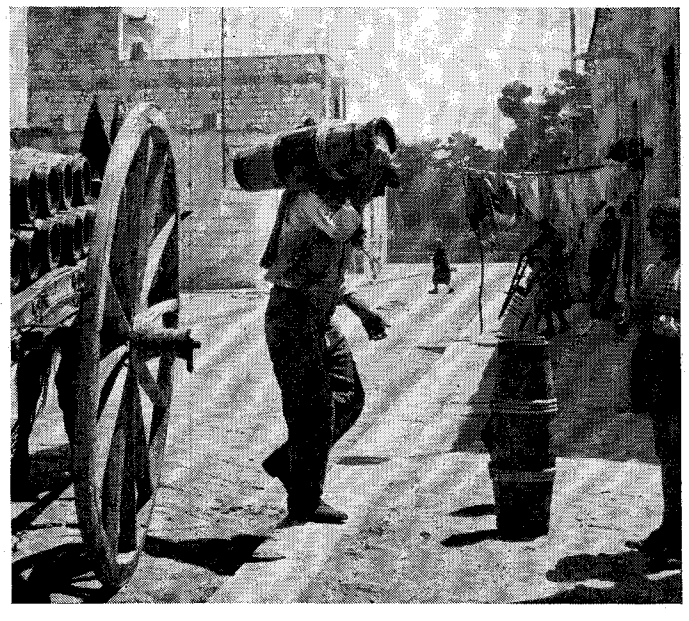
I have just taken a slow journey through these nether regions, a 1000-mile trek leading from Foggia—the Allies' giant air base during World War II— (Continued on Page 96)

Photographs by Eric Schaal

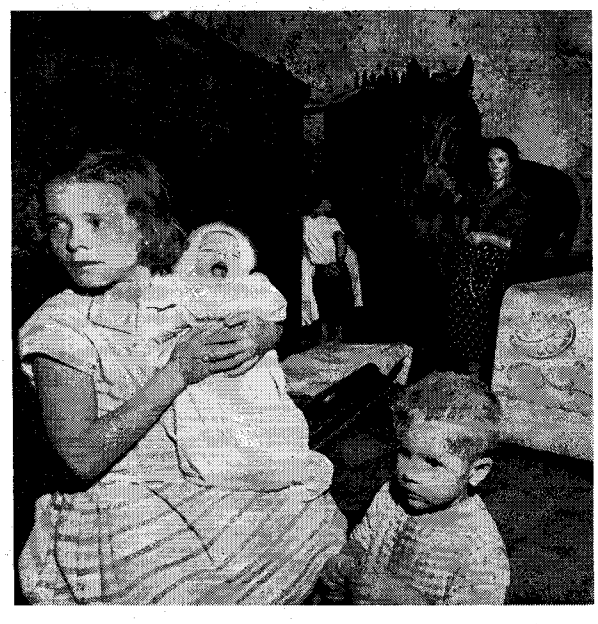


Communist youth centers thrive in the *Mezzogiorno*, where the average annual income is $170, and only one child in three finishes primary school. Top: A smiling Stalin still decorates the wall.

Water is a luxury in Cerignola. Those who can afford it pay a cent and a half a cask.



Matera's prehistoric cave dwellings still house thousands of people—and animals.



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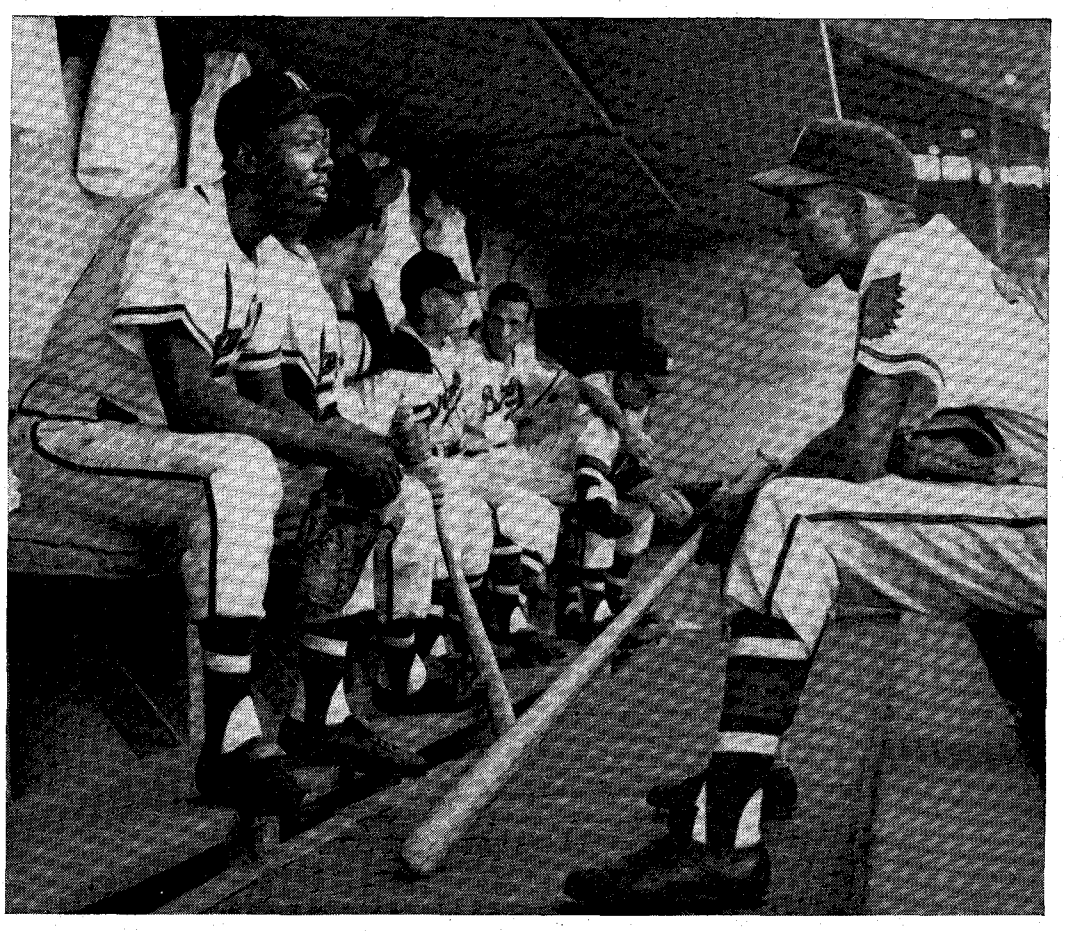

Hank Aaron (left) talks shop with outfield mate Bill Bruton. Last year, young Aaron showed his class by leading the Braves in hitting, and this season he's a solid contender for the league batting crown.

Born to Play Ball

By FURMAN BISHER

Milwaukee's prodigious Hank Aaron doesn't go in for "scientific" hitting.

He just grabs a bat and blasts away.

Pitchers find Hank a hard man to fool. "What gets him out one time won't get him the next time." Above: on July 29 Aaron bangs out a triple off the Philadelphia Phillies' Curt Simmons, who had fanned Hank earlier in the game (below).

In Jacksonville, Florida, where he carried off almost everything except the franchise during the South Atlantic League baseball season of 1953, there is still a considerable degree of puzzlement about Henry Louis (Hank) Aaron, now one of the mightiest warriors in the tribe of the Milwaukee Braves. There was, for instance, the time in Jacksonville that summer when Aaron was in the grip of a rare batting slump, and one of his teammates asked in clubhouse conversation how he was going to cure it.

"Oh, I called Mr. Stan Musial about it," was Aaron's dead-pan reply, "and I coming out of it."

"What did Musial tell you to do?" asked the teammate, an infielder named Joe Andrews.

"He say, 'Keep swinging,'" Aaron said.

Shortly the slump passed and Henry thundered on to a .362 finish. Meanwhile the Musial story was repeated often in dugouts around the league. On the day when Aaron got the league's Most-Valuable-Player award, manager Ben Geraghty decided it might be well to have Henry repeat his Musial tale to the sports writers who were inquiring into the reasons for his success.

"Man, I never called Stan Musial," Aaron said, shaking his head vigorously.

"But you told Joe Andrews you did," Geraghty said.

"I liable to tell Joe Andrews anything."

Spec Richardson, general manager of the Jacksonville Braves, is representative of the perplexed local opinion that Aaron left behind. "Tell you the truth," he says, "we couldn't make up our minds if he was the most naïve player we ever had or if he was dumb like a fox."

(Continued on Page 74)

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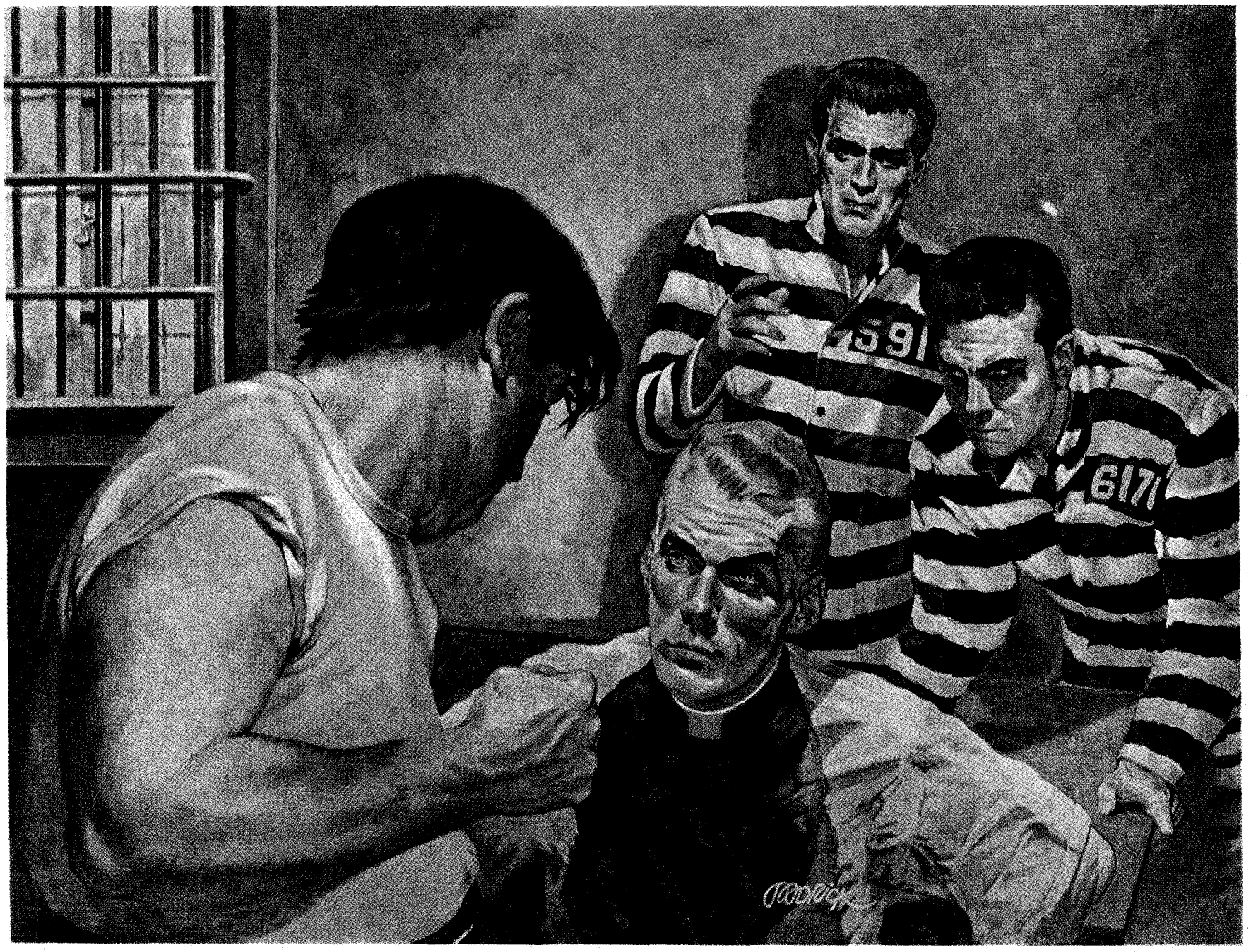

"What about it, Chaplain?" Arnold asked. Then Tiger's shoulder bulged again.

Someone had ratted on the convicts. They were out to get

The Squealer

By EVANS HARRINGTON

On Wednesday night two weeks after Wiley Arnold had come to the camp, Frank Kritz decided to put his plan into action. He was confident that he understood the setup then, and he had gone over every step, every action and reaction. He had even started the first part of the plan early that morning, before he had fully decided that this would be the time. All day in the fields he had taken double precautions not to tire himself with the hoe; he had loafed expertly, and even dangerously, running the risk, for the first time in the year he had been at Warren State Penitentiary, of being caught by the line boss, Dodson, or one of the trusties, rather than weaken and stiffen himself for that night. And he had been successful: his arms and shoulders felt relaxed and supple now as he lay on his bunk in the long, barred, barrackslike "cage."

As he watched Wiley Arnold and the gorilla, Hicks, he felt no fear; only a pleasant, electric stimulation which quickened his heart and whetted his senses so that the mellow scent of the freshly plowed fields came vividly in to him on the cooling night air, mingled with and diluting the rank, sweat-filled heat. He would wait until seven o'clock, he decided, when Sergeant Wills and Dodson would have left the building and only a hall boy would be on duty in the lobby outside. Meanwhile he could savor the pleasant tingle of action and purpose again, of competition and risk.

This was the biggest thing Frank had tried yet, much bigger than passing the largest checks, and even than the holdup in Kansas. Because a bad check, if he were caught, would mean just what he had now—three years, with six months off if he behaved—and the holdup had been a pushover. He wouldn't have been caught at all, except for the stupid mistake of a highway patrolman who misread his tag number and thought his car was a stolen one. But this thing now—there was danger in every step of it, not to speak of the stakes if he won. It was the kind of (Continued on Page 80)

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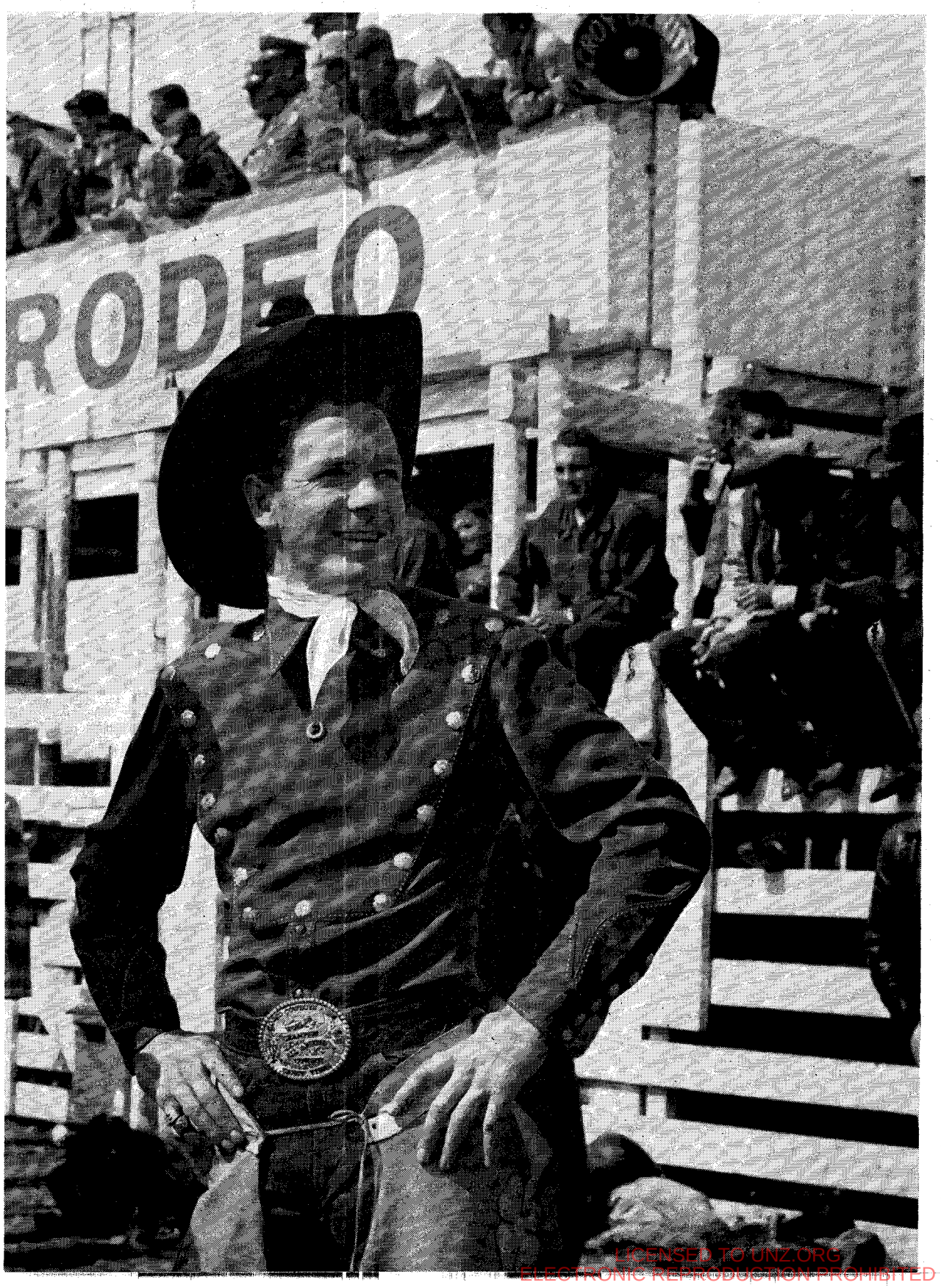
Champion cowboy Tibbs, age twenty-six, makes friends with a young fellow passenger while flying to a rodeo in Kansas.

How to Get Rich on a Horse

By COLIN LOFTING

Bronc riding is no sport for the fainthearted, but it's one way an empty-pursed cowboy can get rich fast—if he has the amazing horse sense of Casey Tibbs.



"You got to have a little gamble in you to rodeo," says Casey. The gamble has paid off for him in a big way. Last year, his personal earnings totaled $80,000.

Casey Tibbs is probably the best man who has ever ridden a bronco in competition. He's at once the Babe Ruth and the prima ballerina of rodeo. In the last seven years he has won the bronco title five times and has been second twice, a record which may easily stand longer than Ruth's sixty homers. He is the current All-Around Champion Cowboy, meaning that he has accumulated more points from the three events in which he competes—saddle and bareback bronco and bull riding—than any other man has won by competing in any or all of the five standard rodeo events, which also include bulldogging and calf roping. His first all-around he won in 1951—and in 1955 his 42,065 points, each representing a dollar, is a record high. At the age of twenty-six he has won eight world's championships, more than any other cowboy living or dead. He's just unbelievably good.

Even on the rare occasions when Casey dresses in a business suit, strangers stare at him without quite knowing why. His boyish good looks are enough to arouse curiosity, but added is the subtle hint of the winner, the self-assured athlete who does everything well. Deep crow's-feet run from the corners of his eyes, contradicting his thin, straight lips, suggesting a smile barely under control.

This spring at his ranch—wearing a false nose attached to lensless glasses—Casey was playing cards with seven small nephews and one niece. The game ended in a shambles on the floor, eight players rolling on top of Casey. Florence Jean Tibbs, a robust young lady of five, observed from the top of the pile, "Uncle Casey will never grow up." She is probably right.

Casey is an enigma. Here is a man who barely finished the eighth grade, a master of the double negative, yet he's shrewd enough to be thinking of the future—outside of rodeo—and for last year filed a return on personal earnings of just less than $80,000. On the phone he will call Governor Foss of South Dakota, his own state, "Farmer," and make rude remarks about the governor's physiognomy. Yet Joe Foss, marine ace and holder of the Medal of Honor, is his idol; let someone else make a

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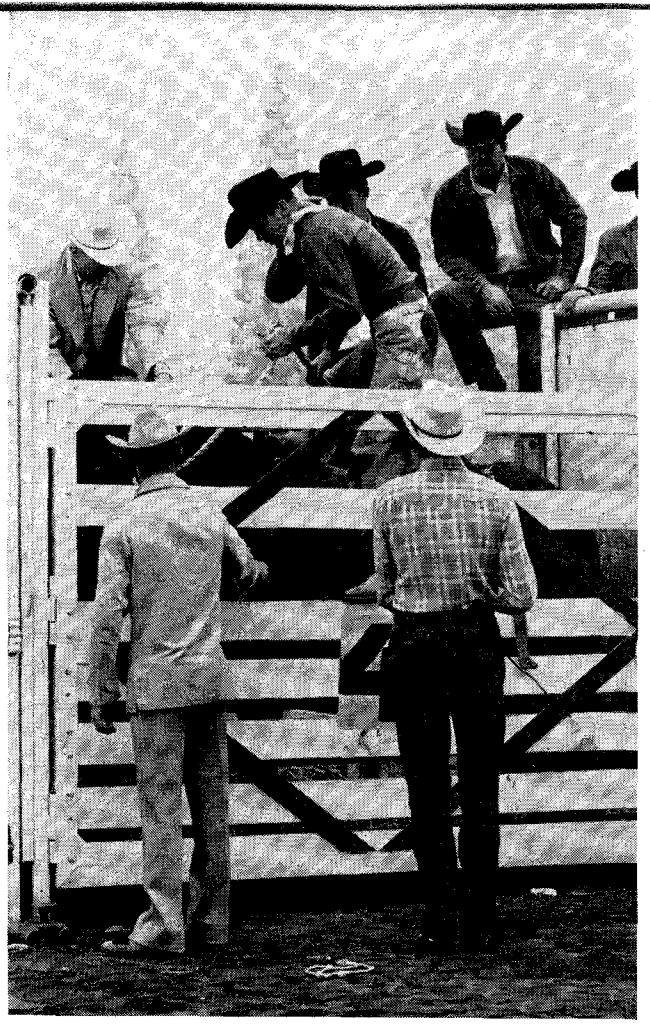


Casey prepares to mount a saddle bronc named I Told You So in the chute at a Pomona, Calif., rodeo.

crack about Joe Foss and he'll have Casey to fight.

When he's driving an expensive car, his clothes immaculate and his hands manicured, it's hard to imagine Casey on a ranch, but he's more at home needing a shave, grimy and tired, than he is lounging in a terry-cloth bathrobe in an expensive hotel room.

He is a ham, but graced with an actor's sense of timing. It took a bit of ham to get Casey where he is today. Perhaps the rodeo, at Fort Worth this year, is a good example of what makes Casey tick.

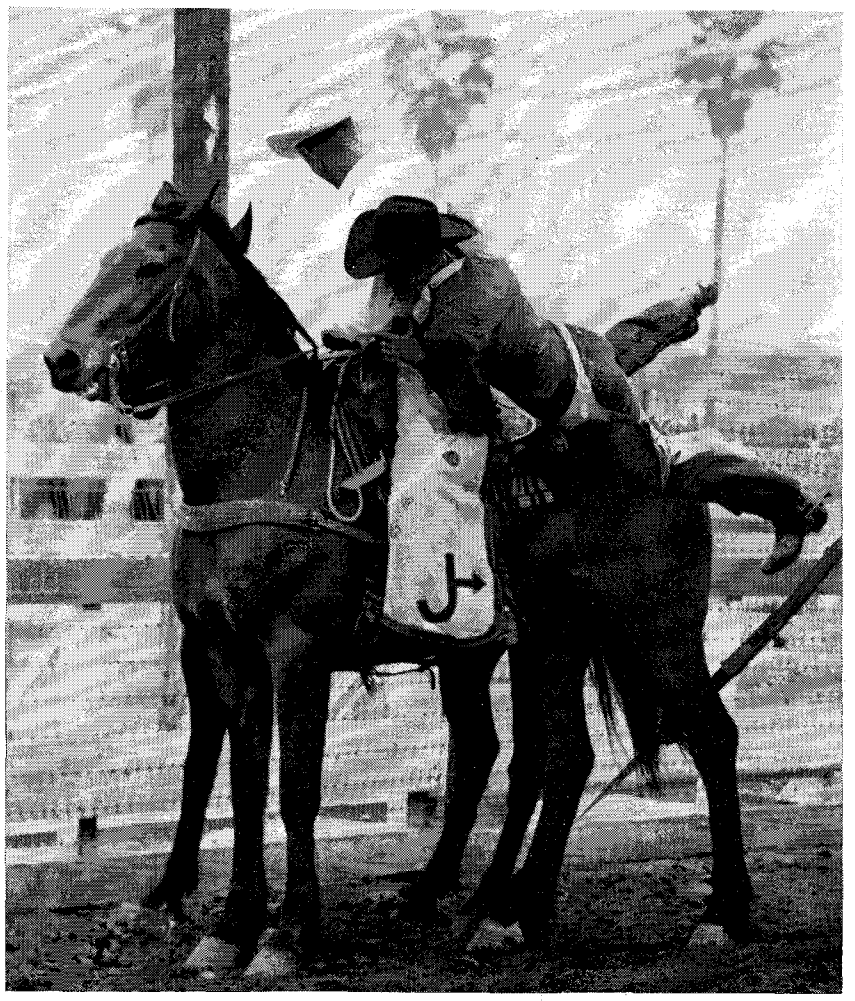
He'd been bucked off and dragged at Denver—the first rodeo of the year—and was hospitalized. He had let it be known that he was out of championship running; he might hit a few rodeos, but his future plans involved TV and possibly the movies. "There's only one place for me to go in rodeo," Casey says, "and that's down. Might stay on top, barrin' injuries and havin' good luck, for a couple of years, but I'd still have to go back down."

But lying in the hospital with four broken ribs, he decided to enter Fort Worth, just two weeks away. The thought of quitting on the sour note of Denver rankled him.

At Fort Worth, when Casey's name was announced, Cy Taillon, the announcer, spoke dramatically about Casey's record and his recent accident. Spectators edged forward in their seats.

Casey drew Be Peaceful and was sweating him out. The horse had bucked him off at Cheyenne in 1955, their last encounter. The arena was hushed. Men stopped working around the chutes. Two judges—one standing on each side of the gate—watched to see that Casey's spurs were over the break of Be Peaceful's shoulder when the horse's front feet hit the tanbark, the first jump out of the chute. If Casey thus qualified (Continued on Page 84)

The champ in action, on Nugget. Other cowboys will stick with horses as difficult as those Casey rides, but none can do it as smoothly and freely.



At the end of the ride the cowboy vaults to safety over his pickup man's horse.

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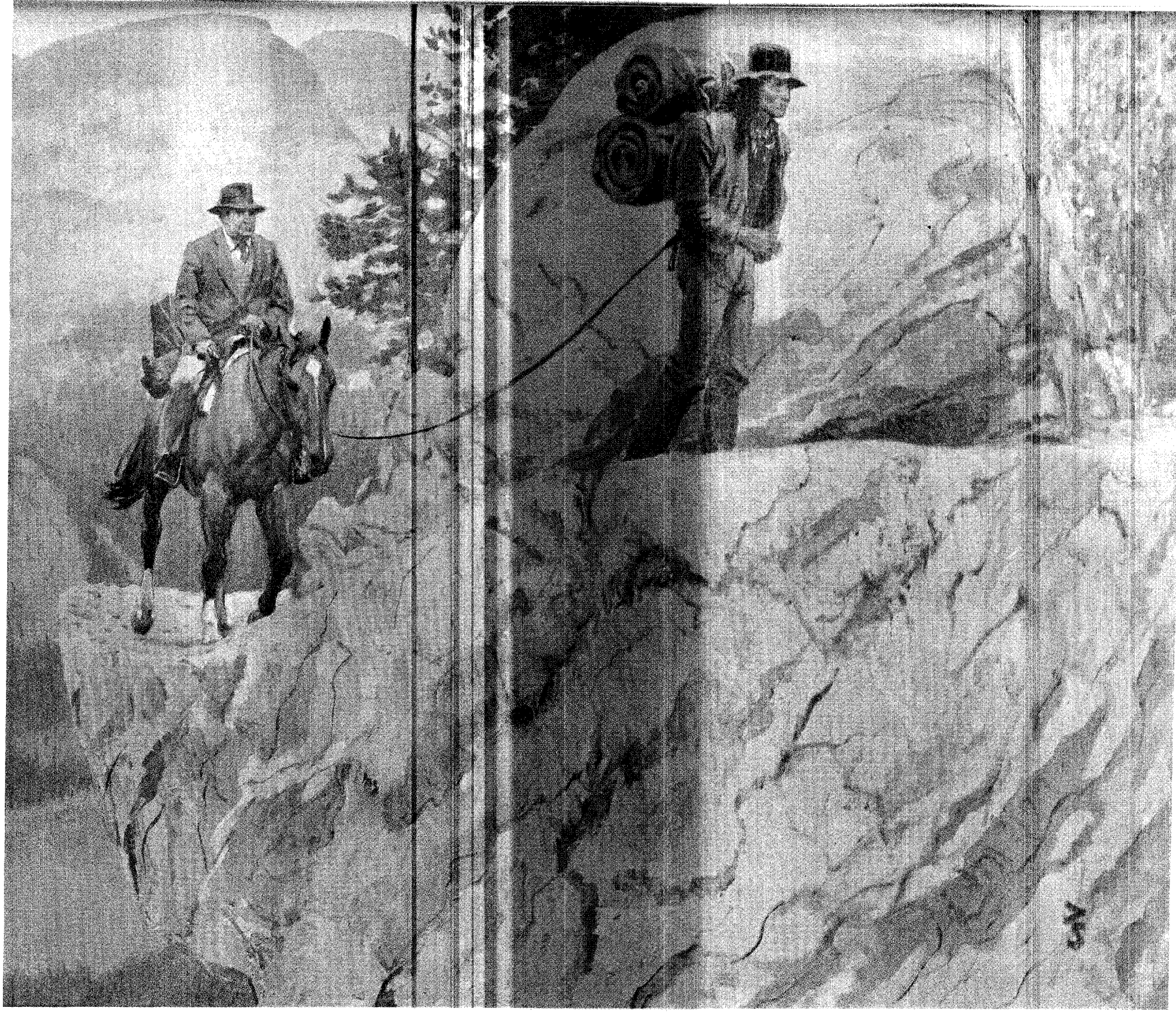

The Indian knew he had only one chance left. He prayed to the gods that the wind would be blowing right.

The Edge of Death

What punishment suits a sneering murderer who laughs at those he hurts?

By WALTER CRAIG WILLIAMS

Above and ahead of him, Quick could see the rocky outline of Broken Nose. His mare, Fawn Eye, was taking him along the short, open route to the lip of the bluff, and with the timber behind them Quick could see the thunderhead that was gathering its strength in the black, boiling clouds that darkened one upon the other. Their potent promise of violence lay heavy on the land. Quick watched their action with Indian eyes, wise with thirty-five years of seeing the skies and mountains of his land.

It was quiet, for all the valley and lower slopes of the high country lay still in breathless anticipation of the storm building in the crags to the west. Quick raised himself in the saddle and called to the quail that walked in silent single file through the meadow grass, seeking higher ground. They did not answer and Quick knew that all the life in the valley was waiting out the Thunder God who was walking in the mountains. Even Fawn Eye was nervous as the Indian moved in the saddle.

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Quick knew that deep in the lake of the valley meadow the trout lay still in the blue recesses, their movement slight and their pugnacious, undershot jaws closed and not striking the flies that the little forerunning freshet of the storm blew onto the still surface of the water.

He felt the tension in the land he had known so well since he became a lone bounty hunter, fifteen years before. The deer sought the tightest juniper thickets and windfalls, moving on mincing, ghostlike feet, questing the slight new movement of the dead air with nervous, twitching ears. Their sound was slight as the passage of a bird, but Quick heard and saw them. The man could smell the approaching storm, and so could the mare. Then the horse flinched and lowered her ears and her whole body trembled.

"We must find Little Star." The man spoke gently to the mare. "The Thunder God is growling and your fear tells me Saber Foot is near. Only Saber Foot makes Fawn Eye's heart shake."

Quick felt the growing fear in the mare as they neared the sheer precipice of Broken Nose bluff and he knew the lion was near. This was the heart of the big cat's hunting ground and Quick knew Saber Foot was stalking Little Star, the mare's colt.

When they reached the last sharp turn in the open trail to Broken Nose, Quick could no longer hold the mare. Her great trunk heaved and every breath was expelled in a blast of terror. Suddenly her withers and neck darkened with sweat. Quick could smell her fear and he also could smell the fresh lion kill. He dismounted and stood soothing Fawn Eye and, when she calmed slightly, they stepped around the last turn to where Little Star lay dead in the flat place that made the eye in the profile of Broken Nose bluff. Quick had to tie the rearing, screaming Fawn Eye.

The body of Little Star was two hours dead and the legs stuck out stiffly at right angles from the trunk. Even in death the good blood lines showed through in the short-coupled hips and extra-long legs. The eyes that had been large and limpid with intelligence in life were open and dulled with a coat of dust. Quick looked across the valley below. The gorge fell away from him, awesome and majestic in its depth that ended in far reaches of quiet meadows cradled in the palm of the surrounding mountain peaks.

He turned his black eyes from the valley and knelt by the dead colt. He looked at the back of the neck, which had been bitten through. He saw the four large pug marks in the dust where the cat had stood and finally lain down while he ate. He noted the limbs and leaves partially covering the colt, where the lion had made an effort to cover his kill after the first meal. Quick licked his forefinger and smoothed down the hair of the white star on the colt's forehead.

He spoke to the still-trembling mare. "Now, Fawn Eye, we will trap the devil, Saber Foot. He tried to kill you and he has eaten Little Star. Many winters my traps have failed. Now we will make a snare for the wicked devil. The Thunder God is sending rain to wash away our sign."

He brushed back his long black hair and adjusted his rawhide headband. He bent down a hickory tree, as large at the base as his thigh. He retained it with a notched three-piece latch fashioned from seasoned pieces of wood cut from a standing dead chestnut tree. To the tip of the straining tree he lashed the end of the plaited rawhide lariat; then he spread the loop carefully around the kill. He thrust his lean brown hands into the moist body of the colt and carefully wiped the redness over everything he had touched.

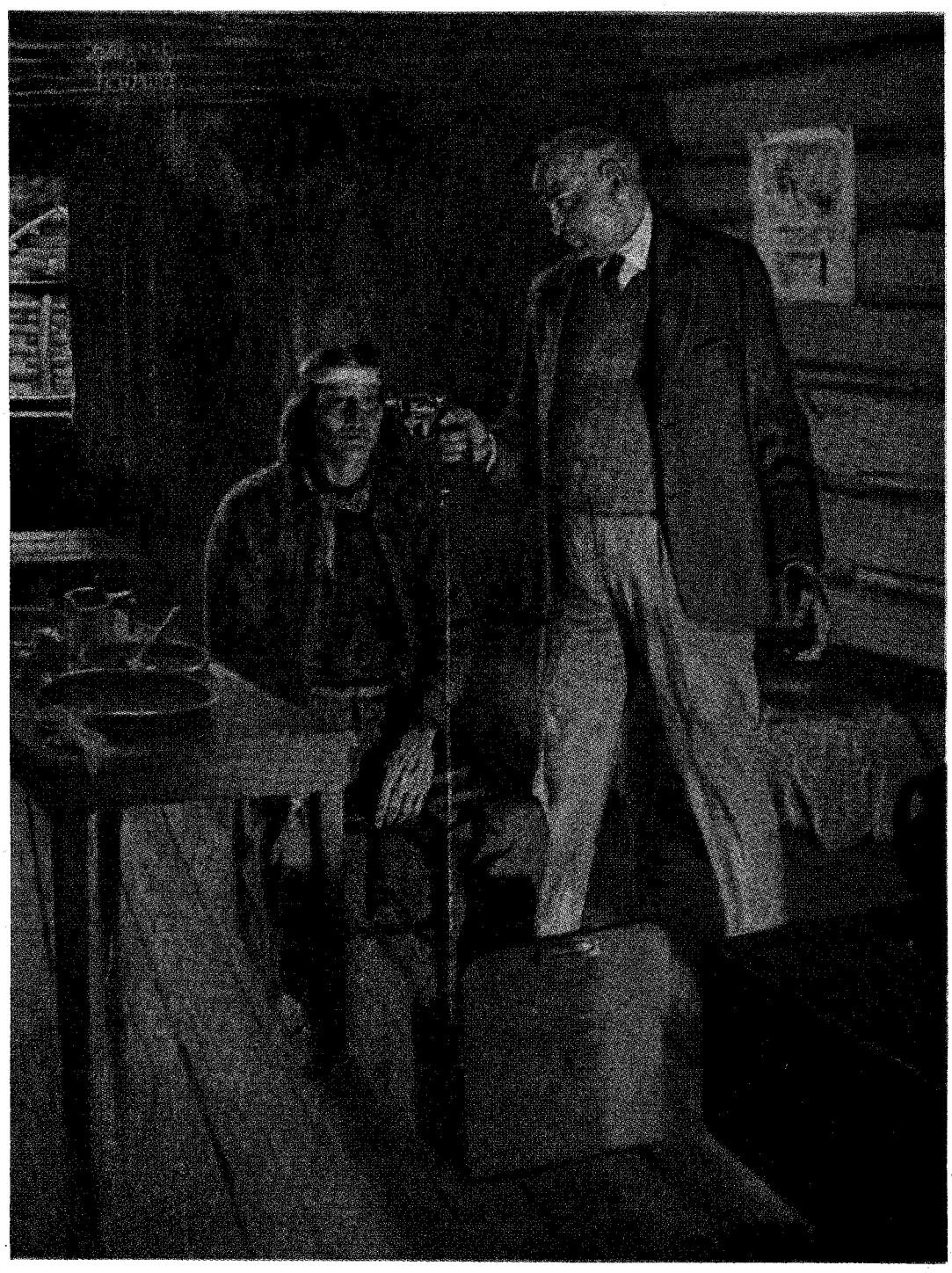
"He'll come back, Fawn Eye," he mumbled, gauging the heft of the straining tree with wise, patient woodsman's eyes, "and that hickory will swing him if he weighs as much as me."

Then he forgot the loss of his colt and glanced out across the valley, for his acute ears had caught the undulating drone of an aircraft engine. He did not recognize the sound at first, for even in normal weather the fickle eddies and vicious thermal updrafts of the mountains were death to fliers. Stepping from beneath the trees, he looked across the valley and caught sight of the small craft, a flash of yellow, just as the storm broke. After the first blast of thunder was gone, he could no longer hear the failing engine. He knew it had cleared the teeth of the ridge and gone down in his valley.

Quick returned to his cabin and waited out the storm, so he could take Fawn Eye down the mountain to find the fallen aircraft. When the storm began to recede, the Indian started out. The worst of the storm was spent, but the rain fell steadily.

Quick sat on his mare at the edge of the lake in the meadow. The water dripped down from his hat brim and splashed on his shoulders. His old slicker leaked and he could feel the water creeping down his back. There was no sign of the airplane, no broken trees, no smoke, no wreckage. The water dripped from his brown, beardless face and soaked through his hat so that his jet-black hair was lank and plastered to his forehead. He looked across the lake on which the little rain-men stippled the surface with their dance. He shrugged his slicker up around his shoulders, making a tent of the slackness, and (Continued on Page 88)

Illustrated by Harold Von Schmidt



"Don't get funny with me, country boy," Farrell warned. "Either you get in line, or I'm gonna get ugly."

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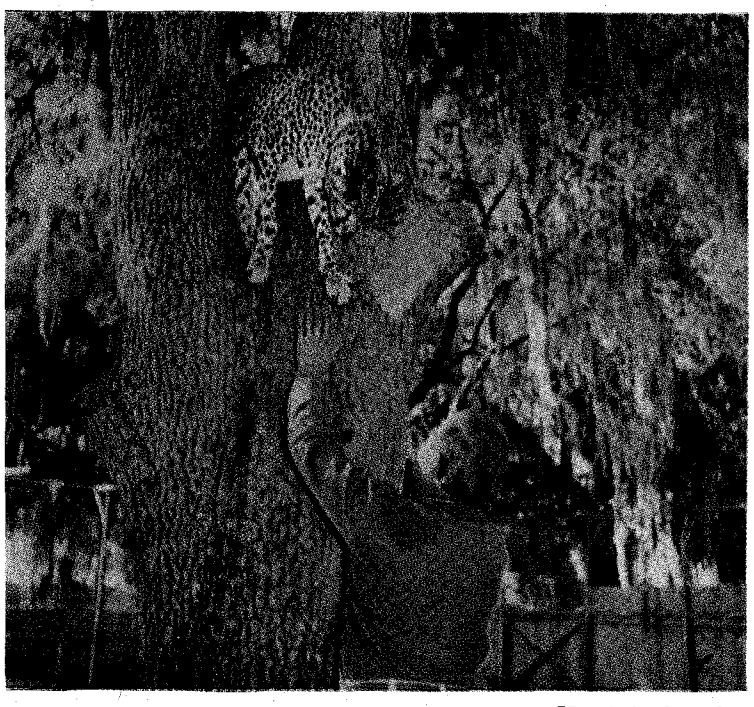
Exchanging glares here are John Hamlet and Sergeant, a golden eagle with claws as long as a tiger's teeth.

He Plays With Killers

By JEANNE VAN HOLMES

Wild cheetahs, timber wolves, harpies and vultures are some of John Hamlet's weird companions. He says they make fine friends—as long as you don't turn your back on them.



Hamlet's cheetahs take off like lightning and cover the ground at seventy miles per hour. They are completely untamed.

The harpy eagle, a giant from the Amazon rain forests, is the heaviest of all the world's 14 kinds of eagles.

At Miami's International Airport recently a freight handler reached for a big crate addressed to John Hamlet, in care of Birds of Prey, Ocala, Florida. Disregarding big red Danger labels, the freight handler thrust his fingers into the crate's air holes. A moment later he jerked his hands away—one of his fingers was missing. Another of John Hamlet's friends had arrived.

Hamlet, now forty-four years old, has been making friends with vicious birds and beasts all his life. At various times he has lived happily with fanatical Moros and head-hunting Dyaks and blowgun-toting Subanuns. Now he is settling down in relatively tame Florida to have the time of his life.

Hamlet's farmhouse in the wooded hills south of Ocala is surrounded by leashed birds and beasts of prey strange enough to people a Dali landscape—thirty-six-pound eagles, condors with fourteen-foot wing spans, wild-caught caracals, cheetahs, timber wolves, and a lot more.

In his youth Hamlet became a falconer, then a master falconer—one of fourteen men in this country who can train even slow-moving, slow-thinking birds (Continued on Page 67)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACK HOLMES

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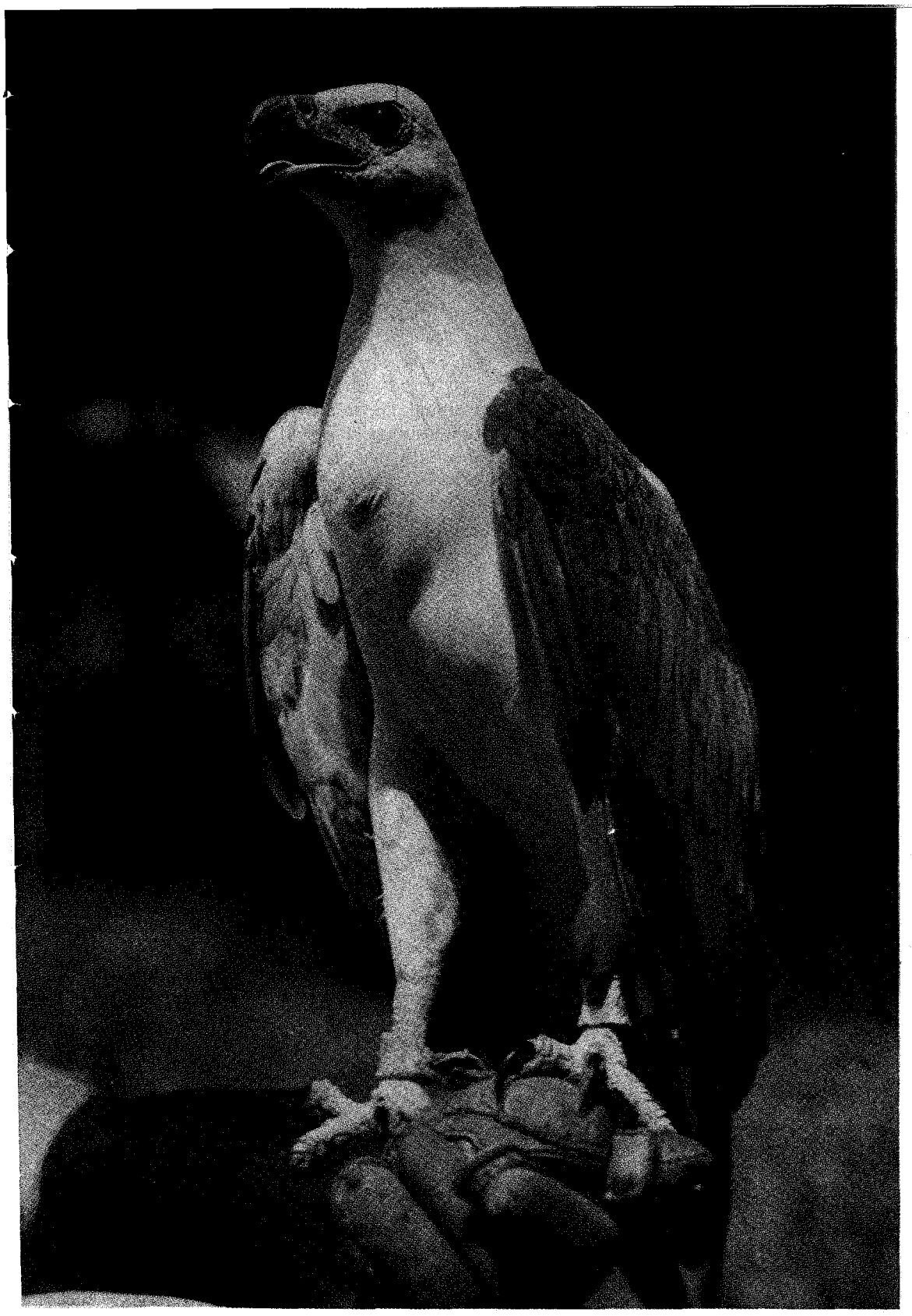
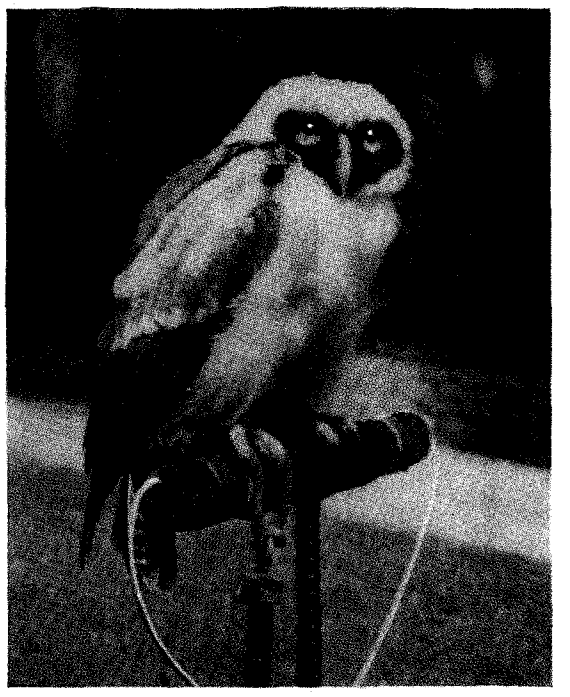
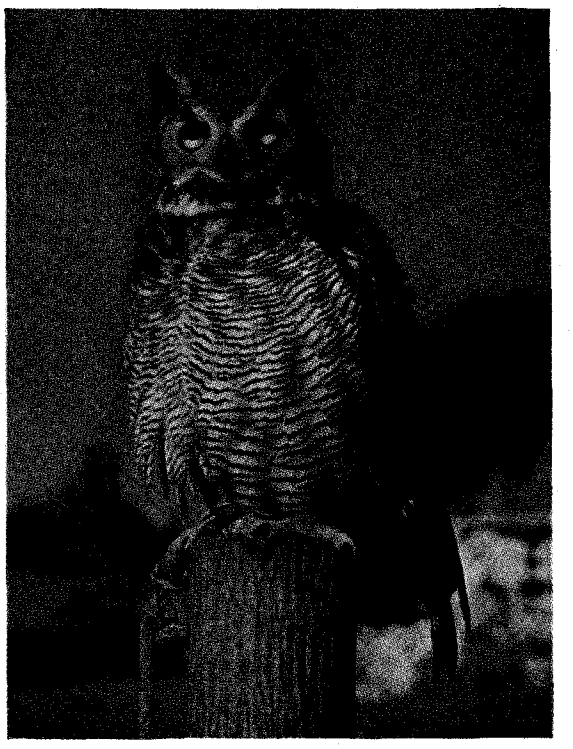


Snow Top, a rare sea eagle from Mindanao, has a complex about women. At the sight of Hamlet's wife, Billie, he turns red-faced with rage.



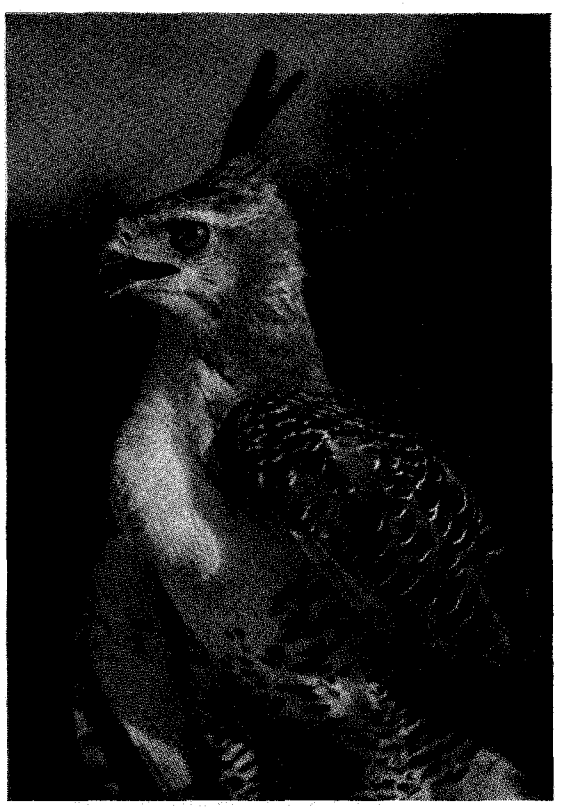
A spectacled owl represents South America in the international animal colony.



This great horned owl, a native Floridian, joined the troupe without invitation.

Beauty, a 30-pound solitary vulture, came from Mt. Kilimanjaro in Africa. She has a nine-foot wingspread and a remarkably bad temper.

"Spizzy," a regal game hawk, fascinates more visitors than any other single bird.



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Reservation for Murder

Cassidy guessed right: This was no ordinary crime.

It was a $293,000 hotel swindle.

By THOMAS WALSH

Two weeks after his escape from the Reds, Bishop Paul Hruba came to America to receive $293,000. The money had been raised by New York newspaper owner Theodore Victor as a tribute to the martyred clergyman.

Francis Janisek, one of Victor's reporters, had devised a scheme to steal the money. Janisek knew that Bishop Hruba had a cousin in America. The cousin, Josef, looked exactly like the Bishop, but was an alcoholic weakling. Janisek planned to capture the bishop, then force Josef to impersonate him in order to grab the $293,000.

Colonel Tedescu, the bishop's aide, was in on the scheme. When the bishop arrived in America, Tedescu served him some knockout drops, enabling Janisek to capture the cleric and imprison him in his hotel room.

Emil, Janisek's henchman, almost wrecked the deal when he killed Charlie Mueller, a hotel detective. To make it look as if an ordinary burglar had killed Mueller, Emil stole a woman's purse from the murder room. However, Florence Savage, a hotel stenographer, saw Emil as he left the scene of the crime.

Florence called Ray Cassidy, another hotel detective, who tracked down Emil. Emil lied trying to escape. Cassidy had already seen Janisek with Emil, so he suspected the reporter. Janisek skipped out of the hotel before he was found, but he still intended to come back and carry out his swindle.

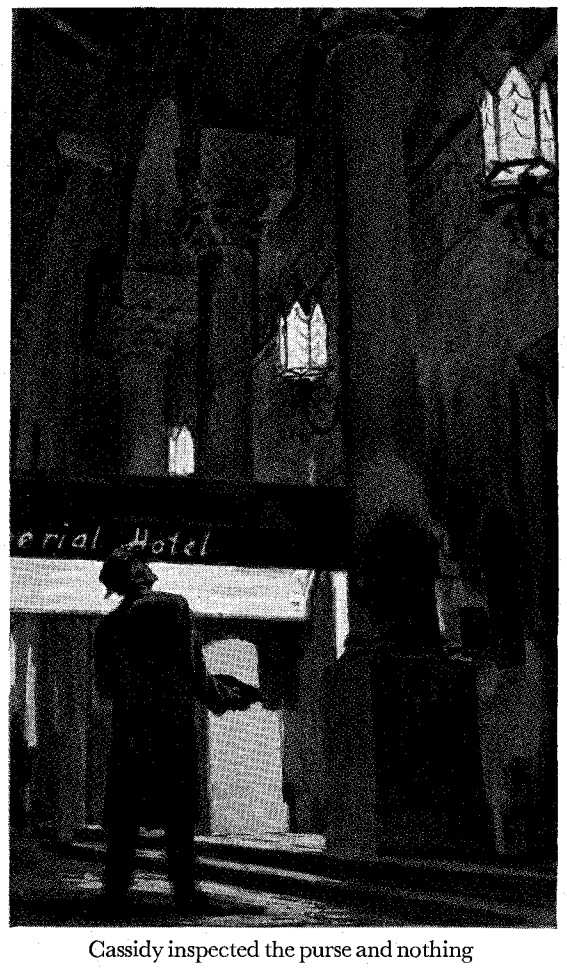
Earlier in the day, Bishop Hruba dictated a speech to Florence Savage. She returned the speech to his suite that night. When she entered the room Tedescu was on the phone with Theodore Victor.

As Florence waited for Tedescu to finish talking, the bishop, who had regained semi-consciousness, staggered into the room. "Help me!" he begged her. "You must help me!"

III

There had occurred, however, a far quicker reaction on the girl's part, and one much more practical. Now she was supporting against herself a frightening, paper-thin frailty of back and shoulders—all bones here, but almost no physical weight. And the bishop was searching her face haggardly, almost feverishly, as if he knew her, but could not identify her. His eyes had become large, bright and luminous, his mouth was covered with sweat, and his hands were pushing at her to get free—to get by, somehow.

Illustrated by William A. Smith



Cassidy inspected the purse and nothing was missing. This was strange. A sneak thief would have removed the cash.

"Tedescu?" Mr. Theodore Victor demanded impatiently. "What is it? Are you on here?"

Then the colonel could move. He hung up blindly, without answering Theodore Victor, and ran over to them. White as a ghost, Florence noticed; but what was she?

"Get a doctor," she said hurriedly. "I think he's ill. He wants someone to help him."

The bishop's head sank down, into her shoulder. He began to weep feebly and quietly.

"What?" she said, looking around then at Colonel Tedescu with a distracted expression. Something like a cold knife edge had touched the back of her neck. "It's something about God," she whispered, still holding the bishop. "That he's all alone now; that God has forgotten him! Call the desk! We'll have to get a doctor up here. We'll have to see if we can't help him!"

But by that time Colonel Tedescu had struck rock bottom. There was no deeper to go, no direction to turn; and apparently one was able to face the worst, somehow or other, when there was no chance to get away from it or to pretend that it had never happened. He announced huskily, but with the panic cutting itself off from him in some manner, "Wait a minute. I think we should get him inside first. Back to bed, do you understand? And then —— Here. Let me."

She ran ahead, turning on the light in the bedroom and attempting to straighten the blankets properly; and Tedescu followed, carrying the bishop with no more effort than he would have used in carrying a small boy. The old man appeared to have lost consciousness now. His eyes were closed; he had gone quite limp.

"I will tell you," Colonel Tedescu went on, after depositing him with almost desperate haste under the Imperial blankets. "This is nothing extraordinary, believe me; so do not excite yourself! Night after night there is the same torture for him—the idea that he is alone, that God has forgotten him." He drew her away. "Sick fears," he whispered at her. "Terrifying nightmares. You heard, did you?"

She looked past him at the bed. "Yes," she said, her voice wobbling noticeably. "I heard. But he should be quieted, shouldn't he? There's a hotel doctor, you know. Would you like me to telephone for him?"

"He is quiet now," Colonel Tedescu whispered, tightening his fingers on her for emphasis. "Look! It is always the same. He exhausts himself—and then in the morning he remembers nothing. Now he is already asleep, I think. Just observe."

It appeared that he was. He turned away from them, uttering one low, soft sigh, and Colonel Tedescu put a cautionary but rather unsteady hand back to Florence.

"Night after night," he declared, drawing her out of the bedroom with him. "Yes! Always the same! He will cry out suddenly, sit up, wring his hands. And I? I do what I can—I sit in a chair, I watch, I try to quiet him. But it is necessary to be very quick—to soothe first, and then to leave him alone. Hush now, please! That is the best thing."

He peered in after them; then closed the door noiselessly and wiped his face.

"And now also," he said. "Notice my hands." He held them up, smiling over at her foolishly. "The strain on me! One could not explain how —— But I say to myself: Any-

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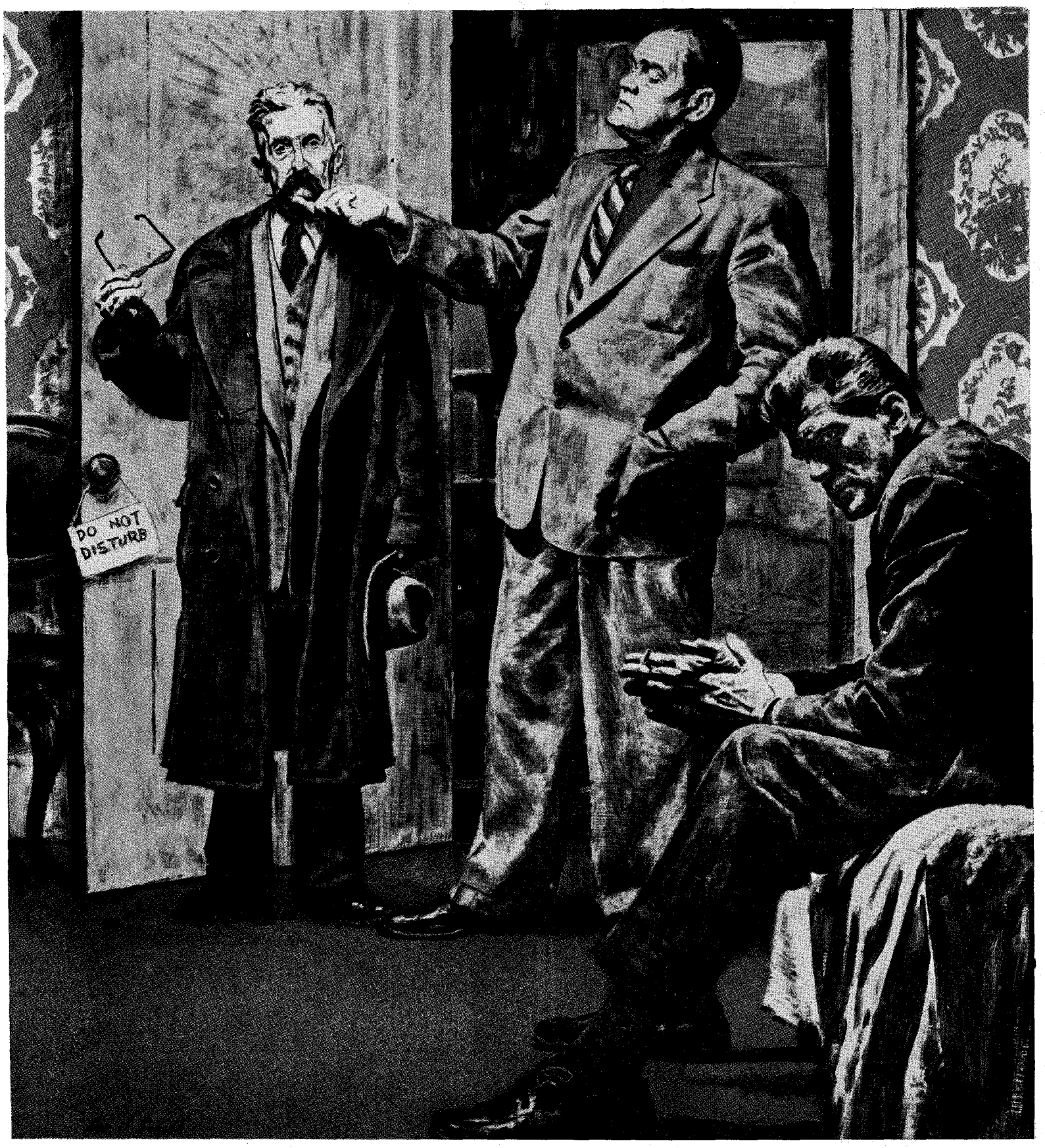

Janisek tilted Josef's chin and studied him impersonally. "Well, what would you say?" he asked Tedescu.

thing for that man! Anything! A paid nurse, you might think. Yes! But other people get him excited. And what he has endured! You cannot even imagine such things in this country! The questioning, night after night; the drugs, even. Who knows? Who could conceive of it?"

The knife edge was going away from Florence now, but very slowly. She shivered a little. Then the telephone rang and Colonel Tedescu glanced over at it, and at the bedroom behind them before answering. He was still badly upset, Florence thought. His cheeks glistened.

"But you must call back," he declared angrily. "Perhaps in ten minutes I can speak to you, Mr. Victor. But now I am occupied with his Excellency, and —— Good, then. . . . Yes, in ten minutes."

There was a decanter of brandy on the table. He poured a drink and swallowed it in one gulp. Florence still hesitated.

"If I could help!" she said, watching him with concerned brown eyes. "If there was anything I could do to —— You're quite sure about the doctor, I suppose? That it wouldn't be better for him?"

"Thank you," he said. He smiled clumsily, with some effort. "But he will rest now, I assure you; his old Tedescu will see to it. A night's sleep is the best remedy. And I ——"

He stopped there. Just behind the typist, lying on the carpet, there was a black pocketbook with a silver clasp—the pocketbook that Emil had flung at Mr. Janisek just about an hour ago. Colonel Tedescu's smile jumped, and then quivered. *Get her out*, he thought frantically. *Get her out. And before* —— He took her arm, keeping between her and the gray sofa.

"You are very kind, most kind," he said. "Thank you. But I must —— Thank you; thank you."

He continued to babble something or other, nodding, smiling, getting her over to the door, and then through it. He closed the door, weak as a kitten afterward, and supporting himself by leaning for a long moment against the refectory table. (Continued on Page 90)

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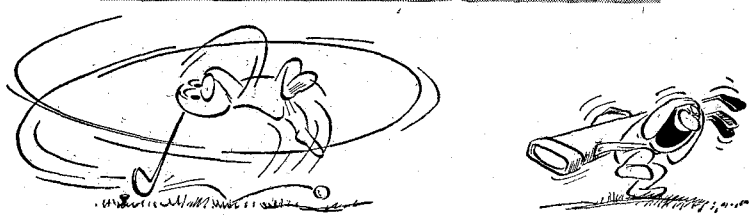
Post Scripts



Uninhibited

It may be accidental;
  It may be quite intentional,
But people at conventions get
  Distinctly unconventional!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

And Besides, Who Broke the Point Off My Screwdriver?

What's that, dear heart? Your scissors?
  Something is wrong with them, dear?
They hack the cloth, but won't cut it?
  Er —— My! My! Isn't that queer!

The blades are bent bow-legged, sweetheart?
  And the edges are full of small nicks?
They were all right at three
When you went out to tea,
  But dull when you got back at six?

(Now, how can I tell her I did it
  While performing the laudable chore
Of cutting up copper-wire netting
  To patch up a damaged screen door?

(Shall I tell her how nobly I labored?
  Shall I tell her the day was quite hot?
And that cutting tough wire
Sure makes one perspire? . . .
  Well, no. I rather think not.

(I fear that I must dissemble
  And somehow replace these I've spoiled
With some scissors exactly like them,
  So I'll tell her that these must be oiled.)

Ah—may I see those scissors, sweetheart?
  (I hate to lie, but I must!)
Aha! It's just as I thought, dear.
  These scissors are covered with rust!

Why, yes, dear, I guess I am clever. . . .
  Why, no, dear. Women aren't fools.
It's just that they don't understand, dear,
  How to take proper care of their tools!

JOHN BAILEY

Statements I Wish I Hadn't Stated

1. It just happens, officer, that the mayor of this town and I are like that.
2. Here, give it to me. Anybody can open a simple bottle of catsup.
3. I don't mean to brag, but I have taught Mitzi a few little tricks. . . . Roll over, girl.
4. Yah, watch this! Fenwick will strike him out on three pitches.
5. What we need is a live-wire general chairman to co-ordinate the work of the various picnic committees.
6. I haven't had a flat in fourteen thousand miles.
7. The wood's a bit green, but I'll have a fire going here in no time.
8. Don't worry about a thing; I know the headwaiter personally.
9. Funny thing, but mosquitoes never seem to bite me.
10. If you're ever up our way, be sure and drop in on us.

DICK EMMONS

The Trouble With Husbands

I have recently completed a survey in an attempt to find out what the American housewife finds fault with in her husband. I was amazed with the results, as I am sure you will be. (Don't argue with me, please!)

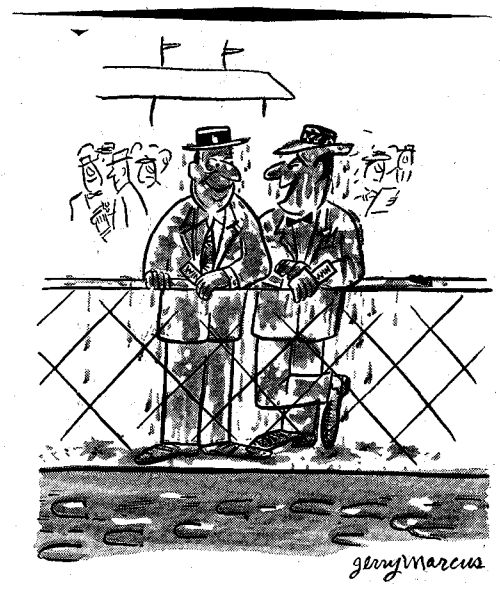
Mrs. Jubilia Kronker, of Elmreck, L.I., for example, stated, "My husband hangs around the house all the time. I keep telling him, 'Go on out and play poker somewhere,' but no, he wants to be around the house all the time. A nuisance."

Mrs. Heffer Bloomwell, of Northport, Pa., makes another typical comment. "Look at him! Stuck in a chair, reading a book! It's his vacation. I say to him, 'Herman, go take a two weeks' trip by yourself. Fly to Atlantic City and see the Beauty Pageant.' Not him. He goes to the library and brings back books. It's not good for a man."

Another problem concerning the American husband is money. Seventy-eight per cent of the wives interviewed agreed that money was the big item of contention. Take Mrs. J. P. Horkin, of Statuskwo, Ia. Mrs. Horkin told our field worker, "It's money, money, money with us. My husband is always buying me something. Last year a sable, this year a mink. Last month a new convertible. He never comes home from work at night without a handful of diamonds for me. I keep telling him, 'Cicero, spend something on yourself. Get a bow tie or a cigar.' But, no, it's always me he is smothering with expensives. A bad thing."

Jealousy plays an important part in the friction between American wives and husbands. At least 42 per cent of the couples brought up this matter.

Listen to Mrs. Shrood Hepple, of Fauntleroy, W. Va. "It's other people that make trouble for us Hepples. Take last week. Buford Tangerine, a big, handsome oilman, asked me to the country-club dance. My husband said, 'Go ahead, Calliope, enjoy yourself.' Two nights later, Bashford Callinghog, the scion of a wealthy family, requested my presence at a cotillion. What do you think my husband said? He said, 'What's a cotillion?' How does he think a woman feels, out every night dancing with handsome, suave men while her husband sits home, confident?"



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I told you he was a great mudder."

Immaturity in the male is responsible for the unhappiness of many wives. Let me quote Mrs. Temple Arunj, of Keeterkillersockie, Wis. "My husband is not mature. I ask him to accompany me to a lecture on The Significance of the Japanese Beetle on Class Consciousness, and he turns up his big nose. What does he want to do? Have a big expensive dinner, go to a Broadway show, hang around a night club, take me dancing. Just a college sophomore at heart."

Finally, Mrs. Jeeby Tooay, "I invited Gerald (Jeeby) to take a course in Contemporary Iranian Economics with me at the university. He scoffed. 'Let us save the money instead,' he replied, 'and buy you some new clothes and a new Paris hat.' Imagine! No maturity."

Well, what can be done to save these marriages? Not much, I'm afraid. One of our field workers who attempted to arbitrate is now in bed with an arm in splints, a leg on a pulley and bandages around his head. He, at least, is convinced we must stay aloof.

ROBERT FONTAINE

Blues in the Red

Pleasures pall and soon take wing.
  We tire of skies too sunny.
Happiness isn't everything.
  It won't buy money.

ETHEL JACOBSON

"Why, yes! As a matter of fact, I would prefer to be on some superhighway, crawling along bumper to bumper!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Campbell Celery

...vegetable with the curious talent for freshening other flavors

In 850 B. C., celery crept into Homer's Odyssey. Two thousand years later, the Italians found out how to cultivate it and began to serve it as a vegetable.

Celery comes from seeds so small that it takes more than 70,000 of them to make an ounce. Only one seed in seven grows up to be a plant. It is a lazy feeder which means that growers have to nurse it along.

But, as you've probably suspected, not all celery grows up fine enough for Campbell. So we go to considerable trouble to get only the very choicest.

Our trained celery buyers follow the crop from field to field through New York, California, Florida, and Texas.

They pick the plump and heavy bunches, test the crispness of the stalk, and look for the special shade of green that distinguishes the choicest celery.

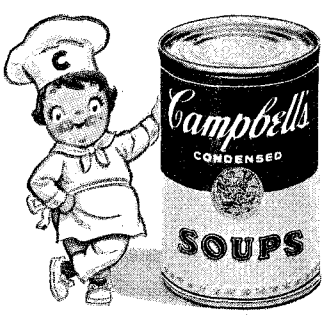
Then Campbell's chefs take over. You can taste the delicate flavor that comes from all this trouble in Campbell's Cream of Celery Soup.

Celery is used in other Campbell's Soups, too. For it has a curious talent for freshening flavors to springtime brightness. And the skill of Campbell chefs puts this talent to work with the happy result you enjoy at your own table.

The care that Campbell takes with celery, and the use made of its curious talent is typical of the way Campbell handles every little thing that has anything to do with food from Campbell's Kitchens. You'll find the reason in this simple saying: *"To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."*

"We blend the best with careful pains
In skillful combination,
And every single can contains
Our business reputation."

Campbell's



Soups • Tomato Juice • Pork & Beans • **V-8** Cocktail Vegetable Juices
Franco-American Products • **Swanson** Products, including **"TV"** Brand Dinners

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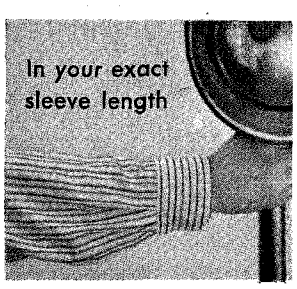
Fashion...a man's world, too

Shirts, $5.00; jacket, $29.95; sweater, $7.95; slacks, $10.95.



Here's Coachman Flannel—the smartest sport shirt idea in many a harvest moon. It comes in checks, in dots, in stripes and is made of a soft, luxurious cotton flannel . . . light on your shoulders, yet warm enough for the nippy days ahead. "Sanforized" labeled, of course. *Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.*

ARROW first in fashion

CASUAL WEAR

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I'll Remember It in a Minute

By COREY FORD

The author, who has been known to call a man named Garden "Mr. Fertilizer," reveals how his foggy memory betrays him again and again.

Let's see, what was I going to say? It was right on the tip of my tongue. Oh, yes, about my memory.

Frankly, I've got a mind like a steel sieve. Things go in one ear, but that's as far as they get. Right now if you asked me, for instance, I couldn't tell you where I'm meeting my wife for lunch. I can't recall the license of my car, I have to look up my own phone number in the book, and I haven't the slightest idea what this string around my finger is for. People are always coming up to me and saying, "I bet you don't know who I am," and, what's more, they're always right. I never remember names.

Maybe I don't concentrate properly when I'm introduced. I'm so busy trying to look the other person smack in the eye—some book I read, I forget the title, said the first impression is very important—that I don't catch his name when he gives it. I thrust out my jaw—that's what the book said—seize his hand in a vice-like grip, yank it toward me and downward at the same time and pronounce my own name in a forceful tone: "Ford." As a result, the name "Ford" is fixed firmly in my mind, and I can remember it the rest of the evening, but when I meet the other person again I call him "Hi-ya boy," or "Hi," for short. Most of the people I know are named "Hi-ya boy."

When I buy a shirt, the proper size escapes me.

On the other hand, I always forget a face. That is, I recognize the face, but I can't place the person it belongs to. When I join a cocktail party I'll snub the host completely, stare coldly at an important business client with whom I had dinner last night, and make a beeline across the room to pump the hand of an old college classmate whom I've been trying to avoid for years and who takes advantage of my enthusiastic greeting to borrow ten dollars.

The safest solution, I've found, is to nod to everyone I meet, creating the impression that I'm running for public office. If I see anybody waving in a crowd, I smile and wave in return. Usually it turns out that he is trying to attract the attention of someone standing behind me, which means that I must arrest my gesture in midair and pretend that I was just reaching up to scratch my ear, or that I was waving at someone behind him. The trouble is that the person behind him is apt to wave back.

It's even worse when I spot a familiar-looking face on the street. I halt and stare intently into a store window, occasionally glancing over my shoulder to see if the owner of the face is still there. Unfortunately, he spots me at the same time and halts before another store window casting furtive looks in my direction. Sooner or later our glances meet, and we greet each other with well-feigned surprise, exclaiming, "Well, what do you know!" and clapping each other on the back to cover the fact that we're both a little guilty about having failed to keep in touch all these years.

We start walking down the street together, assuring each (Continued on Page 53)

I can remember anything, provided it is useless.

When it comes to names or faces my mind is a sieve.

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NO TIME FOR TIRE TROUBLE,
NO TIME TO IGNORE SAFETY
You don't need a puncture to get a flat tire. A tire weakened by bruises or heat can give out any time. That's why you need nylon cord tires for utmost protection against tire failure.

IN SITUATIONS LIKE THIS:

Only nylon cord tires can give you utmost safety—*surest protection against tire trouble*

For some kinds of driving, ordinary cord tires will meet your needs. But there are too many times when you can't afford to risk tire trouble or ignore tire safety—when you need tires that assure greatest dependability. These are the times you'll be glad you're riding on tires with nylon cords.

You'll find nylon cord tires cost very little extra—give you and your family priceless extra protection. See your tire dealer. He'll gladly explain the advantages of nylon cord tires.

THE FOUR THINGS A TIRE CORD MUST DO...NYLON DOES BEST! Nylon gives superior resistance to bruise damage, moisture, heat and flex fatigue.

Nylon makes possible a far stronger tire cord than conventional yarns—provides greater safety and durability. Today almost every military and commercial aircraft lands on nylon cord tires; billions of miles of truck-tire use have proved nylon's superiority.

Du Pont produces the nylon fiber. Tire manufacturers make nylon cord tires —in tubeless or conventional types.

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING...*THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

Watch "Du Pont Cavalcade Theater" on Television

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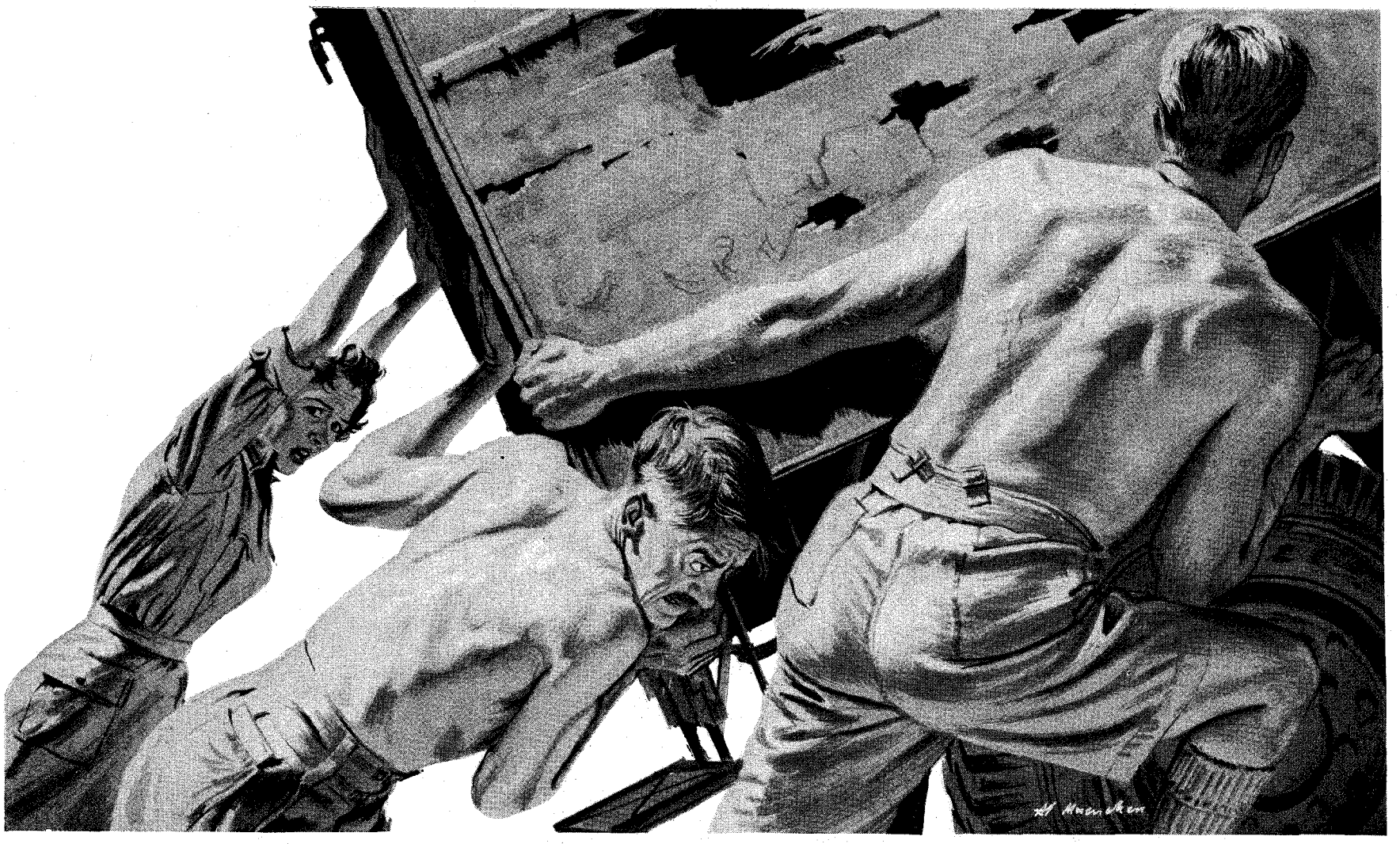

It mustn't happen, she thought, it mustn't . . .

he's going mad . . .

ESCAPE IN THE DESERT

By CHRISTOPHER LANDON

First came a sharp crackling sound, then a sour odor and a heavy bubbling. Zimmerman realized that he was being sucked downward into the tepid mud of Egypt's Great Depression—and he began to scream.

Capt. George Anson and Sgt. Maj. Tom Pugh managed to drag Zimmerman back to the safety of the vehicle track. It was ironic, really, that the German agent's life should be saved by men of the British Army, which he sought to destroy. Anson, Pugh and nurse Diana Murdoch had thought Zimmerman to be a South African officer when they took him aboard their ambulance on their desperate run from besieged Tobruk to Alexandria. Zimmerman was masquerading in order to carry a new-type radio to British-held Cairo and to join up with P9. One night, Tom Pugh discovered Zimmerman transmitting on the radio. Zimmerman ran—and broke through the treacherous crust of the Depression.

The radio was lost in the muck. So Anson decided to continue the cat-and-mouse game by pretending not to be aware of Zimmerman's real identity. After all, Zimmerman had saved their lives at least twice—and what harm could he do as long as he had to rely on Anson for navigation?

Finally, the party reached the end of the Depression. Ahead lay a treacherous wall of rock and sand, and the dash to Alexandria. Tom was worried about scaling the wall, but he loved Diana and tried not to alarm her. "The captain said we'd go up in a twinkling," he said. "I hope so."

CONCLUSION

The scheme was that the three of them should walk halfway up, leaving Tom to rush KATY up on her own, and then run on behind, pushing if necessary.

The dawn was just coming when they made a start, Diana and Anson going up one side against the cliff wall, Zimmerman on the other. As she plodded up behind the captain, she looked across and back down the slope. It did not vary in angle from top to bottom, smooth, unbroken, the color of clotted cream. She noticed that with every step her feet would sink in and slide back a little as the sand in front ran down, slithering over her ankle with a soft, persuasive sound. Like the others, she had gone barefoot.

About halfway up, Anson stopped and said, "That's enough; he should be moving fairly well here. Just move across and get your shoulder to it and shove." He called across to Zimmerman, and he halted too.

The ambulance was clear in the new light below them, and it looked small and square, like one of those miniature toys. The noise of the engine starting came up to them, and they saw it circle off to (Continued on Page 58)

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Reach for a Star (Continued from Page 23)

"You never worked me very hard," said Tommy.

He was remembering the day that Shanley and Howard's circus had played the Nebraska town where he was born. He had been sixteen, and a farm boy. He saw the show, and he saw Bianca. When he found Pete Shanley and asked him for a job, they were even then almost of a height. Pete's hair had been thicker and more red, his eyes yellow like a lion's in the summer light. "How old are you? What will your folks say?" There was only his uncle, and he didn't care.

"Why don't you come out and look us over?" Pete was asking. "Got some new acts since your time. A lot of the old gang are still with me. They'd be glad to see you, Tommy; you were one of the family."

"I wish I could," said Tommy Lane. He explained, regretfully, "Going to Europe day after tomorrow."

"In the big time now, huh?" Pete was smiling. "You always did have what it takes, Tommy." He looked at his watch. "I got to scram. See you in another ten years, maybe."

"Before that," said Tommy quickly.

The club where he was lunching was on the other side of the city. Hugh Friedlander, his employer, had founded it, as he had founded the Friedlander Steamship Line. Most of the members were connected in one way or another with ships and shipping. He crossed the room to the round table, the captain's table.

"Sorry to be late," he said.

The table was next to a window. He could see a steamer coming up the Hudson from the harbor. Close to her pier, the luxury liner on which he had booked a stateroom was white and gleaming in the sunlight.

Hugh Friedlander followed his gaze. "We're all delighted that you're going to be on the boat with us, Tommy," he said. "Especially the girls. I suspect that they have designs on you as an escort."

The girls—he did not say Hilda. The two younger sisters would find their own escorts. Hilda would see to that. Tommy's eyes did not move, at once, from the window. Paris, London, perhaps a week in Rome.

He did not go back to the office. He bought the suitcase, went to his apartment on Murray Hill. Yoshi, his Japanese servant, had gone; the pleasant rooms were orderly and cool. He sat down in an armchair. Meeting Pete Shanley had churned up memories which he had avoided.

He had been unable to visualize the circus without Bianca, just as he was still unable to picture her in any other setting. She belonged where he had first seen her, in the amber light of the big tent in Nebraska, poised like a pink feather on the broad rump of a white horse. Papa Vivaldi standing in the ring, his liquid eyes on the daughter who had taken over her mother's career. She had been fifteen then; she would be twenty-nine now.

Mamma Vivaldi had liked Tommy from the first day. For two months he had lived in a dream world, dominated and made magical by Bianca. In October they moved into winter quarters in Connecticut, and he wrote his uncle that he was staying. That was when Pete Shanley insisted on his returning to school, and because he could go with Bianca, he submitted cheerfully. He studied hard, partly to keep up with her, but he learned more from the show people than from his teachers. He had a natural aptitude for languages, and association with the Vivaldis soon had him speaking Italian easily and colloquially. Mamma sent Bianca daily to talk French with the wardrobe woman; Tommy went along, and almost effortlessly acquired another tongue. He picked up a working German from the five Hartmanns who, blond and unsmiling, performed a family acrobatic act.

Mamma Vivaldi died, his second summer with the circus, and Papa was never the same toward Tommy. "It's because I'm sixteen, silly," Bianca explained. "Papa's afraid I'll fall in love with you." He was seventeen, and for an instant, he felt stunned. "Do you think you might?" he'd asked. After all the years, he remembered how her velvet-dark eyes had crinkled, how she had tossed her dark hair back from her face. "I think I might," she answered, and burst into laughter and ran off, leaving him staring after her.

In the spring of '43, they left their senior class at high school to move on with the show. He was eighteen, a young man, and Papa Vivaldi watched him more closely and jealously than ever. *Remember the time Papa Vivaldi found you and Bianca trying to imitate the Flying Campellos?* Tommy remembered. Papa Vivaldi had been livid with rage, and Shanley, drawn by his screams, had come into the practice tent. "So I hire a work bull and get a performing one, huh?" he commented, after Papa had dragged Bianca away. "How would you like to go on as a clown this summer, Tommy?" Tommy felt as though a crowned figure had touched his shoulder with a sword and said, "Rise, Sir Thomas." He was part of the circus, a performing part. Even Papa Vivaldi would have to admit that.

The notice from his draft board reached him in Southern Ohio that August. He carried it all day in his pocket, and after the evening show, he whispered to Bianca to meet him. He was waiting, sitting on a log near the edge of a swamp, when she appeared. She was barefooted, wearing a white summer dress, and she sat beside him and lifted her face for his kiss.

"Papa's rubbing down Whitey," she whispered. "He thinks I'm in bed." She said, "Oh-h-h," faintly and quaveringly, when he told her. They had both known that it was inevitable since Pearl Harbor. "When must you go?" she asked.

"Tomorrow," he answered.

She flung her arms around his neck, and her mouth was salty from the tears streaming down her cheeks.

Then Papa Vivaldi was shrieking at them both, in the starlight. "She no write you! She no think of you!" he told Tommy. "She not for you—not ever, ever!"

Papa had been partly wrong, Bianca had written him, smuggling her letters out through Madame Dubois, the wardrobe woman. He finished training and was shipped to the Pacific; her last letter reached him there. For two months he could not imagine what had happened to her. Two weeks before V-J Day, Shanley's letter told him. He read it incredulously in the Red Cross recreation hut. He was twenty years old, and he had not learned to control his face.

"Dear John?" inquired a sympathetic voice. Tommy looked starkly at another GI, reading another letter. "I got one too." He was a handsome young man, distinguished even in the indistinguishable uniform. "I guess we're both young enough to start over again," he added. "You going back to college when we get home?" His name was Hugh Friedlander, junior.

Tommy had never thought of college. Bianca and the circus had been what he was going home to find, the end of the rainbow.

"Let's get a couple of sodas and drown our sorrows," Hugh Friedlander suggested.

They went to college together. Tommy met Hugh's family, his parents and three younger sisters. He never told any of them about the circus. In their senior year, Hugh was killed in an automobile accident. When Friedlander, senior, offered Tommy a job, he accepted it. Apart from their intimacy and affection, he was qualified for the position. College had polished his circus-acquired knowledge of languages. He spoke easily and grammatically in four living tongues, and the Friedlander Line did business with more than four foreign countries.

Once he had started to tell Hilda about Bianca. It was spring in New York, and when she said she wanted to see the circus, he had frozen for an instant. "Maybe it's childish of me," she said. "But I adore circuses, Tommy."

He bought seats, and watching her enjoyment of the show, he felt closer to her than he ever had before. The three rings emptied and three equestrienne acts came on. In the center ring, a young woman wore a pink tarlatan costume. Bianca had married a farmer. Hugh's sister, in a smart gray suit, was beside him.

He turned toward her impulsively, and she said, "Of course, I realize that they're probably dreadful, common people, but the lights and spangles do make them seem glamorous and romantic, don't they?" She smiled. "You're bored, aren't you, Tommy? Do you want to leave?"

He said, "Yes," and they went out, the smell of peanuts and shavings, the strong odor of animals and of people still clinging to them when they entered the Friedlander house.

I suspect that the girls have designs on you as an escort. . . . Hilda was too well brought up to be openly designing, but he had known for some time what she would answer if he asked her to marry him.

He got up quickly. The new suitcase was where he had dropped it. He carried it into his bedroom and flung open his closet door. When he had finished packing, he picked up the telephone and made three calls—to Hugh Friedlander first, to the steamship line, and finally to Hilda.

The posters pasted on barns and fences, began to appear several miles before he reached the town where Shanley and Howard's circus was playing. In the village, cloth streamers stretched across the main street, motionless in the heavy heat of the August morning. He crossed the railroad tracks, and the familiar shape of the big top rose against the sky.

He sat for several minutes watching the activity on the lot. When finally he got out and stood at the door of Pete Shanley's trailer, Pete was seated at a desk, his back to the entrance.

"Could you use a strong, willing boy, sir?" Tommy asked.

Shanley whirled. "I thought you were going to Europe!"

Tommy grinned. "Changed my mind."

"You mean you're not going?"

"That's right."

For an instant their eyes locked, Pete's puzzled and questioning. Then he threw back his head and laughed. "Welcome home, son," he said.

Eighteen hours and two performances later, Tommy awoke with a start on the bunk in Pete's trailer. He propped himself up on his elbows. Stars twinkled dimly in the gray sky, and he made out three huge shadowy shapes on the grass beyond the menagerie tent, smiled to himself as he identified them as sleeping elephants. Pete snored gently, and Tommy slid back into a horizontal position, buried his face in the pillow, still smiling.

If Shanley was curious about Tommy's change of plans, he concealed his curiosity. After breakfast they walked together about the lot. One of the clowns was sick, and Pete stopped to joke with him. Outside, he looked at Tommy, his head on one side.

"Think you could still make 'em laugh?"

Tommy's heart skipped a beat. "Want to bet?" he asked.

Madame Dubois, the wardrobe woman, kissed him on both cheeks when he presented himself, and her quick tongue asked a hundred questions. He had not married? *Tiens!* He was prosperous? *Bon!* She found him a costume and stood still, a finger against her nose. Abruptly, she began rummaging through a trunk, tossing spangles and bits of bright satin aside. "*Voilà!* she cried, and held out a familiar object. "*La petite Bianca!*"

Tommy's hand closed about it. Bianca had sewed it herself, had invented the routine which accompanied it. It was a red-velvet heart, and for two performances a day he had plucked it from his bosom and (*Continued on Page 48*)

"Trouble with you is you haven't learned to think big."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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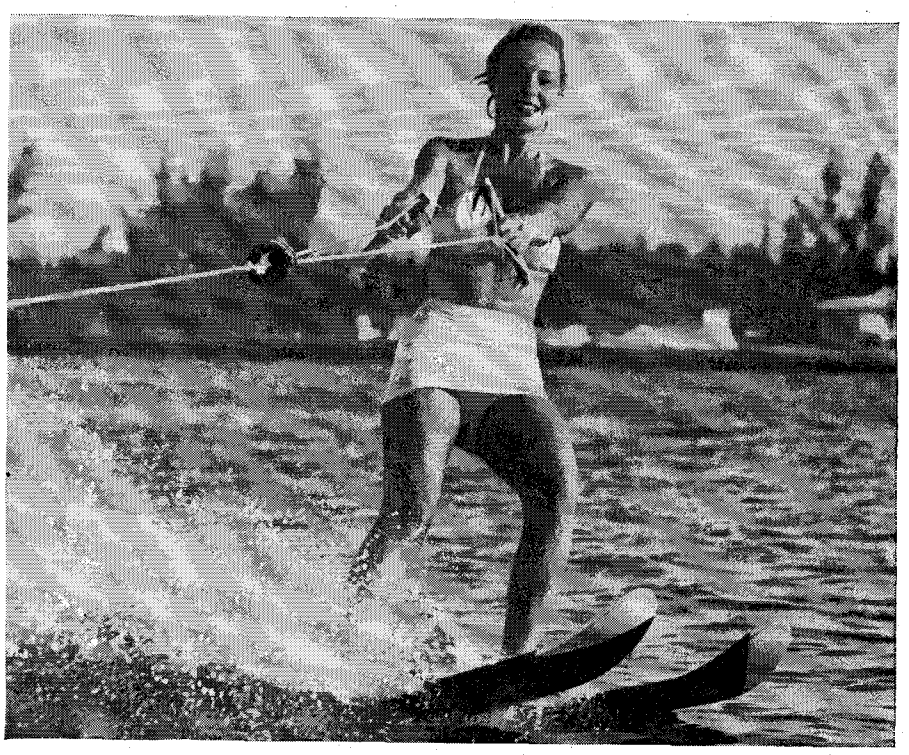
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SUMMER COLD? ACHING MUSCLES? MORNING HEADACHE? HOUSEWORK FATIGUE?

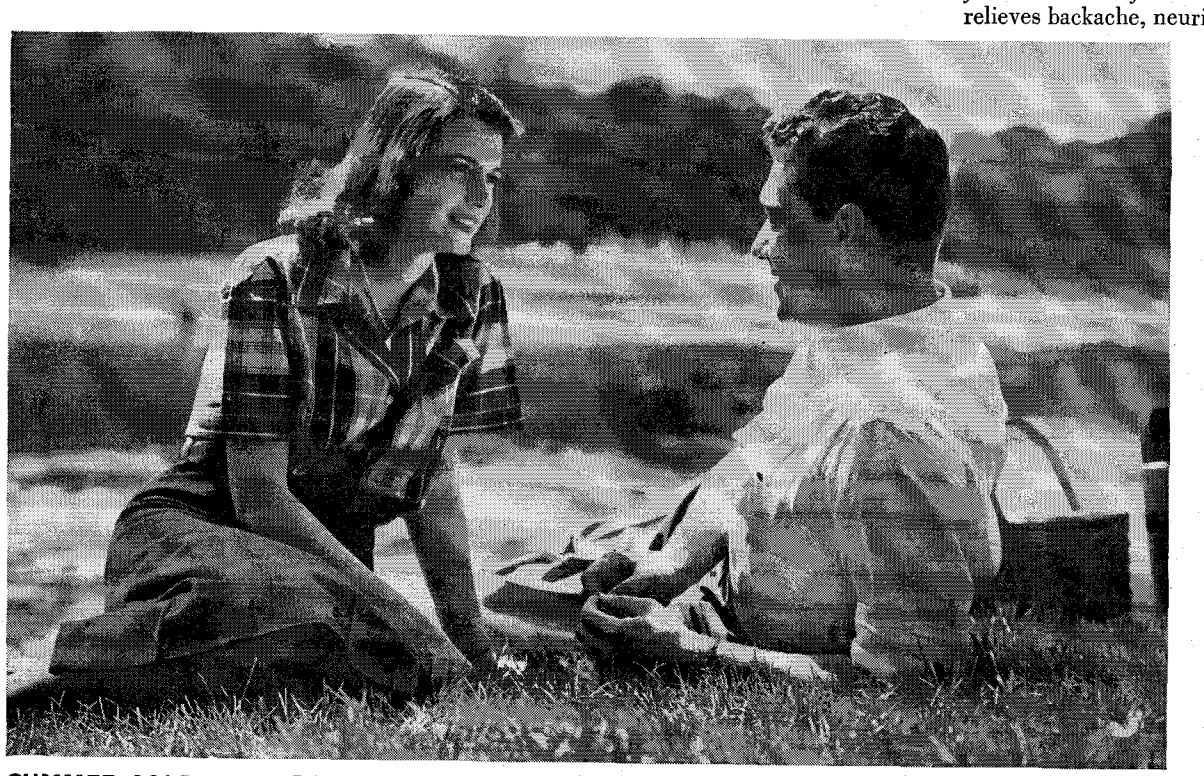
BAYER ASPIRIN makes you FEEL BETTER FAST!

BAYER®

And it's one thing most people can take any time—WITHOUT STOMACH UPSET!



ACHING MUSCLES? FEEL BETTER FAST—Summer sports are fun, but if you play too hard, you're likely to pay for it with aching muscles. To get the *fast* relief *you want*—the *safe* relief you *need*—take Bayer Aspirin. And remember, Bayer Aspirin relieves backache, neuritic and neuralgic pain just as quickly and safely!



SUMMER COLD? FEEL BETTER FAST—To avoid summer colds, don't sit on the ground when it's damp. But if you do catch cold, take Bayer Aspirin right away. It relieves painful cold discomforts *quickly* and reduces fever, too. And this same high-quality aspirin is available in children's size—with a *flavor* youngsters like!

HOUSEWORK FATIGUE? FEEL BETTER FAST—Don't think that the tired, headachy feeling that often follows a day's housework has to spoil your evening. Just take Bayer Aspirin to relieve your headache . . . sit down for a few minutes . . . put your feet up . . . and *relax*. In short order, the hours ahead will become *pleasant* hours.

MORNING HEADACHE? FEEL BETTER FAST—When one of those dull, morning headaches makes you wish you could go back to bed instead of going to work, take two Bayer Aspirin tablets *right* away—*and* even before you've finished showering, you'll probably be facing the day with a smile!

Why Bayer Aspirin Makes You Feel Better Fast!

• Just drop a Bayer Aspirin tablet in a glass of water and watch what it does there. You'll see that it starts disintegrating *instantly!* And the same thing happens in your stomach. That's one reason why Bayer Aspirin brings you *fast* relief!

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(*Continued from Page 46*) yearningly offered it to some young woman in the audience, wept in Chaplinesque grief at her embarrassed laughter.

Putting on his make-up before the matinee—the white face, the starry blue eyes, the sad scarlet mouth—the memory of Bianca became intolerable. He pinned the velvet heart by its length of elastic to his ruffled shirt, and beneath it his own heart pounded. He could still make them laugh....

They moved on that night, and Tommy moved with them, aware of Shanley's quizzical eyes. He could get a plane and be on the dock at Le Havre when the Friedlanders arrived, but he knew, positively now, that he did not want the trip, as planned. Hugh Friedlander had chuckled over the telephone. "Naturally, I'm disappointed, Tommy, but you know your own business. See you in a month."

Hilda had listened silently. Her voice, when she spoke, was constrained. "It seems—well, odd," she said. "I mean after so many years of not seeing this man ——"

"It is odd," he'd agreed.

"You always were mysterious, Tommy," she added. "Even Hughie didn't know things about you."

"I know," he admitted. It was useless to try to explain, because then he had hardly understood, himself.

When the evening audience emerged from the big top, half the show was packed and on its way. The menagerie tent was gone, the cookhouse already across the Delaware in Pennsylvania.

The new lot was outside a big town in green rolling country. Tommy had driven in his own car; it was dawn when he lay down on the bunk in the trailer, almost noon when he awoke. Pete was at his desk; he turned and looked at Tommy.

"Hold on to your hat," he said. "I just got a letter from an old friend of yours."

Her handwriting had matured, but Tommy recognized it instantly:

Pete Darling: I've been counting the days ever since the first poster went up. Save me six of the very best seats for the opening performance. You're going to be in our neighborhood three days, and you've got to come up and see my circus. I haven't any elephants or lions, but I do have an ocelot, and the black Angus are something!

Shanley was watching him. "Six seats?" Tommy murmured. "She has children, I suppose?"

"She didn't, last time I saw her," said Pete.

Tommy looked again at Bianca's letter. The paper was pale gray and had HIGH HILL FARM printed in green ink at the upper right corner.

"I suppose she's changed a lot," he said.

"She hadn't, five years ago," Pete said. He smiled. "You had quite a case on her, didn't you? Poor old Papa Vivaldi would turn over in his grave if he knew she'd married a farmer."

Tommy said, "Pete, don't tell her I'm here. I mean, until after the show."

He got into his ruffled costume, painted on the starry-eyed face. He thought that he felt pretty much the way he looked, bewildered and a little frightened.

When he came tumbling out into the arena with the other clowns, he saw her almost immediately, seated in the front row opposite the middle ring. Tommy did not need to look at the well-bred face of the man beside her to know what kind of farmer Bianca had married. She had been laughing, and her dark eyes widened, her lips parted, as she saw him. He turned a cartwheel and continued on his way. The clowns were doing their acts, and he went into his routine. He peered into the faces of young women, seeking wistfully for the loved one. Then he was around the arena again looking up at Bianca.

She looked back at him, sitting motionless. When he plucked the velvet heart from his bosom and held it out to her, the five people with her, along with the rest of the immediate audience, laughed. Bianca did not smile. For the first time since he had played his pantomime, the lady of his choice neither blushed nor giggled. Her slender hand came forward suddenly and closed about the proffered heart. She gave a quick jerk and the elastic snapped. There was a roll of drums as the first ring performers appeared, bowing and blowing kisses.

... ...

City Woman

By Esther Leibrand

I have a hill,
The soil lies expectant
At my door;
This I married into;
Who'd ask for more?

I have a lane,
Down by the gate at
eventide
The cattle low,
And I can hear, when all is
still,
The wind blow.

It whispers then
Of asphalt black and hot,
Of newsboys' cries,
While smoke flattens,
tortured,
Against the skies.

And I listen,
Until remembrance
So lays its blight,
That I would trade a sunset
for
Neons against the night.

... ...

Tommy scrambled to the exit with the other clowns. The big show had begun.

Percy Kewe, the Living Skeleton, called to him as he ducked out of the big tent, but Tommy did not stop. He walked across the lot toward the stream and sat down on the grass. He did not move until he heard the audience coming out, the car engines starting.

He heard her voice before he saw her, "That's the one, Pete!"

Shanley's yellow eyes were laughing. "Lady wants to meet you!" he called.

Tommy made a clown's bow.

Bianca stood, slim and erect, her eyes puzzled. "I wanted to meet you because you remind me of someone I once knew," she said. "I used to be with this circus." Her voice stopped. "Say something!" she ordered imperiously.

He shook his head, and her eyes narrowed. More swiftly than she had taken possession of the velvet heart, she moved now. She took a handkerchief from her pocket and began scrubbing his face.

"Really, Bianca!" protested the man beside her.

Tommy laughed.

Her hand dropped. "I knew it was you!" she cried exultantly. "Pete said it wasn't, but I didn't believe him!"

"Bianca!" It was the husband again.

She turned impatiently. "Stan, this is Tommy Lane. I've told you about him.... My neighbor, Stan Endicott."

It was not her husband. Endicott's tone, however, was possessive as, having acknowledged the introduction, he said, "We'd better hurry. The Wendells expect us."

"I'm not going," said Bianca. "Tell them—oh, tell them anything. You take the Blairs and Jim and Carol with you. I'm staying here for a while."

Tommy saw Endicott's flush, saw the quick control which made his face a blank. He said, "Very well," and walked away.

"Where can we go and talk?" Bianca asked.

He took her arm, guided her to the bank of the stream. He wondered whether she remembered the marsh in Southern Ohio where they had last been together. He wondered what she would say if he kissed her, as he wanted to. They sat down on the grass and looked at each other.

"Tommy, do you suppose Pete would let you come home with me for dinner?" she asked. "I have to go back because I have house guests."

"He might," he said. She was close enough for him to touch her, but he did not move. "You're happy, Bianca?"

"Happy?" she repeated. "Why, yes, Tommy, I suppose I am. My life is pretty full. I don't want to go back to the circus any more. After Ralph died, I considered it, but there was the place and the stock ——"

"Ralph?" asked Tommy.

"Ralph was my husband," she said. "He died five years ago, Tommy. He was thrown, taking a hedge in a steeplechase." She looked at him wonderingly. "It's so hard to realize that you don't know anything that's happened!"

"Tell me," he said.

She folded her hands, like a child reciting. "Papa died when you'd been gone about a year. I was so lonely, and you seemed so far away." Ralph Bishop had seen her in the ring, and had dropped everything—hunting, bridge, even drinking—until she agreed to marry him. "I didn't know how to tell you about it, Tommy. It was as if I were two people, the one who'd loved you and another one. I kept putting off writing you, and then suddenly it was too late."

"I know," he told her. "So you were married ——"

She nodded. "He was handsome, Tommy, and, in his way, he loved me. Even after we were married—in his way. I loved High Hill Farm. I still love it. For the first time in my life, I was staying in one place and could have all the horses and dogs—anything I wanted." His friends had liked her, and she was swept into a life of riding and hunting, of country-gentleman farming, breeding prize stock, which absorbed her. "It's funny how easy it is to get used to being rich," she added simply.

"Who's this Endicott character?" he asked.

She said, "Oh, Lord! Tommy, I do have to go back. Let's find Pete and ask if you can come with me. I'll call the house and have someone drive down to pick us up."

"I have a car," Tommy said.

"You have?" She smiled at him. "That's nice. I'll visit with Madame Dubois while you dress."

In Pete's trailer, Tommy looked at his smeared clown's face and grinned. He dressed quickly, linen trousers, a lightweight tweed jacket. He brought his roadster from the parking space. Supper was being served in the cookhouse, and Bianca was talking with Pete, just outside. She glanced casually at Tommy as he walked toward them, turned back to Pete, and then jerked her head, her eyes startled.

Shanley said, "Have a good time, kids."

Bianca moved slowly toward Tommy. "You've—changed," she said.

Deliberately, he misunderstood her. "You didn't expect me to come in costume, did you?" She flushed, and he added, "I haven't changed so much, Bianca. I haven't changed about ——"

She said, "No!" and laughed apologetically. "I have to get used to you, Tommy. In your make-up you were like your old self. I guess I forgot that time has gone by for you too." She got into his car. "Turn right outside the entrance, and then the next left," she directed. "Goodness, it's hot!" Her voice was breathless, as though she had been running. "Pete thinks it's going to storm." She looked at him, looked away. "I can't tell you how strange I feel! ... Take the right fork, here."

He took the right fork. He wondered how many guests she had and whether he would be able to be alone with her. He wondered whether she was in love with Endicott. "Bianca ——" he began, and she put a finger over his lips.

"Don't talk yet," she said. "It may seem silly, but I'm quite upset.... You'd better go into second, here." She laughed. "That's what I'm doing in my mind. Shifting gears."

The graveled driveway was steep, winding between landscaped trees and shrubbery. Twelve years ago, reflected Tommy, both he and Bianca would have been more impressed by High Hill Farm. The white brick house was large and gracious. Beyond the terraced gardens, the clean white of stables, outbuildings, a silo was dazzling in the quivering heat. As they got out of the car, the horizon exploded in a circle of sheet lightning.

"Come into the living room and meet my guests, and someone will give you a drink while I dress," Bianca said.

Her neighbor, Mr. Endicott, seemed quite at home. There were four other people. Tommy accepted a cocktail, made polite conversation.

Mrs. Blair, a sleekly attractive brunette, snapped her fingers. "Now, I remember! I met you at the Friedlanders', Mr. Lane. What is this circus routine, a gag?" The color drained from her face as a clap of thunder shook the house.

Her husband filled her glass, said, "It's O.K., Mimi."

Beyond her, Tommy saw Bianca standing in the doorway, and he got to his feet. Her hair was piled on her head; her white chiffon dress was long, worn over a crinoline which made her waist look as delicate as the stem of a goblet. Her dark eyes were on his face as she came into the room.

After dinner, she asked crisply, "Who's for bridge? Carol and Jim, I know. Mimi? Stan?"

"I'm going to knit," said Mimi.

Stan Endicott's face was grim as he sat down at the card table.

"Come and see my ocelot, Tommy," said Bianca. She opened a glass door leading to a terrace. Tommy closed it behind them, and saw Endicott turn sharply at the sound.

"Tell me about him," said Tommy.

The ocelot was licking Bianca's hand. "I hate to keep him chained, but I have to," she murmured.

"Endicott?" Tommy asked.

She laughed. "Don't be silly. I think it's time you told me about you, Tommy."

"Are you going to marry him?" he persisted. (*Continued on Page 52*)

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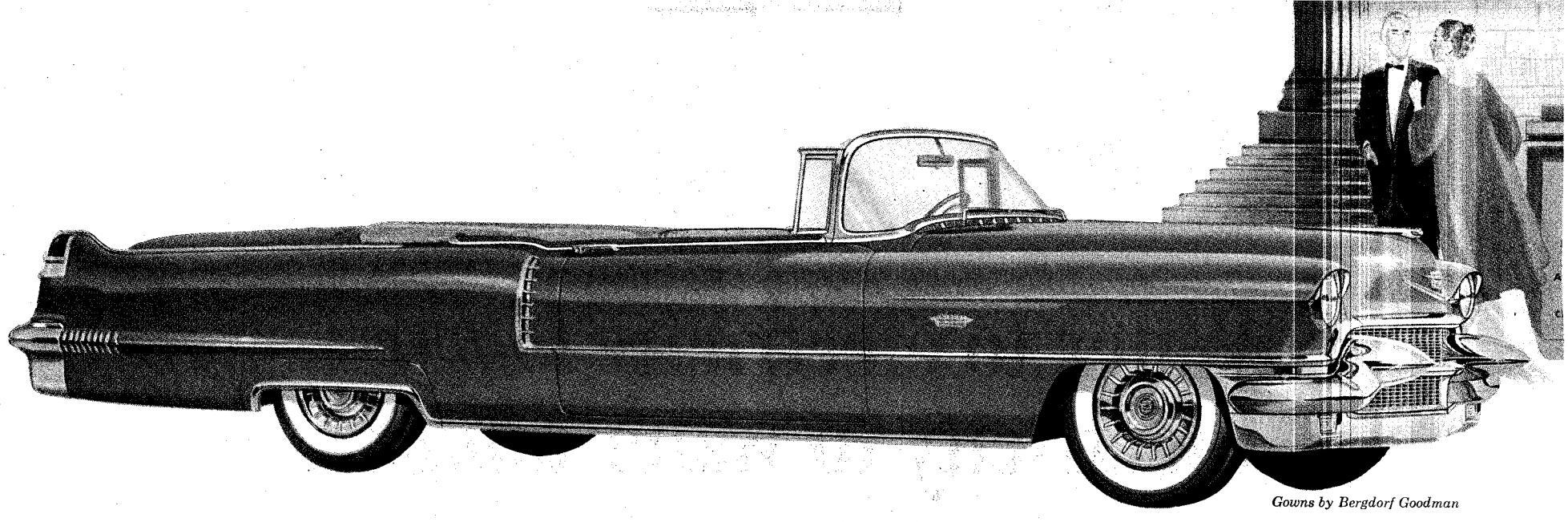

Gowns by Bergdorf Goodman

During the current year, Cadillac has welcomed a greater number of new owners to its motoring family than ever before in history. There are, we think, two basic reasons for this happy circumstance. To begin with, the *temptation* has never before been as great as it is today. The car is beautiful . . . and luxurious . . . and fine in performance to an unprecedented degree. And, secondly, the facts about Cadillac's practicality have never been more difficult to resist. For it has become increasingly apparent that a Cadillac is one of the soundest investments on the highway today. Why not visit your dealer soon? Once you have, we think you'll be anxious to join that happy group of motorists who are making this their *first* Cadillac year.

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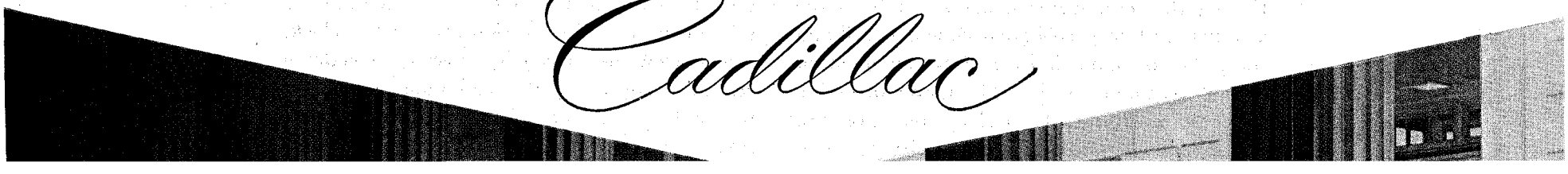
Cadillac



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Water to electricity *today*... Electricity to water *tonight!*

Massive Hiwassee Dam of TVA relies on an amazing Allis-Chalmers machine that can change water power into electricity, or change electricity back into stored water power!

During the day, water pours down from the lake behind Hiwassee's great concrete wall and charges through a spiral tube into the blades of a huge hydraulic turbine. The power of falling water is transformed by a giant generator into electricity . . . enough to serve a city of more than 140,000 people.

At night, when power needs of homes and factories are low, electricity from other power plants in the area pours back into Hiwassee to spin the mammoth machine "in reverse" as the world's largest motor and pump. With the power of 102,000 horses, it pumps water from the lower lake back up behind the dam and puts it into storage . . . for re-use later.

Double-duty machines of this type are called reversible pump-turbines, a development pioneered by Allis-Chalmers *Engineering in Action.* They have put a new spotlight on stored power, not only for the present but for the swiftly advancing era of nuclear power. Even more than the big power plants of today, nuclear plants need to be in full operation around the clock. And since we use electricity most between dawn and midnight, a way to reclaim and *store* water power between midnight and dawn enables entire power systems to operate more efficiently and economically.

The development of the reversible pump-turbine is typical of the way Allis-Chalmers engineers work with America's utilities . . . combining advanced methods and equipment with real teamwork to help provide better electrical service for less than you paid twenty years ago. ALLIS-CHALMERS, GENERAL OFFICES, MILWAUKEE 1, WISCONSIN.

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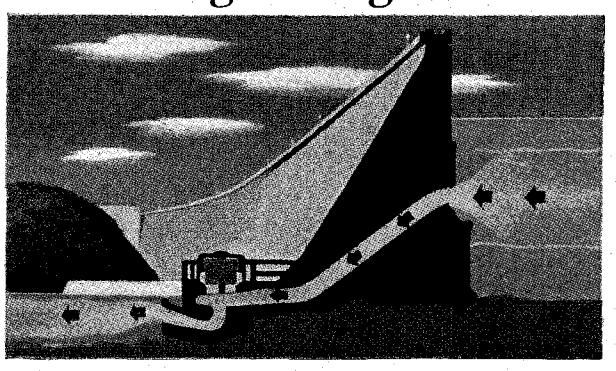
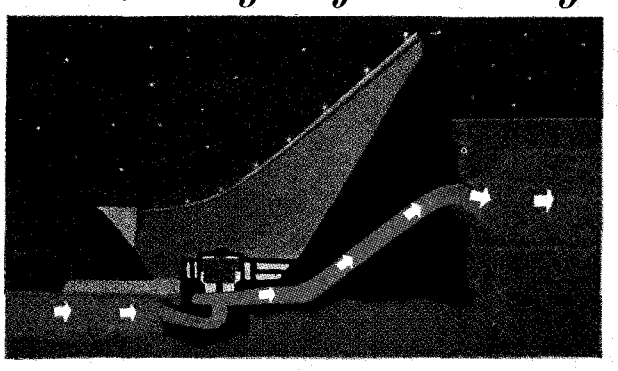
Where Engineering in Action is at work on your future today



Changing water power to electricity—During the day, when homes and factories make their biggest demands for electricity, water cascades down a subway-size tube, whirls through a spiral casing and sets a million pounds of metal spinning in a clockwise direction. The power of falling water is transformed by the turbine-generator . . . and electric power flows out over the highlines.



Changing electricity back to stored water power—At night, when power demands are low, electricity from other power plants flows back to the pump-turbine. The turbine-generator, now turning counter-clockwise, becomes a great motor-pump . . . and two million gallons of water a minute are forced back into the upper lake. There the water is stored . . . captive power ready for use when needed most.

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discriminating smokers prefer

HERBERT TAREYTON

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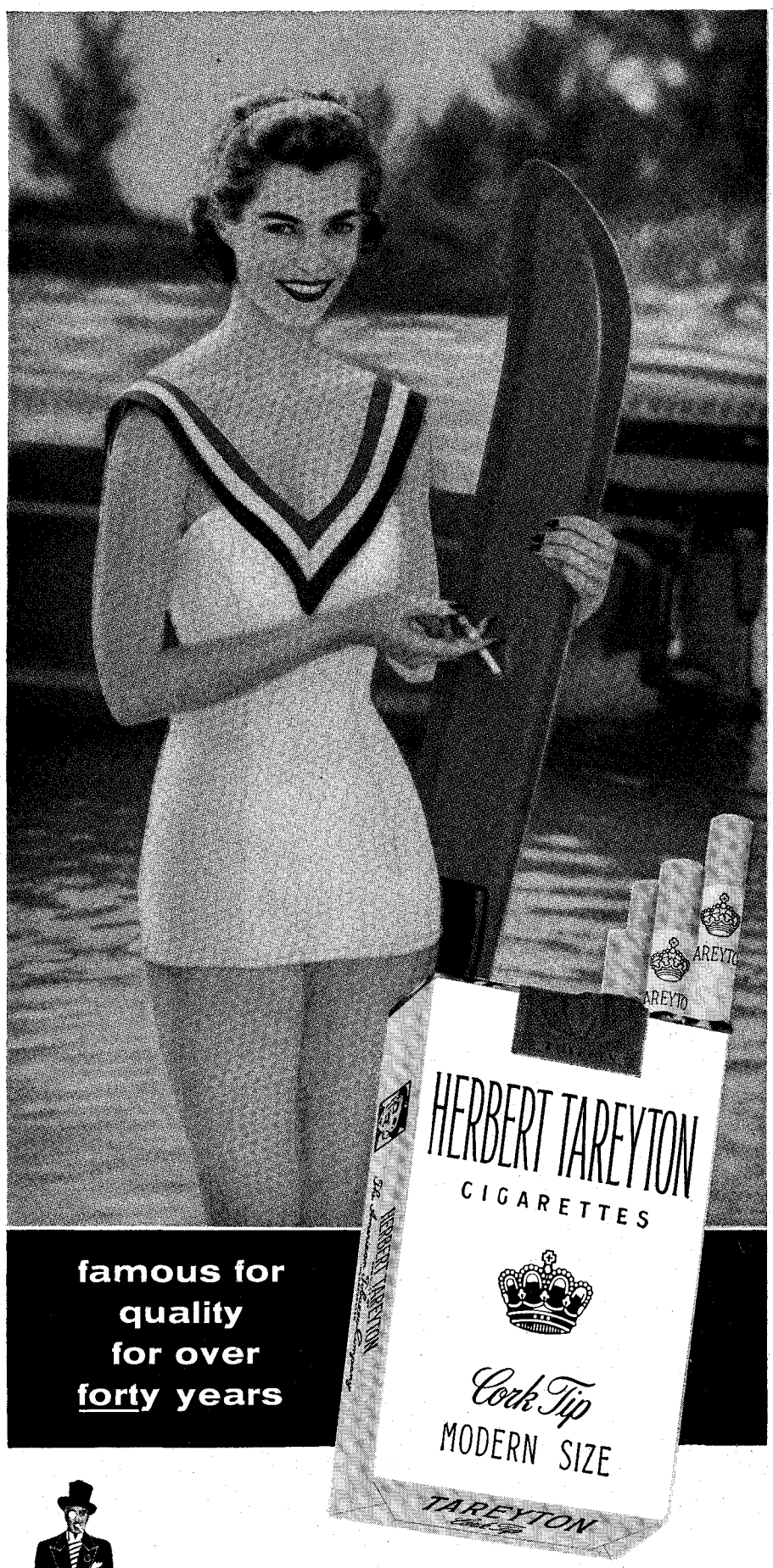

famous for quality for over forty years

You, like discriminating smokers everywhere, will prefer Herbert Tareyton's mild, rich-tasting blend of famous quality tobaccos...the king size that gives you an extra measure of better smoking. And you'll like the genuine cork tip that protects your lips, that stays so pleasantly firm and fresh. Try Herbert Tareyton—it's a finer cigarette, the most enjoyable you could smoke!

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PRODUCT OF *The American Tobacco Company* AMERICA'S LEADING MANUFACTURER OF CIGARETTES

(*Continued from Page 48*) Her eyes were teasing. "The ocelot?" She moved away as he reached out for her. "I heard what Mimi said about meeting you in New York. You're not really with the circus, are you?" A fork of lightning shot down the sky above the stables, and without any preliminary drops, rain fell like a curtain, bouncing up from the flagstones. "Poor Pete!" said Bianca. "This is a cloudburst." She was standing close to him against the brick wall of the house, her shoulder brushing his arm. "Madame Dubois told me this afternoon that he's been running on a shoestring ever since he bought out Mike Howard." A crash of thunder ripped the air, and she turned her head, pressed her face against his jacket. Behind them, the lights in the house went out.

The glass door was flung open, and Stan Endicott's voice called, "Bianca! Are you all right?"

Servants brought candles. Mimi Blair had stopped knitting and sat, white-faced, clapping her hands to her ears as the thunder increased. A wind was rising; it surged into the room when Bianca opened the door again and carried the shivering ocelot into the house.

"The telephone's dead," she said. "Tommy, I'm worried about the show."

"I'd better go down," said Tommy.

"I want to go with you," she told him.

Mimi Blair cried, "In this storm? Bianca, you're crazy!"

Stan Endicott was looking at her. "What could you possibly do?" he asked.

"You don't understand!" she said. "Anything could be happening! The animals, the tents ——" She turned, and ran up the staircase.

The gravel drive felt good under the tires as they made the first two miles. Farther down, they drove through deep puddles, and flashes illumined sodden fields, bending trees. A block away from the circus lot, they saw flares and the bobbing lights of electric torches. A blue-white burst outlined moving silhouettes—running men and the lumbering shapes of work elephants.

Shanley, his slicker dripping water, looked at them without surprise. "Tommy, go help with the big top," he said, his voice flat and unemotional. He dropped a hand to Bianca's shoulder. "Honey, see if you can pipe down some of the girls. You'd think this was Noah's original flood the way they're carrying on." He walked off through the thick clinging mud.

Tommy did not see Bianca again for three hours. The rain stopped a little after midnight, stopped all at once, as it had begun. The wind blew itself out. The big tent was down, without accident to any of the struggling men, the canvas ripped and shredded. Broken poles and wooden seats were being examined and stacked for the matinee which would somehow go on the next day. Around two, Tommy plowed through the mud to the cookhouse for a cup of coffee. He had thought, at dinner, that he had never seen Bianca look so beautiful, but his throat constricted at the sight of her now. She was sitting on a straight chair, holding a tiny lion cub on her lap. Her hair clung in tight tendrils to her head; her eyes were glowing in the lantern light.

"Tommy!" she said. "They had to shoot its mother! She got loose!"

He sat down beside her. "I love you," he told her. "I've never stopped loving you, and I never will."

She looked up at him, and the cookhouse blazed as the electric power flashed on. "Let there be light," she said softly. A radio blared, and the little lion opened yellow eyes and yawned.

He went back to help with the cleaning up. Dawn came quietly, without drama, diluting the darkness, extinguishing the stars. The sun was burning up puddles, beating on drying canvas, when Pete and Bianca and Tommy entered the trailer. Pete opened a drawer and brought out a bottle.

"I'm not one to drink before breakfast," he said, "but this is an occasion." He smiled at them both, his eyes haggard in his tired face.

Bianca said, "Pete! Have you any idea what this has cost you?"

"Honey, I'd rather not think about it," he told her.

She was leaning toward him, her lips parted. "Pete dear, won't you let me help? There's no investment in this world that I'd rather make. You must know that!"

"You can count me in too," said Tommy.

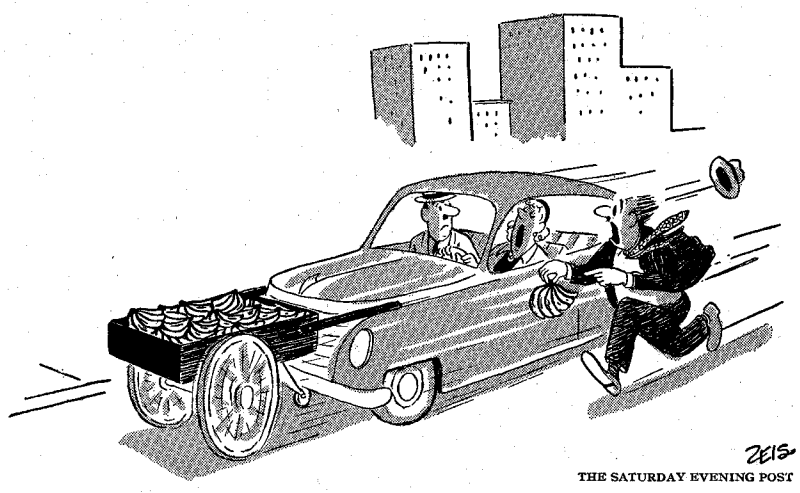
Pete said, "You two little punks!" He poured himself another drink, his hands shaking. "You're both crazy," he added, and rose abruptly and went out, leaving the glass untouched.

Bianca's eyes were on Tommy's face. "There's a lot I don't know about you, isn't there?" she murmured.

"Nothing important," he said. "I have a job in New York that I like. We'll have to work out details—your farm, all that, somehow. The only important thing——"

She put her finger over his lips, and this time he kissed it. "Wait!" she told him breathlessly. She reached into the pocket of her raincoat and held out the velvet heart. "I brought it tonight, for luck," she said. "A sort of talisman. It's yours, Tommy. I made it for you. But if you want me to keep it ——"

"No one else has ever had it," said Tommy Lane. THE END



"Just ignore him—we don't need any bananas."

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I'll Remember It in a Minute

(Continued from Page 43)

other that we haven't changed a bit and asking how everything is and what's new lately, while I thumb frantically through the pages of memory's album in search of some revealing clue. *Met him at Cape Cod last summer? Member of the club? Cousin Ettie's husband?* "How's the wife?" I try, just a feeler.

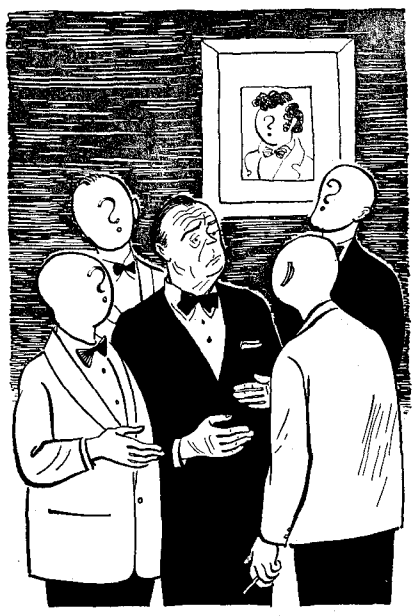
"Oh, Myrtle's fine, thanks," he replies, dashing that hope.

I turn the corner; he turns it too. *Can't I ever get rid of him?* "Sure I'm not taking you out of your way?" I ask pointedly.

"Not a bit," he insists. "It's right in my direction."

By this time our conversation has dwindled to a few sporadic remarks like, "Hot enough for you?" or "How do you like the Giants?" and I wonder what I'll do if I meet somebody and have to introduce him. *Played golf together once? Sells insurance? Friend of Bill's?* "Ever hear from Bill?" I attempt.

"Bill who?" he counters, and we lapse into silence again.



I know them, but who are they?

I start down my own block, but he clings stubbornly to the last. I halt before my house in relief, and we shake hands. "Well, it's been great seeing you," I nod, starting up my path.

"We'll have to do it more often," he nods, and starts up the path of the house next door.

It's hard enough for me to remember a story I've heard, but it's even harder to remember where I heard it. Just as I'm halfway through a good one that somebody told me lately, I detect a certain glassy expression on my listener's face, which can be compared roughly to the sympathetic look you might give a doddering uncle who is well-meaning but not quite bright. The further I get with the story, the more patient his smile becomes. Along about the time I reach the point, the horrid realization dawns that I told the same story to him yesterday. Not only that, but he's the one who told it to me the day before.

I have the same trouble when I try to buy a shirt. Somehow the figure "36" sticks in my mind, but I'm not sure whether it's my neck size or the waistband of my trousers. Probably the number is printed on the bottom of the shirt I'm wearing, but I'd look pretty silly pulling out my shirttail in front of a storeful of people. I point vaguely to the pile on the counter and tell the clerk, "That one seems about right," which accounts for the way my sleeves hang down around my wrists—and is why my collar looks like that of a Rangeley guide who has driven into Bangor for the weekend.

I'm no good at all on birthdays or wedding anniversaries or dental appointments, but for some reason my wife never forgets a date. This isn't because women have better memories than men, I'm convinced, but because they forget different things. For instance, a woman can't recall where she put something, whereas a man knows right where he put it, but he can't think what it was he put there.

My wife has an uncanny faculty for remembering something I said six years ago, which she brings up triumphantly at the appropriate moment during an argument. She has never forgotten that I admitted once I had a weakness for redheads, and she hasn't let me forget it either. She's able to tell exactly when Elsie's baby is due, she'll report the entire menu they served at the bridge-club luncheon, and she can quote verbatim what that idiotic salesgirl said to her and what she told the salesgirl. On the other hand, when we start out of the house together she can never remember whether she left her cigarette burning.

It isn't that I don't retain. My mind is a veritable storehouse of assorted facts, like the names of all the living ex-Presidents, the declension of the Latin noun *tuba* (*tuba*, *tubae*, *tubae* or not *tubae*), the weight of the world's-record brook trout, or the first six verses of The Ancient Mariner. In short, I can remember anything, provided it is useless. I can count up to ten in Navajo, border the state of Tennessee and order a fried egg in Malay (*mata sapi*, in case you think I'm kidding); but when I try to give a taxi driver the address of my insurance company in the city, I draw a total blank. I'd go back to my hotel room and look it up, but I've forgotten the address of the hotel.

I suppose the answer is to train your memory. This book I was reading—I wish I could tell you its name—claims that the best way to remember a name is to associate it with the name of something else. It seems to me this means you'd have two things to remember instead of one, but probably the author knows what he's talking about. All right. Let's say, for instance, that I meet a Mr. Garden, and I want to establish his name in my mind. A garden needs fertilizer, and fertilizer suggests a barn, and a barn usually has cows in it, and cows produce butter, and butter reminds me of that grease spot on my necktie. So, the next time I meet Mr. Garden, I glance at my necktie—I assume I'm still wearing the same necktie—run through the list backward, extend my hand, smile pleasantly and say, "How do you do, Mr. Fertilizer." It's as easy as that.

It's just as easy to remember telephone numbers. Suppose I want to think of Ocean 9-2561. The 9 is a baseball team, of course, and 2 and 5 are the respective ages of my wife's sister's two children, and 6 plus 1 makes 7, which is my hat size. So I can think of my wife's sister's two children playing baseball with my hat in the ocean, or else I can look up the number in the directory and save myself all the trouble. The main thing to realize is that the mind is a muscle which can be developed with proper exercise, according to this book on memory. It's funny I can't think of the title. I know it as well as I know my own name ——

My name? That's easy. It's right here at the top of this article, if I could remember where I put the magazine. THE END

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I'm Coming In (Continued from Page 26)

commanding officer was on the other end. "Call 'em back," he told me succinctly.

I passed the word to the tower radio operator and he began to repeat into his transmitter: "Attention all Twelve Baker planes. Return to base immediately."

The planes came piling back to the field for about fifteen minutes; then the ranks of the landing aircraft began to thin.

The clouds were almost on us, thick, black and low-flying. The planes coming in now were obviously all piloted by cadets, judging by the long, slow, cautious approaches they were making. The enlisted man at my side was checking the numbers of the landing aircraft against a schedule sheet.

"How many still out?" I asked him.

He ran down the list. "About fifteen."

I picked up the radio transmitter and intoned: "All Twelve Baker planes not now on the ground: do not attempt to return to the main base. We are weathered in here. Put down at the nearest practice field and call in your position. All Twelve Baker planes still in the air, acknowledge."

We peered anxiously into the gloom. Two planes were in their approach. Three more were circling the field, flying well under the 500-foot traffic-circle altitude because the overcast was now solid just a few hundred feet above the ground. The five around the field landed without mishap; then an uneasy quiet descended. Actually, the place was noisy; taxiing planes, groups of shouting pilots gathered on the ramp or in the hangar, mechanics testing engines, all contributed to the din. But the sound we were listening for, the noisy, angry growl of an aircraft engine in low pitch preparing for a landing was absent.

I asked for another check and was told there were nine planes unaccounted for. I repeated my radio message several times, and then we waited.

At last we began to hear from them. Three cadets and an instructor—a whole practice formation—had landed on one of our outlying fields and were safe. That

So You Think You Know Baseball!

By HARRY SIMMONS

Despite repeated changes to make it clear, the balk rule still perplexes many umpires. It halted a major-league game last year while it was argued at length. Here, in a hypothetical setting, is the play that stopped the game.

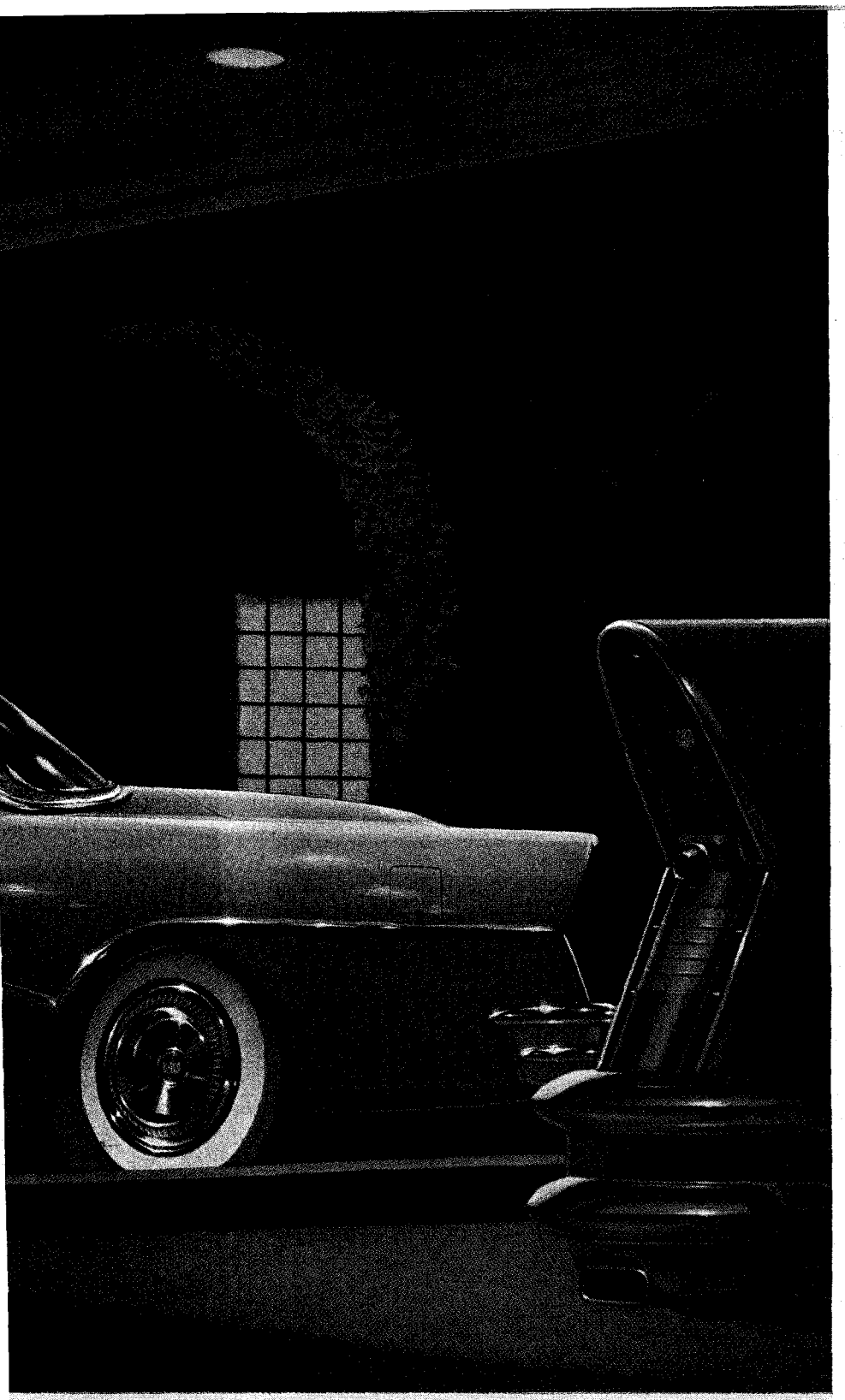
Say the Baltimore Orioles are batting in the second inning of a scoreless game at Chicago. Chuck Diering, lead-off man, reaches first on a White Sox boot. Willie Miranda then works pitcher Billy Pierce for a three-two count.

Pierce, toeing the pitcher's plate, feints a throw to first. Instead of completing the throw, as rules require, he spins and starts to pitch to the batter. Instantly, the first-base umpire calls a balk on him. The plate umpire chimes "Time!" The pitch proves to be a wide ball. Miranda walks to first and Diering trots to second.

But there is an immediate hubbub. The arguers quote the balk rule, Section 8.05, which provides: "The ball is dead, and each runner shall advance one base without liability to be put out, unless the batter reaches first base on a hit, an error, *or otherwise*, and all other runners advance at least one base, in which case the play proceeds without reference to the balk."

What about the call of "Time!" however? If you were umpiring, what would you do?

See page 57 for answer



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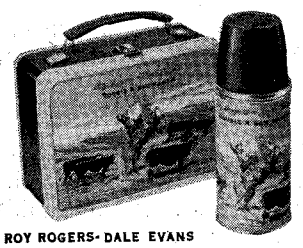
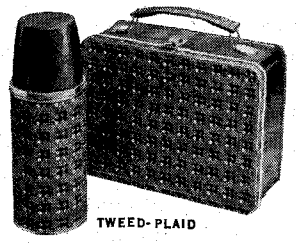


ROY ROGERS-DALE EVANS



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left five. Two cadets called in; they were down together on another practice field. Three still unaccounted for: two cadets and an officer instructor. I began calling them individually by name and number, and the instructor answered promptly.

"I'm above the overcast," he said, "on my way in. The overcast isn't very thick—maybe a few hundred feet. I'll make it back home O.K."

Then, as we were to learn later, he shoved his earphones toward the top of his head to rest his ears—and there they remained until he landed. He never heard the drama that followed.

Two aviation cadets: fate unknown. Our cadets were in basic training. They'd survived about 100 flying hours in primary trainers and were flying heavy planes for the first time. None had yet received training in instrument flying, but we were fast approaching instrument conditions. We continued to call the missing cadets. It seemed like an eternity, but it couldn't have been more than five minutes later when one of them answered. He had landed in a plowed field and washed out his landing gear. But he wasn't badly hurt—just a few scratches. I told him to stand by his plane until we picked him up. That left one.

Another slice of eternity, then—happily—we heard from him too. When his voice came in distinctly on the tower radio, there was an audible catching of breath behind me. For the first time, I realized that a dozen or more of the older instructors—returned from their flights—had climbed to the tower to watch and listen. Their thoughts, like mine, were not contained by the glass walls of the tower; they had taken wing and joined with that one lonely kid who was somewhere in the mist over strange territory in a strange airplane.

His voice was almost plaintive as he said, "Twelve Baker tower, this is Three-two-three. Can you hear me? Over."

Three-two-three. Today I have no idea of that boy's name, but the number I'll never forget. It was implanted indelibly on my memory in the few minutes that followed. I reached for the transmitter to answer him when another hand slipped in ahead of mine. The commanding officer had been in the group of observers.

He picked up the transmitter and said: "We read you loud and clear, Three-two-three. Where are you?"

A pause. Then, apologetically, "I don't know. I'm above the overcast and I can't see the ground."

The occupants of the tower looked at one another wordlessly.

"Give us your last known position, Three-two-three," said the skipper.

"I was practicing landings at Field Twenty-one. I took off, found myself in fog and just kept climbing, I guess. I broke through in a minute or so, but then there were nothing but clouds under me. That was about ten minutes ago. I've been trying to find a hole in them ever since."

"Make a tight circle right where you are," the skipper told him, "and wait for instructions."

He fidgeted with the transmitter and looked at the rest of us pensively. No word had been spoken when the executive officer burst into the tower.

"I think I hear a plane somewhere over the field," he told us.

We threw open several windows and listened intently. Very faintly we heard the unmistakable sound of an aircraft engine.

"Three-two-three," said the skipper, his voice tinged with excitement, "put your engine in full low pitch and gun it. We think we can hear you near the field."

The silence was almost painful; then we heard the louder throb of a laboring engine, repeated.

"O.K., Three-two-three, we've located you. Continue to circle. How much gas do you have?"

Another pause, then. "I figure about fifteen or twenty minutes, sir."

The C.O.'s thumb released the microphone cut-on and he chewed his lip speculatively. More to himself than to us, he said, "That isn't time enough to send somebody out to look for him. Couldn't do much anyway. Kinda tough to teach a boy instrument flying in five minutes from another plane—if we could find him."

He clicked the transmitter on and off several times; then said into it, rather slowly and very distinctly, "Son, this is the squadron commander. I want you to listen very carefully and think about this before you give me an answer. The overcast here is about three hundred feet off the ground. We understand that it's about five to eight hundred feet thick right now. There's no chance of finding a hole in it. This stuff is all over South Texas, and it isn't going to get any better. To fly through it, you'd have to use your instruments. You haven't much room underneath, so your letdown would have to be slow and easy, and you've never had any instrument flying. I can try to tell you what to do, but letting down through this soup would be a tough job for an experienced pilot with instrument training. I recommend that you climb to two thousand feet, trim up your plane, set it on a heading of east and bail out. Now you think it over for a minute. And keep in that tight circle."

There was scarcely any hesitation. "I'll try to bring it down, sir," the cadet voice said tightly.

The skipper pulled a handkerchief from his pocket, mopped his face, loosened his tie and sat down before the transmitter.

Behind me, almost inaudibly, I heard a voice say, "That boy's my student."

The skipper looked up and asked the instructor who had spoken, "Is he a good pilot?"

The instructor half shrugged and spread his palms out and down. "Average, maybe a little above. He's a big kid, kinda quiet, tries hard—too hard, sometimes. He was studying to be an engineer," he added irrelevantly; "knows the engine inside out. He can think too. I wish he could fly as well as he can tell you what makes the thing work."

The way he said it, it sounded almost like a prayer.

The skipper had listened intently, but now he turned back to the transmitter. I remember thinking, *God, help him to say the right thing*. I knew how lonely it could feel up there with nothing but clouds below, and the vital question of how far under those clouds the ground lay gnawing at you incessantly, magnifying the lost feeling that your last bond with earthly things had been forever severed. It was the loneliest feeling in the world, yet a feeling, too, of oneness with something much bigger and more important and awe-inspiring than those things which lay somewhere under the clouds.

I felt a tremendous bond with that boy in the airplane, whose voice quavered a little now as he said, "What do I do first, sir?"

"What does your altimeter say?"

"It reads fifteen hundred feet. The clouds look like they're about five hundred feet below me."

The skipper's voice was incisive now. "Turn to a heading of three hundred and sixty degrees and climb another five hundred feet. Then fly straight and level at an air speed of one hundred knots. When you get squared away there, throttle back, holding the same air speed, until you're letting down about two hundred feet a minute. You can check your rate of descent on an instrument just above your right knee. Memorize the attitude of the plane, the instruments, everything—because that's the way you'll want it to be when you're in the soup. Practice it a few times where you can see what you're doing, and ask questions. O.K.?"

"I got it, sir. I'll try it."

The noise of the motor seemed to be growing fainter out the window.

"Make a hundred-and-eighty-degree turn," said the skipper. "How's it going?"

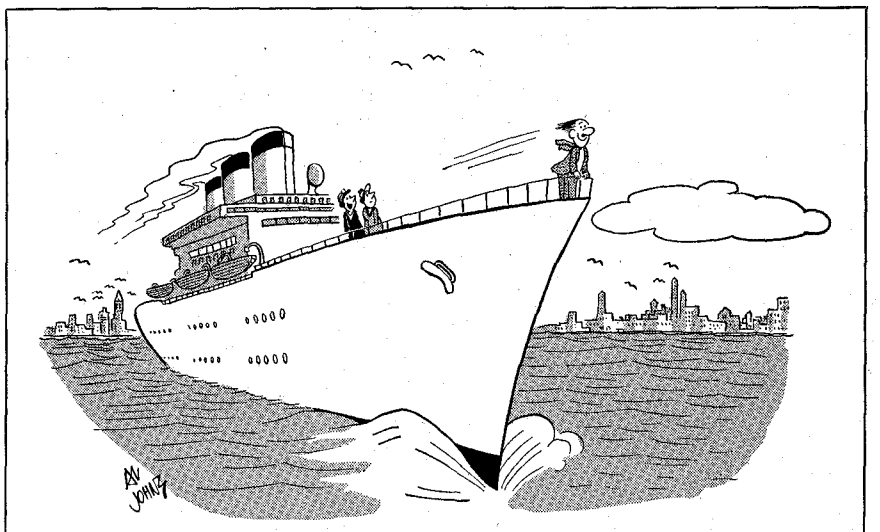
The voice was faltering a little more now. "I guess I know what to do. I just hope I can do it. Let me practice a few more times."

Five minutes ticked interminably by. The officers in the tower shifted from one foot to the other. The C.O. perspired. And 323 practiced and asked questions.

Finally the skipper said into the transmitter, "All right, son; we'll have to get on with it. Want to change your mind about the parachute? They never fail."

The cadet voice became incisive, "No, sir. I'm ready now."

"O.K. Climb up well above the overcast and get your instruments and your rate of letdown set. Then just keep all those things constant when you hit the soup. Remember, your stick controls your air speed. If it starts to build up, ease back on the stick. But try to keep your air speed right at a hundred knots. Don't make any violent corrections or get panicky when you don't have a reference point. Don't look around you and don't trust your senses. Just keep your eyes on the instruments and keep them steady where you want them. Ready?"



"Henry loves the sea!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"Yes, sir."

The skipper swallowed something, made a false start, cleared his throat and started again, "Here we go. We can hear the plane clearly now. Hold your present heading and trim up your plane for the letdown. Tell me when you've started letting down, but don't try to talk to me after you hit the overcast. Just concentrate on your instruments then."

"I'm coming down," said the familiar cadet voice, now strangely calm. "My instruments all seem to be O.K. I'll be in the overcast in about thirty seconds. Stay with me, sir."

If the instruments were right and he held his rate of descent constant, he should break through in three to four minutes in a very gentle glide. The skipper kept talking, cajoling, explaining, encouraging. The silence from the other end was ominous. The skipper covered the transmitter and made a sweeping gesture with his free hand.

"Keep a lookout in every direction. If you spot him break through, holler—quick."

Then back to the transmitter. Time hung suspended in an 800-foot bank of clouds. I had the feeling that every man there, in his own way, was asking God to direct this boy. I know that's what I was doing. I was immersed in the thought that if a supreme Mind governs all of us, that Mind was present with the cadet in 323, telling him what to do right now. So powerful was this thought that only a repeated, concerted, happy shout penetrated my consciousness, "There he is! He's broken through!"

In the haze in the middle distance was a plane.

"We can see you!" the skipper shouted into the transmitter; then, abashed, modulated his tone to a businesslike pitch, "Take a heading of two hundred seventy and come on in. You're headed into the wind and down the right runway. The field is clear. Acknowledge."

He put the transmitter down, grinning with crazy relief. But, strangely, there was no answer. The plane, clearly visible now, was approaching the end of the runway. He came in, nose cocked high, and touched down perfectly. I could see a hand wave from the cockpit as the plane reached the middle of the runway. The professional perfection of the landing and the almost casual wave of the hand suddenly chilled me and set my insides to churning. As the plane turned to taxi in, we could see for the first time the number on its side.

The skipper clutched the schedule sheet with a look of overwhelming horror. I didn't have to look at the schedule. The plane that had just landed was the missing instructor's. Outside, there was no sound.

"So help me," cried the skipper, "I've crashed him out in the middle of nowhere!"

He stood, looking down at the taxiing plane as if by sheer desire he could change the number on its side. The silence in the tower was intense.

Then the Exec said quietly, "Let's get some officers out to Field Twenty-one. We can keep under the stuff, and maybe we can find him."

The Exec threw an arm over the skipper's shoulder and we started to file from the room, when suddenly, wonderfully, that same plaintive voice came with shattering clarity over the squadron radio.

"Say, sir," it said, "you landed me at the wrong field. I broke through all right, like you said, and I saw a runway and I got down O.K. But once I got down, I saw I had the wrong place. This looks like one of our practice fields. What should I do now?"

The skipper's eyes were at once sad and grateful. He handed the transmitter to me without a word and walked wearily out of the room. There was an audible letting out of breath behind me.

I picked up the transmitter. "Just stay where you are, Three-two-three!" I said. "For Pete's sake, just stay where you are!" THE END

Answer to

So You Think You Know Baseball!

Page 55

Under the decision made by the umpires in the actual game, Diering would advance to second base on the balk. Miranda, however, would return to bat with a three-two count because time was called between the balk and the pitch.

Properly, though, the balk call must be suspended until the play on the pitch is completed. The umpire erred in calling time.

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Escape in the Desert (Continued from Page 45)

the far side of the hard ground below before turning to come straight at them, accelerating. The sound of the motor rose to a high-pitched snarl: KATY was flat out in third gear when she hit the bottom of the sand. She seemed to rise up toward them as if she were in a lift.

Behind her, Anson shouted, "I told you he'd make it!"

Twenty yards separated them . . . fifteen; and then Diana noticed something different.

The car had another movement now, besides the forward one. The bonnet seemed to buck from side to side as if it were a fresh horse trying to get its head; great plumes of sand were spurting from behind now. Then the whole thing slewed sideways as KATY seemed to sit down on her haunches, back wheels buried up to the axles.

Tom looked at them from behind the wheel. "Too soft."

"Give me that spade," said Anson. . . . "You, Zimmerman, get the sand mats out. We'll dig her out and run her on to them. . . . Then, Tom, you take her down backward and have another go."

He tried twice more, and Anson three times, always taking a fresh track, but they never got farther than the first mark.

Minute by minute, the sun rose higher, hotter. Now that smooth slope was furrowed like a plowed field. Then, at the seventh attempt, KATY started to boil.

Anson glowered at the steam billowing from the bottom of the rust-splashed radiator. "We'll have to take her up on the sand mats, six feet at a time."

Two on each side, they took it in turns to clear a level trough in front of the back wheels and feed in the mats, holding them taut until the tires had taken a grip. They made the whole length the first time and about half the second, before one wheel started spinning and sank in. The third time, nothing. Both mats ripped through to shoot out behind like snakes while the tires showered up sand as they bit their way down to axle level.

It was then that Anson seemed to go mad. He snatched the spade and threw himself down by the wheels, almost hacking at the sand in his fury.

"Get round the other side and dig!" he shouted at them. "Don't just stand there!"

Diana said, "But you've got the spade."

"Well, use your hands, but dig! And when the mats are in, get round to the back and push—push!"

After that he did everything except hit them. He seemed to be everywhere, never stopping, pushing and swearing at them, at KATY, tearing at the sand with his fingers. Once, when Zimmerman, bare to the waist, had stopped for a moment to wipe off the sweat, he turned on him, snarling, "Come on, man! Try pushing instead of leaning against the thing."

It all became dreamlike after that; a nightmare pierced only by the physical pain of her nails worn down to the quick from the scrabbling, the raw bruises on her shoulders from heaving at the back. But always beside her, pushing, cursing, there seemed to be Anson. Anson, with his yellow mask of a sweating, sand-grimed face, the two holes in it that showed the insane eyes. *It mustn't happen. It mustn't*, she thought. *He's going mad.*

Twice she had slipped at the back and fallen on her face, while a sand mat had smacked across her back and the spurting sand had filled her nose and mouth and ears. Only afterward, she remembered his sobbing voice beside her as he heaved and strained. "Get up, you lazy tart!"—and she did not know or care if he meant her or KATY. There was just one feeling now—that of a great resentment. The men had all stripped off to the waist; they were cool. She felt the wet heavy weight of her shirt, the trickling sweat. It wasn't fair; she'd show them. If he spoke to her like that again, she'd take it off.

Tom stopped it all. Suddenly the engine cut, and as they sat down, panting, he came round to the back of the car. "It's no good, sir."

Anson, sitting on the sand with his head down between his knees, did not look up. "What do you mean, no good? You're a fine one to talk—riding all the way."

The line of Tom's jaw hardened. "You told me to drive. I was meaning the engine. She's boiling—overheating all the time. And a seized motor won't get us to Alex."

"So what? You want to walk, do you?" He looked wildly round at each face. "All right, get going—the lot of you! Here's the compass." There was a soft sound as it fell at Tom's feet. "Help yourselves to all the water and food; keep on thirty degrees for two days. And I hope it keeps fine for you. Only leave me alone."

He put his head between his knees and there was no sound but the sawing of the breath in his throat. At last he looked up again. "I'm going to get this junk heap to Alex somehow. Do you understand? I'm going to. It's a personal thing."

Tom's voice was very gentle. "No one wants to walk. I just thought we might try to wind her up."

Anson stared at him. "Wind her up—on the handle? With the plugs out, you mean?"

"Yes. We've only done it over a few feet before. But in reverse—the lowest gear—I don't see why it shouldn't work."

"But how are you going to turn her round? She'll turn over on a slope like this."

"I don't think so—not if everyone hangs on the inside when she's across the angle."

Anson seemed to shrink. "You carry on." He got up and walked over to the strip of shade by the far cliff wall.

Tom stood looking after him; then he said, "We'll dig her out first. Then I'll let her go back and lock over sideways. I shall do it right-hand down. So I want you two to come and hang on the right side when I do it. Lean out as far as you can; it may make just the difference to stop her going over."

It took a long time to get her across the slope with Diana and Zimmerman hanging out backward as far as they could. It seemed as if the angle was impossible, that any moment the inside wheels would lift up under them, and KATY would roll over down the hill. But Tom, from the driving seat, said, "It's all right," and then he put the steering hard over the other way and coaxed her with the engine until they were facing downward. In doing it they had lost all the ground they had made in the last hour.

She said, "What do we do now?"

"Wait until the plugs are cool enough for me to get them out."

She left him and went over to the boulder by the cliff where Anson had stayed all the time, sitting with his head down. He was still breathing like a man who has run a losing race.

She said, "He's turned her, George. He's waiting for the plugs to cool. But I don't understand what he's trying to do."

He didn't answer for a moment; then to the ground between his legs, he said, "Sorry. It's just that I counted so much on getting there today."

"But we will. Please tell me what he's up to."

He didn't seem particularly interested. "If you take the plugs out of the engine there's no resistance from the compression. You put her in the lowest gear—that's reverse—and just wind the handle in front—the starting handle. Because the gear is so low, the wheels move so gradually that they don't disturb the pattern of the sand grains, and grip. That's the theory."

She looked up the yellow mound that went on ahead of them. It was only a hundred yards before it ended in the line of clear sky. For a moment she wondered why no one had bothered to trudge up and see if it was really the end of their troubles. Then she understood—no one had dared.

There was a noise from the ambulance and she saw that it was Tom shutting the bonnet and going round to the radiator with the starting handle.

She held out both hands. "Come and watch him, George. Please. He's trying so hard."

By the time they had got over, he had started turning slowly, winding in rhythm like a man with a barrel organ. It did not seem to take any effort. He looked up at them and smiled; without stopping the winding, he said, "I've just worked it out—thirty-two turns to every six feet up. That's if there's no slipping."

They went round to the back wheels, silent, watching them. They were turning, but so slowly that they hardly seemed to move at all, but as each bar in the tire tread dipped down to bite at the sand, though it sagged, there was a fresh, clean surface waiting to take the next one.

"Look!" It was Anson, crouching now behind one wheel. The firm pattern of the tread was beginning to show, moving away back from it. They were rolling up, not slipping. "It's working, Tom!"

Tom, winding, not stopping, said, "I thought it would."

They took it in shifts after that—five hundred turns each. When it came to her, Diana was surprised at the little effort necessary to wind the great bulk of KATY backward up the slope. It seemed that at any moment she must lunge forward, down at the one in the front, but they told her they had lashed the gear lever in position, so that it could not happen.

The sun was high now and Anson had ruled that the one winding should have Zimmerman's towel draped over his head and neck. But it was so slow. Each in turn, they wound, watching in achievement, the straight, firm tracks stretching out behind them. But in between the two there was something else—and she knew it was not so good. At inches' distance, dark blobs on the sand where the drops fell from the radiator. When Tom came round as she was winding he stared and then scuffled the trail out with the toe of his boot.

"Don't let Captain Anson see," he whispered. "He's got enough already."

Each, in turn, reached the magical number, 500, and handed over to the next. Zimmerman was at it now, and there was only ten yards left to the unknown, beyond the barrier of sky. But no one made a move to find out if there was another ridge beyond.

Then Anson broke the tension. "Hold it, Zimmerman. We may as well look, and know the worst." They all scrambled up the last few feet to the top.

It was the end. There was nothing but a flat, stony plain that stretched on toward the horizon, with a faint ridge showing to the northwest. There was something else—a (*Continued on Page 60*)

"Do you have to tell everyone you're a Democrat and create those awful silences?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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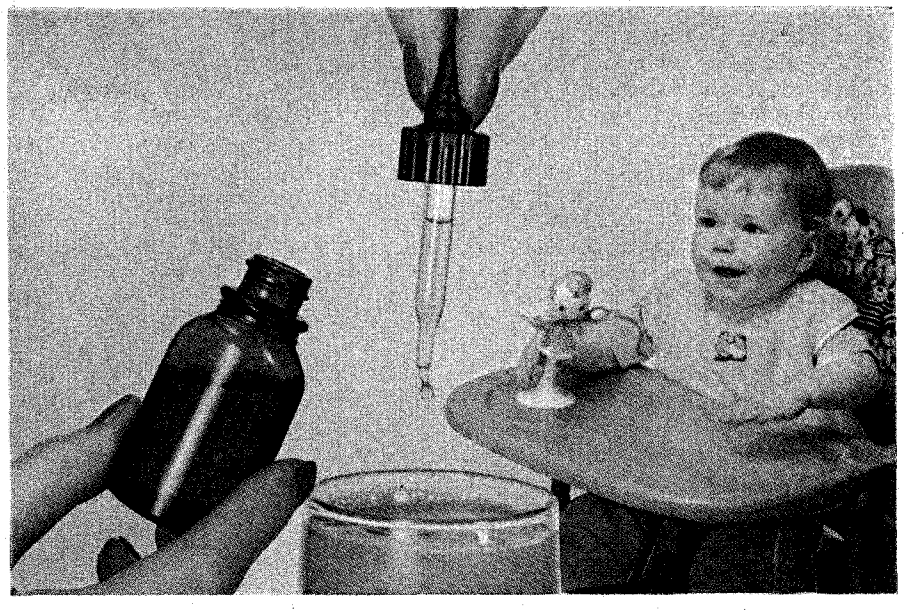

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(*Continued from Page 58*) wind, hot, dry, bearing down on them from the north. As she stood there, feeling it search inside her clothes, pulling at the strands of her hair, Diana felt cleaner, happier, in the first moment.

Anson looked at his watch and then back down the slope to KATY just below, then the long, long way to the bottom. "Two and a half hours for a quarter of a mile." Then he gripped her arm and pointed. "But look!"

The sky had that brassy tinge that she knew so well that she hardly noticed it. Now, to the north, almost on the horizon, it shaded to a deeper, clearer blue.

"The reflection of the sea," he said.

She sat between them, back to the door, feet straight out, listening to the singing.

Things had gone well since they had cranked KATY over the top. The radiator had been filled, she had heard the course: "Sixty miles on sixty-eight degrees, Tom. And if I can navigate at all, we'll finish slap in the middle of Burg el Arab railway station." It had been funny to hear of an ordinary everyday thing like that.

The singing was of no quality, even though it came from her two. Zimmerman had disappeared to the back, Anson was driving, Tom in the passenger seat, while she, between them, listened; not caring if they were out of tune, only happy because they were. As they went steadily over the plain, their spurs went jingle, jangle, jingle as they went riding merrily along, Casey waltzed with his strawberry blonde, and then came the detailed recital of the peculiar misfortunes of one Samuel Hall.

She did not try to join in; for one thing, she was not sure if she would know the words. It was nicer to let it all flow over her head, to think about more important things: how long it would take to learn the rudiments of keeping chickens; if she would ever understand enough to be able to work in the garage. Without thinking, she put a hand sideways and took hold of Tom's.

"Oy, oy." It was Anson from the other side. "Don't distract the navigator." Then: "I suppose I've got to do some congratulating."

She turned and smiled at him, not letting go. "What do you think?"

"Another good man gone. But I think I'll wait for active blessing on you, until we're at Burg el Arab. And I'm sure there aren't gentlemen in coal-scuttle helmets waiting to greet us."

She wondered if he meant that; looked away to the left, toward that faint ridge. But there was nothing in sight.

Tom's voice came, "We're counting on you—as best man, sir."

"No, Tom. I started the job; I'm going to finish it properly. Give the girl away." Then he started singing, "Sand in my shoes," for no reason at all, and they all laughed, because it didn't matter any more.

They went on steadily; there was no thought of stopping, except to top up the radiator. The stages were getting shorter again, but at least KATY was not boiling the whole time.

At one stop Anson said, "Have a look at Zimmerman, will you?" and she went into the back of the car.

He was lying on his back, just as before, arms clasped behind his head. She said, "We're going well. Halfway to the road already."

He did not seem to hear her the first time, so she said it again, and when he turned to look at her, there was something new, wary, in his eyes.

"What am I going to do about clothes?" he said. "I can't go into the town with no shirt."

Why not? she thought, but she said, "We'll try and borrow one. Perhaps at the check post before Alex. We'll have to stop there and report."

"The check post? Ah, yes."

The ground was rolling now, with more sand in the bottom of the valleys and the first green things growing there—clumps of camel thorn. The clear blue segment of the sky came farther and farther over their heads, the wind seemed cooler. At last, as they crested a rise, there was a row of thin wobbling rods in the mirage in front.

"Vehicles," said Tom.

Anson laughed. "No, you fool. It's the telegraph line along the railway."

It cleared to that. Then they could see the tattered ant heap that was the native village; beyond, the first proper building, the white walls and red roof of Burg el Arab station. There was a train unloading, a swarm of khaki figures round it, but they were still too far away to be sure.

Anson leaned forward and peered at the speedometer. "I'm slipping. A mile short—and too far to the south." They changed course a point and went on, slower, silent, searching for a sign. Then Tom said, "The flag, sir, just to the right of the station, on that dump. Red and blue—it's Ordnance." And then they knew they were right.

Across the railway track, bumping over the sleepers, with the troops working nearby turning to stare.

Tom said, "Do you want to know the news?"

"No. Let's press on. Four beers come before any war."

They were on tarmac now—a real road at last—that led over the last ridge in a cutting. When they had reached the top the main road was below, crowded with traffic, all running west. As they slowed

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down at the road junction to turn to the right, she saw the signpost.

It said: ALEXANDRIA: 30 MILES.

The check post was at the junction with the Cairo road; larger than Tom remembered it—a small village of tents now.

Anson said, "Pull off in front of the office, Tom. I'll go in and grapple with officialdom."

They had been driving down the road for half an hour, doing a steady thirty, with nothing to pass, nothing to overtake them; the stream of traffic was all going the other way. His eyes had lit as he saw the stuff that was destined for the front, wherever that might be: 25-pounders, tanks on their transporters. Even under the camouflage, he could see there was a new type with the big gun mounted in the turret. *Much more like it,* he thought.

The palm-lined road was broken in places by fig groves. The only time that anyone spoke was when Diana said, "Oh, look!" and there, in a gap in the trees, was the sea again, so close, so cool, so inviting.

They were outside the tent with the flag now, and Anson jumped down. "This is going to give them a shock. . . . Give me your pay book, Tom. . . . Diana, have you got an identity card?" When they had handed them over, he looked toward the back of the car. "I'll fix him, but watch the back." He walked off into the office.

They stood waiting, leaning against the back of the car.

"Hadn't you better put that tin under, Tom?"

He looked at her. "That tin—not ever again. You don't understand quite how I feel about that tin. One top-up before we start, and that will see us through." Then he said, "Stay here. I'd better see how he is," and climbed into the back.

Zimmerman was lying quite still, the blanket up to his chin: Tom could see the steady rise and fall of the barrel chest under it. But he also knew that he was not really asleep. He shut the door softly and went back to Diana.

He whispered, "Keep nearer those doors; he's pretending he's asleep."

They waited and no one in the camp came near them; only behind, the noise of the traffic on the road went on unabated. Then Anson came walking out of the tent with a tall captain of the military police, and he watched her start to fuss with her hair, and said, "I shouldn't bother." Anson said, "Johnson, this is Sister Murdoch and M.S.M. Pugh," and they were shaking hands.

The captain looked at them as if they were beings from another world as he said, "Captain Anson's told me all about your trip. I think it's a marvelous effort. . . . I'll phone your hospital, sister, and let them know you're coming." Then he looked at them again. "What about some grub, and a wash?"

He wasn't hungry, but a real wash, that would be something. Anson was shaking his head, though, saying, "I'd rather get on. . . . Unless you want to, Diana?"

"I'd love just five minutes, if I can."

The policeman said, "I'll show you my tent and get that shirt for your South African pal at the same time." He looked toward the back of the car. "How is he, by the way?"

South African pal? Anson opened his mouth to speak, but Diana's fingers were biting into his arm. "Still asleep," she said.

The captain made to move off and then turned back. "Are you sure you won't even have a drink?"

"No, thanks," said Anson. "We've got a date for that."

When they had gone, he stared at Tom. "Is he really asleep?"

"No; foxing. But, sir, aren't you going to turn him in?"

Anson gave him a strange look. "In good time, Tom. All in good time. There's our date before that. But we'll have to watch him."

"But he'll rumble that—make a dash for it."

"I don't think so—not yet."

They had finished topping up the radiator when Diana and the captain came back. She looked a clean, very different person, and Tom felt a surge of possessive pride in it. They climbed on board and the shirt was handed up.

"The biggest I've got," said the captain. "I won't disturb him. Just see that he's handed over to his own people."

"I will—and see the shirt is sent back. Thanks for everything." Anson nodded at Tom and he let in the clutch and they were off on the last lap.

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By Louise Darcy

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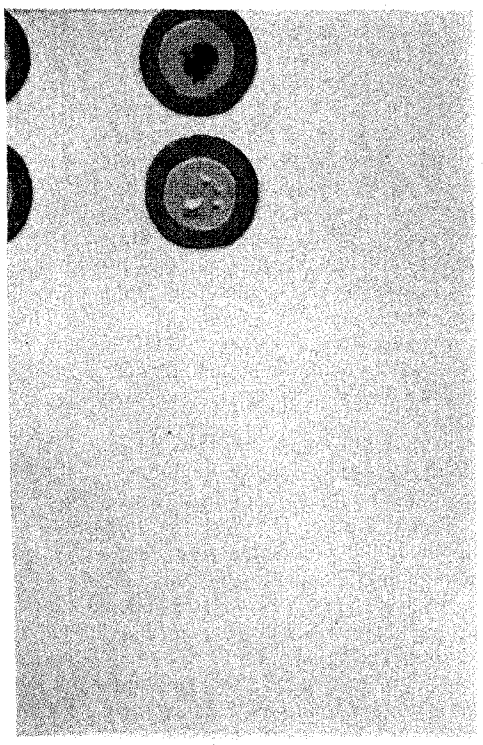

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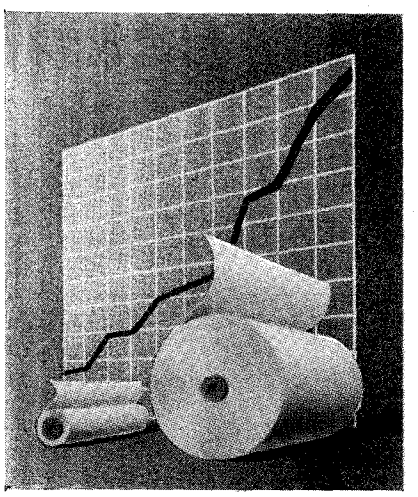
FOR THE BUSINESS-MINDED:
SOME PROOF OF RAYONIER'S GROWTH



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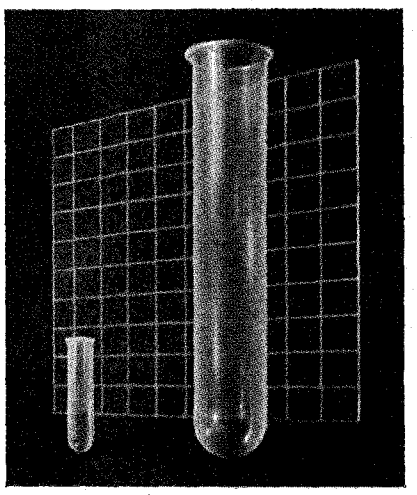
Compare this with sales of five or ten years ago. In 1945 net sales totaled $25,969,823. But five years later they rose to $66,387,016 revealing growth from new or improved products for new or broadening markets.



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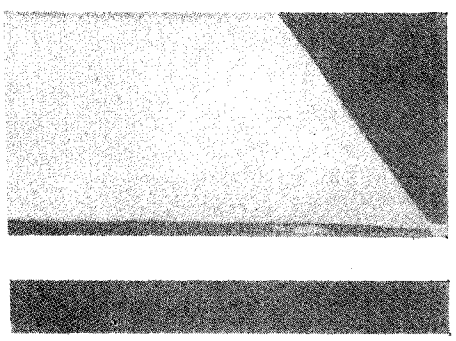

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Anson was sitting on the floor now, Diana in the seat. She glanced down to where the captain was sitting cross-legged, with the shirt in his lap. He was undoing the shoulder tabs and pulling off the tubes of cloth that carried the three pips of a captain.

"He won't be wanting those," he said.

The outskirts of Alex were appearing now—the clusters of houses perched on the side of the road, the Greek restaurants with their shady verandas, the sea running close on their other side.

Anson got to his feet. "I'll take him his present, and stay and make polite conversation for a bit. Those back doors open easily."

When he had gone, Tom listened to Diana's chatter, excited as she pointed out little ordinary things—half listened to it, for there was something else more important to hear. The trained ear that always listened subconsciously to the beat of the engine had noticed something different—a fast, regular clicking. Perhaps it had started on that last bitter slope when she was overheating so badly. It didn't matter when, really. But the bearings were beginning to break up.

In instinct, he took his foot off the accelerator and let her coast; then picked up a little power, gingerly. Another quarter mile and then, from the back, on the other side, came that sudden sharp crack they had heard before. KATY sagged to the right, and he swore and let her ride to a gentle halt.

Anson's head came round the door. "What gives, Tom?"

"It's that other spring," he said.

"Well, out of it, all of you." He looked back into the car. "And you, Zimmerman." They all got down in the road and walked round to where the clean, bright break of the main leaf stuck out behind them.

Tom scratched his head. "We could stop a truck, scrounge a lift, sir."

Anson stared at him. "A lift? What are you talking about? I just worked out with Zimmerman; we've done nearly six hundred miles, over every kind of stuff, and there's four left to do. No, we'll take her in on blankets. We've done it before, and I'm not leaving the old gal now. Get the jack out." He smacked KATY's olive bonnet hard.

Tom, busy with the showing of the others how to roll the blankets from the back into tight sausages, wondered why Anson had got out the tool kit for a job when it would not be needed; understood, when he saw him take the largest wrench, holding it loose in one hand as he watched Zimmerman all the time.

On the other side of the road, the traffic rushed by within feet of them; at their backs, the sea hushed softly against the beach. But they did not notice either, nor the crowd of darting, chattering Arab children that had ringed round, waiting to steal anything that opportunity offered. They were back in their own special world.

The blankets were rolled in tight bundles and then wedged between the spring and the jacked-up chassis. When the space was filled, the jack was lowered, squeezing the two together. KATY sagged, but not quite so much as before. Then Tom bound the whole with rope, down the sides and along, to prevent slipping. All the time, Anson stood to the side, swinging the spanner, watching Zimmerman—a silent Zimmerman, who looked strangely smart in the shirt that was two sizes too small for him.

Tom straightened. "There's another thing, sir. Come and listen." He opened the bonnet, started her up and worked the throttle.

Anson frowned. "Connecting-rod bearing as well—sounds like Number Four."

"Shall I take the plug out, sir?"

"Yes. We'll go in on five cylinders and a pile of blankets." He looked round them all, swinging the spanner gently. "And we want the weight as far forward as we can get it, so you can all get in the cab. Take her in—in style."

Tom did not see the beginnings of the city. He was too intent, watching the road ahead, wary of the stray donkey, the children darting ahead, deliberately, just under their wheels. The rumble of the tires told that they were on the cobbles now, and then the stench of the tannery, reminding him of that night in the Depression, only two nights ago. There was something else to worry him: above the whistling pump of the open No. 4 plug, the clatter was growing again. Other connecting-rod bearings were starting to go.

No one talked; there was no thought of singing now. Only an unbearable rising tension. Tom was not hungry, not thirsty, but once, when the captain said, "I hope that beer's good and cold," his mouth started watering uncontrollably.

The dim shapes of the warehouses drifted by, just out of Tom's range of vision; then there was the narrow cleft of Sister Street, with the dark buildings towering high to the narrow strip of blue. At the end of it, a patch of green.

Anson said, "Mahomet Ali Square."

Diana said something else—something he could not quite catch. It sounded like "*Zerzura.*"

People shouted at them, a tram gong clanged, but they took not the slightest notice; all their senses were strained in watching that patch of green that slid nearer and nearer to them. Tom wondered what Zimmerman was thinking.

The clatter was rising, a vibration coming up through the floor boards; for the first time a smell of hot oil, the well-known clouds of steam billowing out from under the bonnet. Tom shouted, "Shall I stop?" but Anson, sitting beside Zimmerman, still holding that spanner, said, "No! It's only the other side of the square! Keep her going!"

They limped out of the crack of Sister Street into the sunlight and there was the wide square with the gardens in the middle and the lines of tall palms streaming their crowns over in the sea breeze. They crept round the square; Tom had to coax her now to move at all, every instinct rebelling at the torture of machinery.

Then Anson said, "Pull in. That's it."

Tom cut the switch and coasted to the curb, and there was no sound for a moment but the rumble of boiling water in the radiator and the sounds of the traffic that seemed to come from another world.

Anson got down and threw the spanner on the floor with a clatter. "Come on, you lot." Then he ran his hand very slowly down the length of the hot, rust-spattered bonnet. "You good old girl," he said.

As they scrambled down to join him, each, even Zimmerman, touched KATY's flank, although they did not speak. With Anson leading, Tom and Diana falling in behind Zimmerman, they walked across the pavement and into the narrow side street. At the corner, Tom turned for a last look at her; lonely now, battered, with that strip of bullet holes running down her side, propped up on blankets, sizzling, but triumphant.

It was just six o'clock; too early for the usual drinking crowd, and the bar was quite empty. It was just as the captain had said it would be: the high, marble-topped counter, the tall stools against it, the clean light room, the few tables grouped around the walls. After they had pushed through the swing door, they trooped up to the bar in silence, pulled out four stools and perched on them in a row. The barman yawned and got up from his seat to come forward and look at them without enthusiasm.

"Yes?" A pause, and then, "Sir."

"Set 'em up," said Anson.

"What up?"

Anson turned to Tom. "He thinks we're tramps. He thinks we can't pay. He's forgotten the order we put in six days ago." He fumbled in his pocket and produced two crumpled pound notes that he put on the counter.

"Get cracking, Joe. Four very, very cold beers."

When they came up, they were as he said they would be: pale amber, in tall, thin glasses, and so cold that the dew had frosted on the outside before he put them down. They stood in a row now, but Tom waited, as he knew the others were waiting, for Anson to make the first move. He stared at his for a moment, looking all round it as if it were a rare specimen; then ran his finger up and down the side of the glass, leaving a clear trail in the dew. He said, "That's that," and lifted the glass and tilted it right back.

Tom watched the ripple of the swallow in the lean throat, and there was a tight feeling inside him and his eyes were smarting and he knew that in a moment he would cry. So he lifted up his own glass and swallowed it fast.

When Anson put his glass down, it was empty. "I quite forgot to drink your healths," he said. Then, to the barman, "Set 'em up again."

It was easier with the second one, and they started talking on the "do-you-remember" line, but not beyond that lonely grave in the wadi—and Zimmerman never said a word.

Tom said, "What about KATY?"

"I'll phone the V.R.D. and get them to pull her in. It's gharries for me from now on." Then he turned to Zimmerman. "You are our problem child. No clothes, no identity card, no money, no nothing. I'm afraid they'll take an awful long time to vet you. I'll have to come—and I don't feel like answering any of their silly questions tonight."

Zimmerman spoke for the first time. "I hadn't thought of that. But must I bother you? Can't I just slip off to my own people?"

Anson shook his head. "No. I've a better idea than that. Let's leave it all till tomorrow. Come with me tonight to where I usually stay. Mother Thompson's; she's got a boardinghouse on the front. She's very good to me; she'll lend us cash and clothes, even if they're only civvies. Then we can bathe and eat and sleep. Face everything in the morning."

All through this conversation Tom had been watching Zimmerman. His face had shaded through every expression from indecision to resolve, brightened visibly at the mention of civilian clothes. *Captain Anson*, he thought, *he's gone plumb crazy. Give that crafty rascal civvies and he'll dodge out at the first chance, and they'll never find him.*

But Zimmerman was saying, "Thanks, man. It seems the best idea. It's very kind of you."

"Well, I'd better ring her now; she likes good notice." Anson slipped off his stool and went over to the telephone box in the corner. Tom went on watching. Something was flowing back into that big man. He looked younger, stronger every moment. Tom knew what hope looked like now.

Anson seemed a long time, and when he came back, he did not climb on his stool. He stood behind them and said, "That's fixed," and there was a subtle change in his voice. Then: "Will you bring your drinks over to a table for a minute? I've something private to say."

They got down, wondering, and then Zimmerman said, "I think I'll—wash my hands."

Anson, standing between him and the door, said, "That's an idea; so will I."

Tom saw his eyes flick at him, so he said, "Will you excuse us, Diana?" and they marched out to the back of the room in procession.

All the time in the toilet, there was bright talk on how the war was going. Anson gave details of how the line had been steadied at Alamein, how lucky they had been to come out east of that. Tom wondered where he had got this information; he had spoken to no one except the MP at the check post, and surely then, he would have mentioned it before.

Perhaps Zimmerman spotted it, too, for he tried to dry his hands rather quickly, and get out of the door in front of them, but, somehow, Anson was there first, and they (*Continued on Page 65*)

"I do feel a little uncomfortable in it."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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This is the story of an actual family insured by The Travelers; to safeguard its privacy, different names and pictures have been used.

"IT TAKES MORE THAN BRAINS TO GO TO COLLEGE!" *says Bob Perkins.*

It takes money. And when his two young sons reach college age, the money will be there. The American Family Independence plan their Travelers agent helped Bob and Joan work out includes an education fund. And they have replaced many anxieties with new-found confidence—about their future security, and about such present values as their health, their home, their car.

Bob Perkins, like most fathers, knows a college education is a real expense these days.*

Like them, he's been bothered by the question: *will my boys get to college if I should die?*

There are, after all, many things to spend his $6,250 a year on. The Perkins' new $14,600 suburban home (10% down, 25 years to pay). Their 1953 sedan. And, of course, food and clothing.

When Bob and Joan called in their Travelers agent recently, they raised the question of education for the boys.

The result: under the terms of the Perkins' Travelers insurance program, there *will* be a fund for Jacey's and Mike's college expenses. Through this balanced program—and without unbalancing their budget—Bob and Joan have been freed from many worries. With their Travelers man, they have planned adequate life insurance to protect the family if something should happen to Bob. This same plan can serve as a financial base for Bob's retirement.

There are provisions, too, for sickness and accident, protection of their home and car against damage, liability, theft.

Isn't this the kind of protection you need?

Of all the people in your town, perhaps none is better equipped to counsel you than your Travelers agent or broker, for The Travelers offers *all kinds* of insurance. Why not call him?

*For facts and figures, send for free booklet, "If They Have the Brains, Will You Have the Money?"

How the Perkins family uses its money

(*monthly average, after taxes*)

Food	$130.00
Clothing	27.00
Housing	80.00
Insurance	56.00
Savings	62.00
Automobile & Travel	29.00
Household & Contributions	50.00
Medical	15.00
Recreation	17.00
Total	$466.00

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(*Continued from Page 62*) walked back to the bar in their single file. He had only one glimpse of Zimmerman's face then; it was gray, and the broad shoulders seemed to be shrinking.

Diana was waiting, standing by the swing door out into the street, peering over the pane of frosted glass. She said, "There is a truck just drawn up outside. It's full of ——" She swung round and she saw Zimmerman, and her face changed; behind her, they could all see beyond the edge of the glass—the flat red hats of military policemen as they spilled out over the pavement.

Inside the bar it was so quiet, so still, one could hear the flies buzzing. Tom looked once at Zimmerman's face and then at the ground. He could think of only two things: that straining cracking back that had held KATY until he had got the jack underneath, and the other thing to come, the gray cold of a dawn, the wall and the nervous firing squad. It seemed such a filthy shame.

Anson's voice was tight. "They've surrounded the place, Zimmerman, but I've arranged they don't come in for another ten minutes. So we must talk quickly. I'm sorry, but what else could I do but ring headquarters here?" And Tom knew that last desperate question was addressed to him and Diana.

He looked across to the barman, shouted, "Another round, over here!" Then he pulled out a chair for Diana and sat down beside her.

The Greek came over with the tray, put down the four tall glasses, and departed, scratching. Anson leaned forward across the table. "Zimmerman, what is your real name?"

There was no answer. The big man just looked at his glass, rubbing his finger up and down the outside, just as Anson had done.

"I'll tell you why," Anson went on. "I'll tell you just exactly what I told our security people. That we came out of Tobruk; that, later, we picked up a German officer, whose truck had broken down, who had started walking, who had got a touch of the sun. That he surrendered, gave his parole to me, and had behaved in a most exemplary manner. And that I would deliver the body after we had had a drink together."

Still Zimmerman did not answer. The barman lifted a hand to the radio on the wall behind him and fiddled with the knobs; a bright, metallic voice started singing, "Sand in my shoes ——"

Anson said, "You can get away with a lot when you're moving round, but just with us three, so close, I don't think you had a chance.

"And you had bad luck with your own people. To get through once was a miracle, but twice, no. I was just in time to see that fooling with the buttons in the wadi, but I don't know what it was; I didn't look when I threw the bush shirt away after I got you out of that bog." He looked across the table. "You saw me, Diana; say that it's true."

Her voice came very low, "I saw—he didn't touch it. Just threw it away."

Anson's voice went on, "I didn't look—because I didn't want to know. You see, there was no harm done till then—even with that precious pack of yours. I know it was a transmitter."

Zimmerman looked at him and then down at his drink. He picked it up at last and took a long swallow. Still he did not speak. Anson's arm came out across the table, gripping him by the elbow.

"Can't you see, man? There's no time. Tell me your name, stick to our story. I'll vouch for Tom and Diana, though we will be risking a court-martial. But there will be no more bother. Otherwise, I'll have to tell them a lot of funny things; give them the map reference where they can find a pack and a bush shirt. They wouldn't take a lot of digging out. And then?" He spread his hands. "But we don't want it—any of us—because we know very well that we wouldn't be here if it hadn't been for you."

The swing door at the front slammed open and a lieutenant of the military police came in. He was tall and thin, and Tom saw that he had pale knees.

He said, "Captain Anson?" to the room at large.

"That's me." Anson looked at his watch. "You're early."

The lieutenant slapped his cane against his leg. "That may be, but this fraternization ——"

Anson tilted his chair back and said one short and very rude word. The lieutenant flushed. "Must I remind you—there is a lady present?"

Anson looked at him. "I know, and if she had thought of it, she would have said it herself. But it doesn't alter the fact you are overriding your C.O.'s orders. Do you want me to phone and tell him?" Then he looked down to knee level. "Just off the boat," he said to no one in particular, "got to learn; thinks all that ironmongery is the answer."

The Red Cap flushed again as he fingered his revolver holster. "Then I'll wait outside."

Anson said, "Do," and when the door had closed, he leaned over the table again. "For God's sake, can't you see? It's the last chance!"

Zimmerman looked down at his drink, picked it up and drained it on one gulp. He said, quite simply, in a very different voice, "Otto Lutz, Engineer Captain, 21st Panzer Group."

There was a silence, and then Anson's voice came again, urgent. "Now listen. You lost your way; the truck broke down, Otto. You started to walk; then the sun got you. We picked you up after we'd buried Sister Norton; you only heard about that. From then on, just as it happened."

He stopped for a moment to look at the others. "Is that all right with you?" Hardly waiting for their quiet "Yes," he went on. "Quick. Is there anything on you or left in the ambulance that might need explaining?"

Zimmerman—Lutz, it was easier to think of him like that—thought for a moment and said, "Perhaps in my pack, but I don't think so."

"Well, I'll dump the lot—without looking—off the deep-water quay, just in case."

The door opened again, and Pale Knees came in. "Really," he said.

Anson got up. "Will you fraternize with us, lieutenant, and have one?"

"No, thank you."

Anson smiled at Lutz and said, "That's that." Then he stared at those knees again. "He'll learn one day."

Lutz was on his feet now. He looked at Anson and smiled and said, "So you release me from my parole, Herr Captain."

"Certainly." Anson looked across at Pale Knees. "I've told your commandant that this officer has behaved in an exemplary manner. There's no need for a ball and chain. . . . You'd better run along with nursie, Lutz."

Lutz looked round the circle of them. "It's been a great experience. Will you shake hands?"

They all murmured something, and while the lieutenant looked down his nose, he took their hands in turn across the table. For Diana, there was a special click of the heels and a quiet "*Fräulein.*"

He walked to the door with the lieutenant, and then turned back to look at them once more. He said, "It has been something. All against one—against the greater enemy. I have learned a lot." Then he gave them that silly stiff bow again, the door flapped twice behind him, and that was that.

They stayed quite still, looking at the blank door, until they heard the truck start up and the noise of the motor fade into the background of traffic. The radio was still playing softly on the wall, the barman appeared to have gone to sleep.

Anson broke the silence. "I'd better go and dump that pack off the end of the quay before I get inquisitive."

Diana said, "And I must get to the hospital."

Anson looked at both of them. "I made another phone call. I took the liberty of ringing them. I said that you would be escorted by a W.O. who would need accommodation. . . . You can beat me up in the morning, Tom, and we'll find our precious unit." Then his voice went grave. "Tell your matron, Diana, I'd like to call on her—about Denise."

She said, "I would like that. And I want you to wade in on something else. You can smooth out the marriage bother easier than anyone. And we want it to be soon."

The door opened and three customers came in, so they went out of the bar, back into the noisy sunlight of the square, to KATY. She was there still, cool and silent now, somehow dejected. Anson went into the back and came out with Zimmerman's pack.

"I don't think there was anything else of his," he said. "Sorry I didn't have time to ask you properly about this business, but you do agree, don't you? And you'll stick to it?"

They both nodded.

He sat down on the step and looked up at them, drawn, dirty, without a cap, but his eyes were back in the living again. "I wish I had a camera," he said; "two people about to enter into holy matrimony, entirely blinded by sand."

Tom was holding her hand now, was surprised when she let go with a whispered "Don't be cross." He watched her walk over to the step of the car and put both hands on Anson's shoulders as she stooped to kiss him full on the mouth. He was near enough to hear her say, "Find your *Zerzura*, George; you're halfway there now"—and wonder what she was talking about.

Anson got up stiffly. He said, "I'll try, Diana. See you both tomorrow." Then he smiled at them. "'By for now."

They stood, holding hands again, watching the slim figure grow smaller and smaller as it went down the square toward the sea.

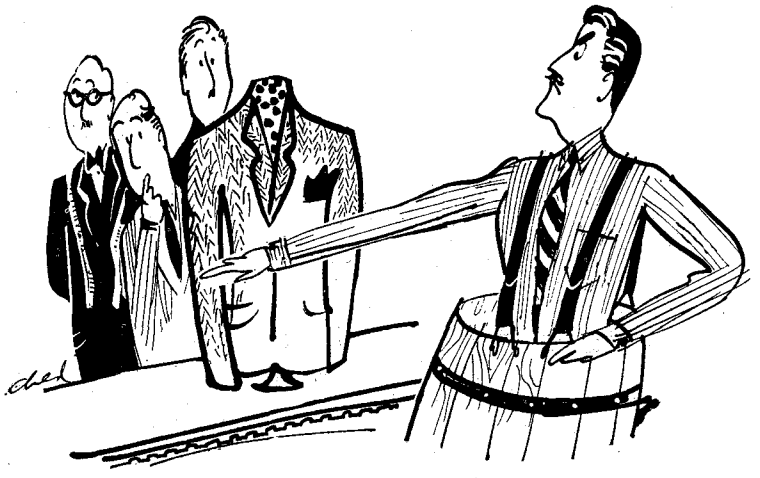
She said, "I do want it to be quick, darling. And then I want a baby as soon as we can—so that I can get out of this, and home, and start things up—for you to come back to."

The little figure had almost vanished now. The tall palms looked so green and stately as they bent their heads in rustling to the wind. There was a Red Cap standing on the pavement opposite, trying, obviously, to make up his mind to come over and check them for being improperly dressed and holding hands.

Tom tried to slip his hand loose, but she held on fast.

"Don't let go, darling. Everything is going to be all right—for all of us."

THE END



You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Style-conscious George Brummel ordered an expensive fall suit and sport jacket in July for delivery in September. Being loaded with cash, he paid his tailor $400 on the spot. But the clothes were not ready in September, nor October, nor November. Naturally put out, Brummel sued not only for his $400 but for damages.

"The tailor inconvenienced and embarrassed me by not having my clothes ready at the right season," he contended. "He knew that I prided myself on being well dressed, and he let me down."

"As no definite delivery date was set," the tailor replied, "I didn't rush. I'll be glad to return the $400, but pay for Mr. Brummel's wounded pride—never!"

If you were the judge, would you make the tailor pay?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Brummel got back his $400, plus $100 in damages. The court said the garments should have been delivered by fall, "for if not seasonably delivered they would not serve the purpose for which purchased."

Based upon a 1956 Louisiana decision.

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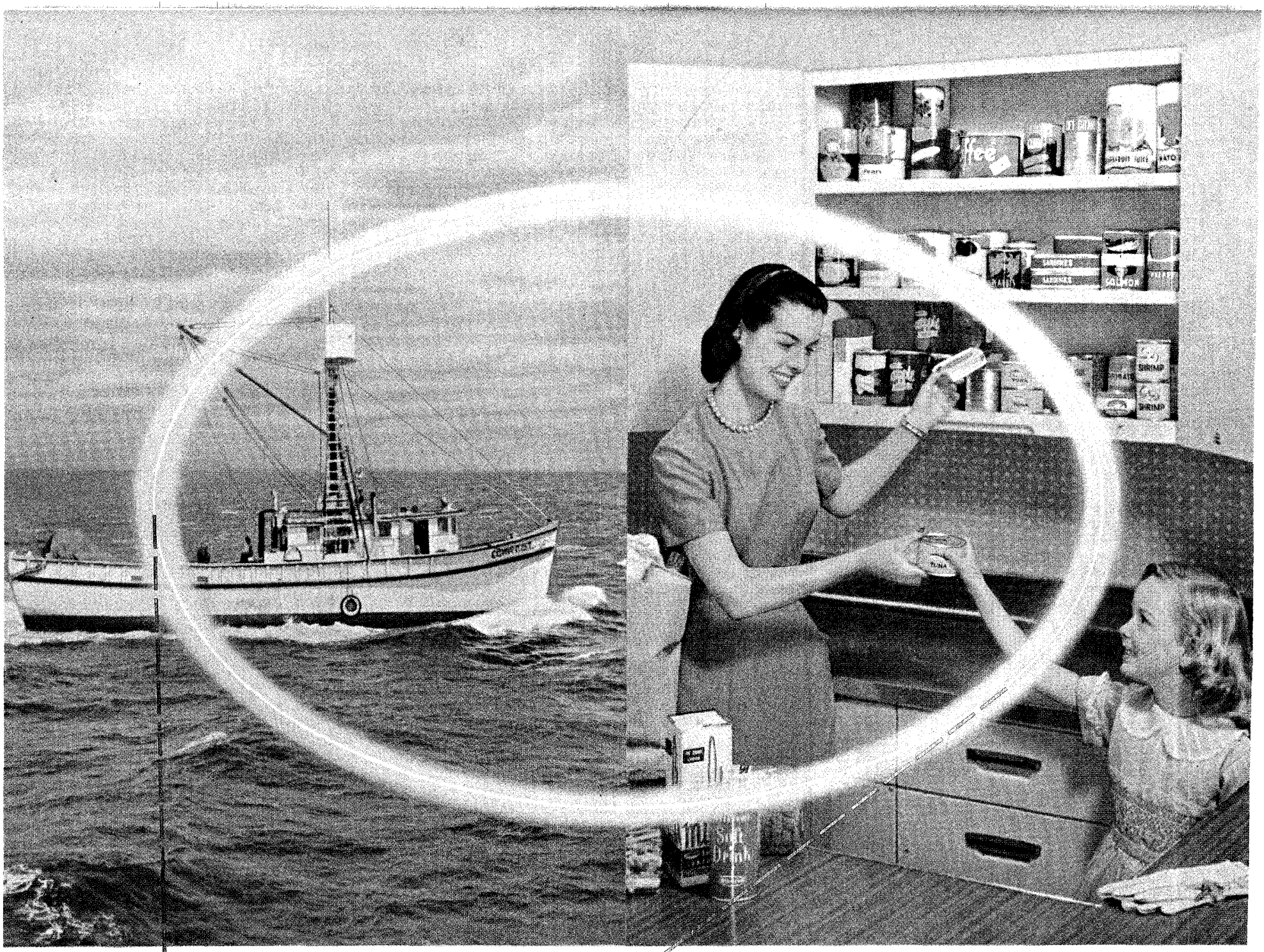


The Symbol that links the bounty of the sea to your pantry shelves

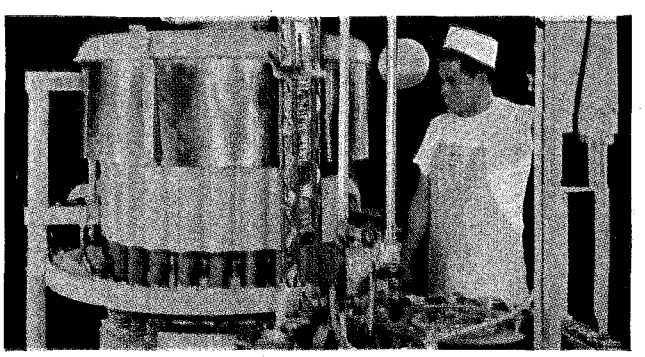
Fish from the waters of Maine and California . . . from far-away Alaska and the Gulf of Mexico . . . come to your pantry today with extra flavor and nutrition because of the can and a symbol you probably seldom notice.

The symbol is a trade-mark—a small oval on the ends of cans made by American Can Company.

Back of it is Canco's belief that the can is more than a container; it's a way of helping you live better . . . more conveniently . . . for less money.

Back of it, too, is Canco's motto "Can do," and the *spirit of cooperation* that makes this motto work.

BEHIND THIS SYMBOL ARE THE SERVICES OF CANCO'S "CAN DO" MEN. HERE'S HOW THEY HELP BRING YOU TASTIER CANNED FISH.



AS ANY FISHERMAN KNOWS, the quicker fish is prepared after catching, the better the flavor. To help the industry preserve flavor and cut catch-to-can time, Canco was first to develop high-speed machinery to fill cans and close under vacuum.

FOOD CHEMIST L. G. GERMAIN is one of the many specialists who help the fishing industry produce better products. Faced with tough problems and great opportunities, Canco's researchers and service people have always answered "Can do"!

CANCO "Can do"... *that's the spirit of* American Can Company

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He Plays With Killers (Continued from Page 36)

of prey to take fast game. Now he wants to handle all the birds of prey—the whole 696 species of eagles, hawks, falcons, vultures, kites, owls and the rest, from all over the world. He collects beasts of prey too. In fact, there's only one animal Hamlet despises: the hyena. So Hamlet is now rounding up all the wild animals man has ever used for hunting—Australian dingoes, Indian *Bhoonsa* dogs, African cheetahs, caracals, ferrets and Cape hunting dogs, North American timber wolves and South American maned wolves. You name another, and Hamlet will have it in his living room.

Soon after Hamlet arrived in Florida, word got around that he was going to put on a fast-action show for the public in a tract of live oaks near Ocala. Cheetahs would prowl an arena, free-flying birds of prey would drift through a 200-foot canyon, and a gaudy, ornery bird that bit off fingers would swoop low over your head. Floridians came to Hamlet's farmhouse, caught his excitement and bought stock in the venture. A dozen men of various colors and nationalities remained in Ocala and became working partners.

Waiting, restless, near Hamlet's back door is one of his more beautiful pets, a harpy eagle, the heaviest of the world's fourteen kinds of eagles. This double-crested giant from the Amazon rain forests is a monkey eater. If Hamlet turns his back, she is likely to jump him. Hamlet makes excuses for her. "The old gal's just hungry."

One small golden eagle called Apache had at last count killed three rabbits, four marauding cats and a fifty-pound dog. Apache weighs only nine and a half pounds.

"The claws of these golden eagles," Hamlet says, "are as long as the teeth of a tiger, and their feet are stronger than a tiger's jaws." Hamlet should know—he's been attacked by tigers as well as eagles.

When he was fourteen, he lived in the Black Hills of South Dakota with his part-Sioux grandfather and his grandmother, an old-time pal of Calamity Jane and Deadeye Dick.

"I'd been pestering them for an eagle," Hamlet says. "Finally, the ranch hands brought in this big eagle all trussed up, and released it into a pen. I walked in and talked to the eagle. I had the idea, as novices do, that if you look wild birds or animals in the eye, they won't hurt you. But the eagle flew up and drove his talons into my arm. Now, when an eagle locks into anything, in a while that thing dies, and he eats it. I'm not dead, so the eagle doesn't know what to do. And I don't know what to do.

"That eagle's talons, about two and a half inches long, were clenched tight into me and, Great Goodness-Miss Agnes, that is all pain and no pleasure! Finally, after a half hour, the eagle let go. The next day the foreman told me to go in there with a ball bat and beat that son-of-a-gun down, and then he'd respect me. But I knew he was wrong. If you sit staring at a bird of prey for half an hour while he's got hold of you, you know there's no punishment he'll understand."

Hamlet deplores training by punishment. "Proves nothing," he says, "except that a man can club an animal into submission till he can dress it up in pink tights and have it eat lollipops. But only a shadow of that animal is left."

But Hamlet is no paragon of patience. He can be heard a quarter mile away swearing at his caracals. These lynxlike wildcats hang out in a rocky, semiarid region of Africa, where game is scarce and elusive. The rugged living conditions that make the caracal rare also make it a remarkable hunter.

"It can jump higher than other, bigger cats," Hamlet explains. "Clears fifteen or sixteen feet. It'll crawl up on a flock of birds, using every bit of cover. Then, with this tremendous spring, it will cut down as many as six or seven birds as they leave the ground."

Hamlet expects to get these caracals so tolerant of him that they'll make their incredible leaps at his signal. That's a big order, and it's not surprising that Hamlet is the first man in this country to train adult-caught caracals and cheetahs. These beasts are nothing like big cats petted from kittenhood, nor like animals which are slowed down by overfeeding and tamed. Hamlet's cheetahs show hair-trigger reactions; he keeps them fenced and screened in, because a cheetah will go after anything that runs.

Before Hamlet will let any of his partners work the cheetahs with him, he makes sure the man has self-control. The partner gets a long head start, and runs. The cheetah takes off instantly. At Hamlet's command, the man must halt. And it does take self-control to stop and wait, with 120 pounds of supercharged cheetah streaking up on you at seventy miles an hour.

Jack Holmes, my husband, found out firsthand how adult-caught cheetahs act toward humans. For pictures of the two cheetahs he had to go into the arena with Hamlet, who never carries a gun or a chair or anything else a man could use as a weapon.

"I was set up for a picture," Jack says, "when Alulu, the female, started walking toward me. She walked slowly, dispassionately—no snarl. Hamlet hollered at her and warded her off. 'That's the way they attack,' he told me; 'no warning. This female is the aggressor; then the male comes in to finish up.'

"A moment later," Jack says, "both cats became fascinated with a couple of girls in the crowd outside the screen. I stretched out full length on the ground to get a low-angle picture. Alulu turned and walked slowly toward me, and I knew this was an attack.

"I figured my best chance was to lie still. When the cheetah was about four feet away, I put my head down. After a moment I felt her paw on my right leg. It was very gentle, a very light thing. Then I felt her claws piercing me. She yanked, and there was a loud, tearing sound. I thought she had ripped me stem to stern—actually, the sound was my pants leg giving way.

"About that time Hamlet evidently pulled her off, but now the male was over at my left side, snuffling around my ear. I was concentrating on lying still, but I took a chance and shoved the camera up to protect the back of my head. (I heard afterward that the male had his jaws open at the back of my neck when Hamlet kicked him in the teeth.) Meanwhile, the female had her paw on my right leg again. She slashed the slack of the trousers and got her teeth in my ankle, but didn't bite. At last I was aware that Hamlet had got both cats away from me, so I asked him if he wanted me to get up and get out, and he said yes."

Whenever Hamlet has a spare minute, he tries to train Beauty, an enormous vulture from Mount Kilimanjaro, but at thirty pounds Beauty is no featherweight to carry around on his gloved hand. Furthermore, she makes her hostility clear. An eerie creature with a naked head tinged in pink and blue, Beauty will fly at anybody within twenty feet of her perch. "She wants people to keep out of her way," Hamlet explains. "She will lay only one egg every two years. But how she ever gets together with the old cocks, with her temperament, I don't know."

Once in a while, Beauty gets a halfway-decent expression on her face. Then Hamlet can pat her on the head—and jump away fast, because Beauty turns ugly in seconds.

"Most of my hawks," Hamlet says, "have fine expressions on their faces; not mean or ornery. I can tell, by looking at a vulture's face, whether he is angry or nervous. With an eagle, I have to see the whole body. With a falcon, I can put him on my hand and tell how he's going to fly that day, and so can any other falconer. When goshawks are in yarak—at the peak of their strength and ability—their eyes are half closed, and oh, I mean they're ready for hunting. If you dawdle on your way to the woods, they nudge you 'chung, chung, chung,' with their feet. Get on with it, see?"

Hamlet says his wife, Billie, is the one who has a real knack with wild animals and birds. A small, fragile-looking Vermont girl, brown hair in braids, Billie works with all but the most hefty of the beasts and birds. Birds that she doesn't feed, train or even touch will take a fancy to her. But Billie can't get around Snow Top, a majestic and rare white-headed vulture. Though she has fed Snow Top day after day for months, he turns red in the face with anger every time she approaches.

Billie was out in the meadow recently watching Hamlet fly the sea eagle, a noble beauty taken as a nestling from Mindanao, the only white-breasted sea eagle in the United States. The sea eagle veered off course and headed for Billie. She threw up her hands to shield her face. The eagle, hovering, thrust three talons through her right palm, then suddenly flew back to Hamlet.

"It wasn't a sharp pain, like a cut," Billie says. "It was a deep, numbing hurt way down inside me. And I couldn't stop looking at those three blue holes in my hand. The next thing I remember, I was in the house, down on my knees. I was trying to get up, but I couldn't make it."

"It's the shock," Hamlet explains. "It paralyzes you. A great horned owl, for instance, will grab a big roughneck tomcat. You'd think the cat would put up a fight, but it can't. It has gone into shock. One of my partners has taken in stride all kinds of wounds—sloth bear, orangutan, leopard—but a twenty-two-pound golden eagle knocked him flat. It's like being stabbed with six ice picks, whap, that fast."

When Hamlet was still in his early teens, he left South Dakota to discover what was in the world outside. He worked his way through high school and college, acquiring a master's degree in zoology at Northwestern. After several years as a trouble shooter with the United States Fish and Wildlife Service, Hamlet became known as a good man to settle factional disputes. Then, during World War II, he was sent to the Pacific theater, assigned to the task of rehabilitating fractious officers.

Immediately after the war, Hamlet was borrowed by the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis to go among the wild hinterland tribes of Malaya, the Philippines and Borneo. He located for research use Cynomolgus monkeys so isolated that they were satisfactorily free of antibodies, and set up trade agreements with the tribes. Meanwhile he was organizing in South Carolina the foundation's big Primate Research Center, where about 1500 monkeys were imported monthly for polio research. And for seven years he was the center's director. Of all the tribes Hamlet stayed with during his work in the Pacific, he speaks most often of his friends, the high-strung Moros.

"These Moros are proud and mean," Hamlet says. "I got next to them because I didn't look down on them. And by not smiling—they (*Continued on Page 70*)

"Our first quarrel."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Just what the country ordered!

IT'S A HUGE ORDER – the dams, the highways, the flood controls, the construction of all types this country needs, and *fast!*

And tied right into that demand are the new construction-field 6-wheelers GMC has built for the job.

Twenty-three rugged tandems are shouldering loads from 28,000 GVW to 90,000 GCW – and rolling off with them at a steady rate that's cutting time schedules and costs.

Six super-powered engines – gasoline and Diesel – are mated with the right combinations of brawny transmissions and axles to handle their jobs efficiently and without strain. Result: down-time and repair costs shrink. Availability – even through two-shift work operations – is dependably greater. Time between overhauls is up to *twice* as long.

In transit-mix models, GMC's are reported as handling more trips than comparable equipment. In dump trucks trimmed of dead weight, they're carrying as much as a ton more payload per trip within legal limits.

Hydra-Matic models* are startling old hands with their unbroken pace in rolling up ramps, and their smooth agility in traffic.

Power Steering*, available in all these models, is making maneuvering, even in deep sand, fast and easy.

So contractors in 48 states are turning to GMC – and their GMC's are making good. If you'd like, we'll gladly give you names and facts.

If YOU want to share most profitably in America's big and booming construction program, there's a Blue Chip GMC 6-wheeler or any other size you need right down to the popular pickup. See your GMC dealer!

BLUE CHIP GMC TRUCKS

Your key to Blue Chip value

GMC TRUCK & COACH—*A General Motors Division*

**Standard on some models; optional at extra cost on others*

WORKING 11,000 FEET UP – *Montgomery Dam, Colo.*

The Fisher Contracting Company, of Phoenix, Ariz., is responsible for some of the Southwest's most impressive construction achievements. Of the 41 GMC units – from transit mixers to pickups – that they operate, they say:

"We're cost-conscious, in this highly competitive business. And our GMC's meet the test in being economical in operation, efficient and dependable. One of our GMC Diesels, for example, has about 100,000 hard miles on it *without our ever having to remove the head.*"

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(*Continued from Page 67*) don't like smiling. A Moro likes you to come up and slap him on the back just as hard as you can, knock him flat on his face and then run. But you do not smile."

When the visitors at Hamlet's see his eagles, somebody always asks him that haunting question: Will eagles attack children? The answer has to be yes. Not long ago a blacksmith friend of Hamlet's walked his family out near the clawed circle where Comanche, a golden eagle, was staked. Coldly, Comanche eyed the big blacksmith, his plump wife, three-year-old son and leashed dachshund. Comanche picked the boy as the most tender of the lot, and lunged at him. For this reason Hamlet himself keeps an eye on every child who comes around his house, and he doesn't allow such eager fellows as Comanche to participate in his show.

Hamlet has paid up to $2000 for an animal and as much as $600 for some of his birds. Others he got for nothing, if you can call dangling from a cliff getting something for nothing. When Hamlet went out West after his golden eagles, he couldn't use the ordinary methods of trapping because it was summer and the eagles were fat. So he was forced to watch the goldens he wanted through field glasses to mark the cliffs and ledges of their roosts. In daylight he anchored a long rope to rocks above the roost, marking the rope at what he estimated was the distance down to the roosting ledge. Then he waited for the kind of cloudy, blustering night that would cover his approach.

Come that night, he gripped in his teeth a nylon stocking tied in a binder's knot, and eased himself, hand over hand, down the rope till he reached the marking where the golden eagle was supposed to be.

"Then," Hamlet says, "you sink down on that eagle with your knees. Of course, the eagle is flabbergasted. If he could see you, your chances of getting him would be nothing. As he claws up the cliff wall, you keep your knees in his back, letting your body swing in so you keep him pushed toward the wall, till he works up to your chest. Then you reach one hand off the rope and grab him by the legs. You upend him and drop this stocking from your mouth down over his feet, pull it taut, get the other end back into your teeth, and start climbing up the rope. The eagle is flopping and fiddling around, and you're scared to death. You always have a dry mouth, you always have buck fever, but you carry him up in your teeth. There is no other way up."

Hamlet is having his troubles rounding up all the wild animals man has ever used for hunting, especially in latching onto a pair of maned wolves, the stilt-legged animals used for sight-running game by Brazilian Indians. And it has been months since he heard from the missionary who went after a pack of dingoes. Then, the other night, came vexing news. Hamlet was having a fireside cup of coffee with his partner, Chuck, and listening to his translation of an ancient French hunting book, when suddenly Chuck let out a roar of laughter.

"The hyena," Chuck boomed, "the one animal you hate! It says right here they used the hyena for hunting! Hamlet, they've got you cold!"

"I never thought," Hamlet says with a grin, "that a low-slung, hornswoggling hyena would get the last laugh on me. I'll get me one, but it'll be ridiculous. Who ever heard of a man making friends with a hyena?" THE END

The Day Begins

By Eleanor Alletta Chaffee

Surely the morning was made
for such as these
Who, bright-faced, peer in hope
from crib or cot,
Valiantly struggling on
uncertain knees
To see the day begin. Ready or
not,
Mothers must bestir themselves,
unwind
Blankets like pink and blue
cocoons, alert
Reluctant dozers, and, more
firm than kind,
Assume the face of duty,
cheerful, pert.
Fathers must be launched on
the morning tide,
The school-sized stoked with
cereal and bread,
Rubbers retrieved from where
they seem to hide,
The crew assembled, small sails
hoisted, sped.
All these share mornings, but
the tiniest
Ride like small dolphins on the
new day's crest!

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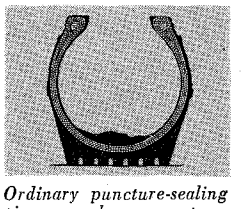
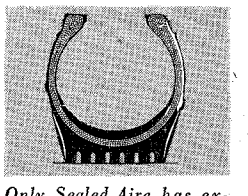


Ordinary puncture-sealing tires can lose puncture protection—Centrifugal force and tire heat can cause the sealing gum to flow out of position losing puncture protection and causing out-of-balance.



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I Married a Polio Victim (Continued from Page 27)

Photography. The first class night was very wintry. I walked into the warm classroom on the second floor of Lee Hall and looked the bunch over. About a dozen students had showed up, and there were loads of vacant seats. One student, I noticed, was an old lady, and there was one other woman, a good-looking girl sitting in the second row. Some fellow was sitting beside her, but the chair on the other side was empty.

"Is this seat taken?" I asked.

She seemed surprised at my asking and said "No."

That was the first time I saw Peggy—born Margaret Milton Hubbard—and it didn't get me far with her. She shared my textbook because she hadn't bought hers yet. But she seemed to know the fellow on the other side and spent the class breaks talking to him.

It went on like that for several months. Finally the other fellow changed jobs or something and quit coming, and after that Peggy and I began getting acquainted. I used to walk her out of the classroom, when she would go and join her mother, who always called for her. We had our first date in April. The Interfaith Fellowship in the college was sponsoring a trip to the Cathedral of the Pines, an interesting outdoor chapel at Rindge, New Hampshire. I didn't belong to the fellowship, but Peggy was vice-president. I saw her reading the bulletin announcing the trip and asked if she was going.

"I guess so," she said.

"I'm driving up," I suddenly decided. "You could ride up with me."

The day scheduled for the trip turned out to be rainy and miserable. The group trip was canceled. I was terribly disappointed, but there seemed to be nothing to do except take Peggy home and forget it. "Did you have anything else you wanted to do today?" I asked.

"Nothing special," she said.

"You and I could still drive up there," I said; "it might clear."

"Why not?" she said.

We found the cathedral closed because of the weather, but we didn't mind that too much. Up and back, we chatted about a lot of things—school, families, music, the weather and my hobby of collecting bells. We ate dinner at a restaurant on the way home. I suggested a movie, and we went to see Moulin Rouge. When we finally got back to her home, she invited me in to meet her mother. And this is how she introduced me: "Mother, I'd like you to meet Paul. . . . Paul, this is my mother."

She didn't know my last name. I didn't know hers either. It was Hubbard.

I had been seeing two other girls pretty regularly, but gave them up soon after that; and a few months later, on Saturday, October 24, 1953, in the First Congregational Church in Chicopee, my dad, who has been pastor of that little white New England church for fifteen years, said the words that made us man and wife.

Nothing terribly exciting has happened to us. We had a head-on collision with a lumber truck on our honeymoon, but we escaped with no permanent injuries. Peggy kept on working in the office where she had a job, for a few months after we were married. Our son, Christopher, was born August 14, 1954, and eight months later, after plunking down every cent we had and signing away our lives for twenty-five years, we moved into a new five and one-half-room ranch-type house on the outskirts of Springfield. There must be millions of young couples whose history wouldn't read much different from ours.

The story, however, gets a little different from here on. It is the story of how Peggy, without the use of her legs, manages to lead a life that is just about as nearly normal as any young wife's could be.

Peggy's father died when she was six. Her mother taught social studies in the West Springfield High School, and still does. In the war-year summers, Mrs. Hubbard carried a full-time, often seven-days-a-week job in the Springfield Armory. Peggy and her grandmother did the housework.

In July, 1944, Peggy was twelve years five months old. She was a strong, healthy girl, an excellent student, and she had taken various types of dancing lessons since she was five. She hoped to become a professional dancer. On the eighth day of that month, she and her grandmother walked down to the grocery store in the main part of town to do the daily buying.

It was hot. When Peggy stepped into the cool, air-conditioned grocery store, she says she suddenly became very dizzy, and everything, as they say, "went black." She literally groped her way into the drugstore next door, ordered a soda and felt better after drinking it. But on the way back up the hill, she developed a terrific headache.

That was the last time Peggy ever walked as other people walk. She went to bed with a temperature. The doctor came, and a day or so later had her moved to the isolation ward of Springfield Hospital; a month after that she was transferred to the Shriners' Hospital. She didn't come home again until March, 1945, seven months later.

Shortly after we became engaged, Peggy said one day, "Paul, do you realize you've never said a word to me about my being lame, never mentioned it, never wondered whether we could live a normal married life?"

She says that what I answered was, "No; should I have?"

The fact is, I wasn't marrying a lame girl. I was marrying the girl I liked to look at, liked to talk to, liked to be with. That's how it was and still is. To me, Peggy's being lame is like a wife who can't balance her checkbook. It's a handicap; sure. But plenty can be done about it when taken in hand. Peggy did take hers in hand. I don't mean to say that in other respects she is perfect. She is very much like a wife, she has her likes and dislikes, and she lets them be known. She hates to can peaches. She back-seat drives about the worst of anybody I know, probably because of the accidents we've had. She likes to sew, but hates to iron, and it's easier to get her to make me a new shirt than to iron an old one. As for me, I have the usual number of faults and am often told about them.

Peggy's story, as I see it, is the story of the two big battles she has had to fight and still fights. One battle is what Peggy thinks about Peggy. The other battle is what other people think about Peggy.

When Peggy took sick, she had no idea what it was going to mean, except she was afraid she couldn't keep a dentist's appointment later that month. She was in the hospital most of July and all of August, but still expected to go back to school with her class in September. When it finally dawned on her that she was going to be in the hospital a long time and leave it, crippled, a door closed and she was shut behind it.

When she came home from the hospital she wasn't the same girl she had been, physically or mentally. She couldn't seat herself in a chair or rise from it without help. She couldn't do much of anything, actually. She stayed home from school all that year and all next year, and mostly thought about herself. She let herself believe she was different from everybody else. She cried and cried and pitied herself to pieces. They say she was a happy extrovert before, though a bit shy. But she became a cross, self-pitying introvert. Today I consider her once more about as complete an extrovert as you'd find. Winning the fight against self-pity made her so. That's what I think.

"Why can't you just read a newspaper at breakfast like other men?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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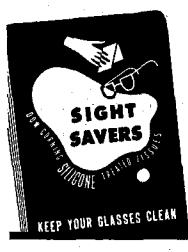

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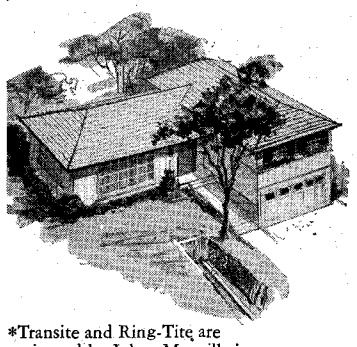

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Her mother, of course, realized what was happening and knew it could ruin her life. At considerable sacrifice she bought a car; they hadn't had one. Her purpose was to get Peggy away from the house, get her to see people, go places, and particularly get her back in school with her old classmates.

Her class was starting tenth grade that year. Peggy had done some studying at home, and it was decided she could go on with the class. They had a new principal at West Springfield that year, named John Redmond; he was there all the time Peggy was in high school. I won't say I think everything he did was best for Peggy, though he was certainly pretty wonderful. I think it's possible he did too much. Maybe she was encouraged in the idea that she was a special sort of person, entitled to be waited on. Such an idea, I think, is bad for anyone.

As Peggy's husband I've had to make up my mind what really helps her, and I have come to the conclusion that the best thing is to make as little as possible of her lameness, and not to run and do every little thing for her. If this makes me sound unsympathetic, it isn't because I feel that way. Often it would be easier to do something for her than watch her struggle with it herself. But, I tell myself, she never learns unless she tries. So I assume she can do things other people do unless she tells me she can't and proves it.

When she is really stumped, we sit down and try to figure out together a way for her to do whatever it is. We had a waist-high oven built in the kitchen so she can bake her delicious chocolate cakes and mince pies and things without any stooping. We had the contractor build our steps with shorter risers than usual; they're easier for her to climb. She said it made her tired to iron. I saw an ad showing a woman sitting down to iron, and now Peggy irons sitting down.

We share jobs, as all married couples do. There was the laundry problem. We bought a combination washer-dryer and intended to put it in the kitchen, where Peggy could have handled the washing by herself; but we were told it would have to be vented there, so we had it put in the cellar. It still had to be vented, but that isn't the point. Our basement stairs are steep, the treads are narrow, the handrail is pretty shaky, and it isn't worth having Peggy risk a fall going down. The laundry job is one we share. Peggy sorts the clothes, I carry them down and put them in the machine and start it before I go to work. When I come home, I carry up the dried clothes, and she folds and puts them away.

Taking care of a small child, especially one who climbs on the TV set and walks right off, can be a job for any mother, and Christopher is one of Peggy's biggest problems. He soon learned that his mother couldn't run after him. He experiments to see how far he can go and what he can get away with, and Peggy experiments to see what she can do to manage him.

At night, like any other nonsleepy kid, when she said it was bedtime, he didn't think so and began scampering all over the house. Usually I'm working then, and there's no one to make him obey. Her first impulse, she said, was to chase him into his room, but she decided that would mean chasing him every night for the next hundred weeks. She decided the best thing was to sit and ignore him. This took almost more patience than she had, but she stuck it out and found that he soon got tired and came and said meekly, "'Night!" I suppose she'll have to work out other stunts for other situations, but what mother doesn't? She says the next child is to be a girl!

One fault of Peggy's that I didn't mention was extravagance. She never had money to speak of until she got a job and began earning it, and when she did, she spent it like Christmas. She stopped working, of course, before Chris came, and her salary stopped too. What a pastry baker earns will go only so far. Fortunately, Peggy's big extravagance is clothes, and equally fortunately she loves to sew. The way we worked out that problem was to buy an electric sewing machine with a device that enables her to work the power switch with her elbow.

"This," I said, getting tough, "has got to pay for itself."

I really think it will. She buys yard goods and mill ends. She makes my shirts and Chris's. She made Chris's Easter outfit and her own too. She made pajamas, a robe and a spring coat for her mother, who now wants Peggy to make all her clothes. She is planning to go to trade school to learn tailoring, so she can make my suits. She says she can buy enough material for a suit for about ten dollars.

She handles the money and is learning to make ends meet. She tots up the bills, puts aside enough to cover them, and we eat on what's left. We have steak if we're flush. But I'm glad when we're broke, because then we have spaghetti and meat balls, which she makes better than anybody else.

Her problems often suggest their own solutions. One day, while cleaning the refrigerator, she dropped a half gallon of milk, spilling it all over the floor. At first she was going to leave it for me to clean up. But she found it easier to push the footstool in from the living room, sit on it and mop the floor with a small sponge. Now she has a scrub mop. One day she spilled a bowl of cake batter all over the floor and cleaned that up the same way.

Our next car is going to have hand controls, so Peggy can drive. She has tried it, and can.

Sometimes on the spur of the moment she tries something she thought she couldn't do and finds that she can. We generally go together to lay in the week's groceries. I usually push the cart. One day I went to the store office to cash a check while she was at the back of the store selecting meat. I was gone longer than she expected. She felt silly standing there, doing nothing, so she tried pushing the cart herself. I found her at the front of the store, very excited.

"Paul," she said, "how do you think I got down here?"

I said she must have walked.

"Yes, but I pushed the cart down too. Aren't you surprised?"

I was, but I didn't make too much of it. It seems to me that would only have emphasized her lameness, her difference from others. I like to compliment Peggy by assuming she can do more than she thinks she can.

Getting back to Peggy in high school. I have often wondered if Principal Redmond did right when he rearranged classes and had the teachers swap classrooms, so that all of Peggy's classes were on the first floor. It was certainly very thoughtful. But was it a good thing? Peggy might have learned to climb stairs sooner if he hadn't done it.

He did make her take part in things, though, and helped her get over a habit she had got into; if something was hard, she'd say it was too hard and would not try. At first it was suggested she attend classes one day a week and study mostly at home. But the stimulus of being with her classmates was exciting and made her want to come every day, and she did. She took part in activities, edited the class yearbook, was publicity chairman for a

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lot of dances, made the honor society and walked at the head of the procession when the class graduated.

That is the story of some of Peggy's early victories—victories which meant that Peggy quit thinking of Peggy purely as a poor little thing who couldn't do much, and started her thinking that she could do almost anything she put her mind to.

It was good she began thinking that way in high school. In college there was nobody to pamper her. She went to American International, where we met. Nobody there had time to arrange classes for a lame girl. Classes were held in the rooms assigned. You paid tuition to attend. Anybody who didn't get to those rooms at the right time was out of luck. Peggy soon found she could go upstairs and down, not as fast as some, but she got there.

She had summer jobs two years at Camp Witawentin, near Pittsfield, Massachusetts, and the day after graduating from college she went to work in the transcription department of the Eastern States Farmers' Exchange. She got no special consideration there, either. In fact, the personnel director gave her a good talking-to for getting back late to her desk after a coffee break.

Peggy's second big battle has to do with what others think about Peggy. This matters a lot for any handicapped person, especially if the handicap is something that can be seen by others. I suppose curiosity enters into it, and maybe self-interest and self-analysis: "What if it were I? How does he feel? How would I feel? What would I do? What would people think of me?" When new people meet her, Peggy says, she senses a wall they have to get over before they feel easy with her. Not until they forget her lameness, or push it into the background, do they really begin to think of what she is besides being lame.

Peggy has learned to sort out the different kinds of people she meets and treat them as she thinks they deserve. Pity she won't tolerate, especially the hypocritical kind. I doubt that any handicapped person wants pity. Yet the following incident incredible as it seems, actually happened.

A woman, a stranger, stopped Peggy one day and said, "You poor, poor dear! How long have you been this way?"

Peggy used to just about die of humiliation when such things happened, she says, because it called her condition to mind and made it seem ugly. When people stared at her, she used to turn away, trying to hide. As she gained confidence, however, she stared right back. If questions were rude, she learned to say, "Excuse me!" and marched past without answering—which is what she did in this instance. I'm not sure that's Christian, but I think it's human.

Most of the things people think, and sometimes say to Peggy, are due to honest ignorance. There is an awful lot of misunderstanding, it seems, about handicaps in general, but especially about polio. Peggy is always glad to answer honest questions honestly, even if some of them are pretty silly.

Somebody asked if her braces are fastened to her legs with rivets! A man with a master's degree asked if she wore her braces in the bath and to bed; Peggy asked him if he wore his glasses to bed! After Christopher was born, some people couldn't understand how he could have normal legs. Some think that because it left her lame, Peggy still has polio.

The honest questions are asked by kids. Peggy was at a neighbor's for the afternoon lately, and several mothers were there with their children. One boy who had never met Peggy eyed her for some time, then came and pointed to her braces.

"Why do you have those things on your legs?" he asked.

Some imperceptive mothers in such circumstances make bad worse by saying, "Johnny, come here and keep quiet!"—as if he had said a dirty word. Peggy hates that. This mother didn't. So Peggy told the boy that a long time ago she was sick, and her legs didn't get strong afterward, and she wears the braces to strengthen them enough so she can stand and walk. Immediately the other boys remarked that that was why they were having their polio shots.

One of Peggy's friends, Helen, says she had no trouble getting her son, aged five, to take his polio shots, because of what he had learned from Peggy. But he did ask, "Why didn't Auntie Peg have the shots?"

Peggy's experience leads her to say this about polio in particular, "We aren't freaks. We're ordinary people, with the same emotions as anyone else, and we want to do things others do—and we can, in good part, if allowed." She feels she can do just about everything she has to, and wants to. "I try. If my efforts aren't perfect, I know I tried and accomplished something. Sometimes I wonder how I'm ever going to manage several children, a house and a husband for the next twenty years. But not often any more. Things work out. I seldom fret now about not wearing high heels, or dancing, or walking barefoot on the beach, things that I know are beyond me—yet."

Don't imagine from what I have said that either Peggy or I think that she, or anyone else, is fit to go it alone in this world. Self-reliance is terribly important; but it isn't all-important. Peggy once wrote some of our thoughts about that in a letter to a friend.

The perfect human being hasn't yet been created. Everyone has faults, failings, weaknesses. Each of us has to ask something of others; no one is an island apart. A person asks for help when he must. But it's help he asks for, not pity. That's what friends, neighbors, husbands, wives, families are for, to help one another in time of need without loss of respect or resentment on either side. Love and friendship are based on need.

Are you surprised that I think my girl, Peggy, is quite a person? THE END

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

The only way women can get equal rights now is by surrendering some.

The best arguments for being a bachelor are those he doesn't have at home.

Every young man should learn to cook. He may marry someday.

A budget is a device which shows how much you are going to have to borrow.

One thing a boy can learn with a toy chemistry set is his father's boiling point.

When you don't know how the other half lives, you've probably watched them crossing the street.

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Born to Play Ball (Continued from Page 30)

National League pitchers have long since reached the verdict that there is nothing naïve about this twenty-two-year-old Negro outfielder when he takes a baseball bat in hand. Over the last two and a half seasons in Milwaukee, he has carved out a reputation as probably the best fast-ball hitter in the league, and a man who should be up there among the batting leaders for many years to come.

"I suppose by this time Henry has become particular about the bat he uses," Spec Richardson said this spring, "but he played that entire season at Jacksonville without any special bats of his own. When we took orders from the players, Henry never once put in a request. He just picked up the first bat he came to when he started to the plate. He never bothered to learn the names of his teammates. There was a pitcher here that year named Vince DiLorenzo. For the sake of brevity, Vince had painted the name 'DiLo' on his duffel bag. To the end of the season DiLorenzo was 'DiLo' to Henry."

In the National League, on the other hand, it has become clear that Aaron is no longer the vague fellow of the Jacksonville days. General manager John Quinn has found Henry to be very precise about such details as how much money he wants to be paid. Last winter the two of them jockeyed down the stretch in an interesting salary duel.

In the early stages, Aaron put in a long-distance call to Quinn after receiving his first contract by mail. Injuries had developed around the Braves' infield as the 1955 season neared its conclusion, and Henry had been called on to shift temporarily to second base, customarily occupied by Danny O'Connell, a slumping .225 hitter.

"Mr. Quinn," Henry said over the telephone, "did you send me Danny O'Connell's contract by mistake?"

The Braves did not sign Aaron until the very eve of spring training. The belief is that, in the end, he got what he wanted—a $20,000 salary for 1956, representing a raise of about $8000 over his 1955 pay.

Nor has Henry been slow about cashing in on the extra sources of income that are available to the top ballplayers nowadays. He has put his name to work in Milwaukee, where four firms, from a cigar manufacturer to a lumber company, use him for testimonials. One night early this season, while the Braves were loitering around the clubhouse before one of several rain-outs that kept them inactive for a week, Joe Taylor, the portly equipment manager, hollered for attention. In various stages of dress and undress, the Braves listened obediently.

Out of a little radio on a shelf oozed the easy, natural tones of Henry Aaron in a recorded commercial, "And this is Hank Aaron saying, I'll be seeing you around, for the Such-and-Such Lumber Company."

There were raucous cheers and whistles and a gentle needle or two. "Man," somebody hollered, "listen to that Henry make money!"

This is the same young man who unconcernedly spent his entire rookie season in Milwaukee with a misspelled name over his locker at County Stadium. The placard read ARRON, but there was never a peep out of Henry. Now he goes out of his way to establish a preference for the jauntiness of "Hank." His slim little wife, Barbara, has her own special version. She calls him "Aarons."

Henry had No. 5 as his uniform number his first year at Milwaukee, but last season he went to Donald Davidson, the publicity director of the Braves, and requested a double figure. He preferred the sound and the looks of a No. 22, or a No. 33, or a No. 44. It was pointed out to him that many greats, such as Babe Ruth, Ted Williams, Lou Gehrig and Joe DiMaggio, Henry's personal hero—"He was the only one that could do everything"—had worn single numbers. Henry still wanted a double number. Aaron is now No. 44.

In Henry's home town of Mobile, Alabama, his blossoming as a personality was evident last winter. He was elected Negro mayor of Mobile for the city's big Mardi-gras celebration, and he spent the off season as an instructor at Carver Park, the same recreation ground where he developed his native athletic skill as a boy.

"He did a fine job for us," said Raymond F. Kennedy, director of the city's Negro-recreation department. "He turned out to be a much better speaker than we thought he would be, and he set a fine example for our boys, the way he conducted himself."

Even in Aaron's earlier days with the Braves, there were occasions when he surprised everybody with his mental nimbleness. At the annual banquet of the Milwaukee Baseball Writers' Association after the 1954 season, he was invited to accept a plaque as the Braves' rookie of the year. Coaxed into a stiff shirt and a rented Tuxedo for the first time in his life, he sat listening while Louis R. Perini, president of the ball club, extolled Aaron's talents in expansive oratory.

"Man," Henry whispered to his neighbors at the head table. "Does he mean that before I sign or after I sign?"

He had people guessing again shortly before the 1955 spring-training season. There was a firm rule against starting practice before March first that year, but several of the Braves checked into Bradenton to work out on their own, Henry among them. Baseball commissioner Ford Frick considered this a clear-cut violation. He wired the club and each of the players that they were being fined. When manager Charley Grimm handed Aaron his copy of the telegram, Henry shoved it into his pocket unopened.

"Better read that thing, Henry," Charley said. "It's from Ford Frick."

The picture of innocence, Henry looked at Grimm and asked, "Who's dat?"

As even the best hitters must, Aaron has his batting slumps. He got into one at the end of the training season this spring, going nine straight times without a hit. "I saving up for opening day," he said.

Sure enough, on opening day Aaron slugged Bob Rush, of Chicago, for a home run. This was a false start, though, for when the regular season reached May eleventh, Aaron literally was not hitting his weight; he weighs around 180, and his average then was .167. Then Aaron began to connect in a sustained drive that carried him to the top of the National League batting averages last month.

He was always a great favorite with Charley Grimm, who was let out in June as manager of the Braves. "That Henry," Grimm has said, "he's one in a thousand. You can't make a Willie Mays out of him. He's not that spectacular. He does things his own way. But he'll probably be around a long time after Willie's gone. He was crude when he first came up, but it took only a little time to develop the polish. A little extra time in the batting cage and he was a good hitter. He's got a great arm, so accuracy was only a matter of time and experience. The way he walks you wouldn't think he has any speed. Some of the fellows call him 'Snowshoes' because of the way he sort of pushes himself along. But he'll amaze you when he turns it on."

Henry Aaron first came to the attention of the Braves through a postscript in a letter from Syd Pollock, owner of the Indianapolis Clowns, early in the 1952 season. "P.S.," Pollock wrote. "We've got an 18-year-old shortstop batting cleanup for us."

The bait was grabbed by John Mullen, a subaltern in the front office of the then Boston Braves, who has been elevated to farm director since the club moved to baseball heaven in Milwaukee. Mullen located the Indianapolis Clowns—a nomadic Negro team that seldom plays in Indianapolis—in Buffalo. He called a Braves' scout named Dewey Griggs, who operates a semipro team in the little midstate New York town of Homer, and sent him to Buffalo to inspect this eighteen-year-old phenom.

"Indianapolis and the Kansas City Monarchs"—another band of wanderers—"were playing a double-header," Griggs told me not long ago. "This kid had seven for nine. He hit one over the left-field fence in the International League park in Buffalo. He made five double plays. He ran on his heels, though, and his arm didn't seem too strong. I went down to talk to him between games. 'Can't you throw any better than that?' I asked him.

"'Oh, yes, sir, I can throw,' he said. 'I been throwing just enough to get 'em out. I show you.'

"He did. He went in the hole on a tough play in the second game and got his man by ten steps. So I knew he could throw. Then he beat out a bunt by a mile, and I knew he could run."

The young prodigy was, of course, Henry Aaron, just out of Central High School, in Mobile. Pollock told Griggs that speed was essential, for six other major-league clubs were interested in Aaron, and the New York Giants in particular were pressing for a decision. Pollock offered to let the Braves take an option on Aaron for $2500, and look at him another week. If they decided to buy, the price would be $10,000.

Griggs called general manager Quinn. "It's up to you," Quinn told him. "Is the fellow worth ten thousand dollars?"

"Mr. Quinn," Griggs said, "I'll put up the twenty-five hundred option fee myself. That's what I think of this kid."

On June 12, 1952, as best they remember in the Braves' office, the $10,000 payment was completed. By this time the roving Clowns had reached Charlotte, North Carolina, where Aaron was given plane fare and orders to report to the Eau Claire, Wisconsin, club in the Class C Northern League.

"Remember," Quinn pointed out recently, "we were not rich back there in 1952. Ten thousand dollars was a good deal of money to us that year. We had drawn badly in 1951 in Boston, and we were having it even rougher in 1952. But within two years we could have turned our ten-thousand-dollar investment into a hundred thousand on the big-league market."

On the basis of less than two weeks of play at Eau Claire, Henry was selected to play shortstop in the Northern League all-star game. He hit .336 for his full season and was voted rookie of the year. The next year he was switched to second base at Jacksonville, and he responded magnificently. He led the Sally League in batting average, doubles, runs, total bases and runs batted in.

In 1954, after two all-star seasons at two different positions, Henry was moved once again. There were flaws in his infield work, as reflected in a high total of errors. Henry candidly admitted he did not like the idea of having base runners bearing down on him in the middle of double plays. It was apparent that he was ready for the major leagues as a hitter, but he might be three seasons away as an infielder—if indeed he'd ever make the grade.

So Aaron became an outfielder. He was dispatched to Puerto Rico to get in some basic training on a winter-league team before the summer of 1954.

"He was just a kid," says Mickey Owen, who managed Aaron at Caguas, "but he wasn't green. He started playing the outfield (*Continued on Page 76*)

"Help!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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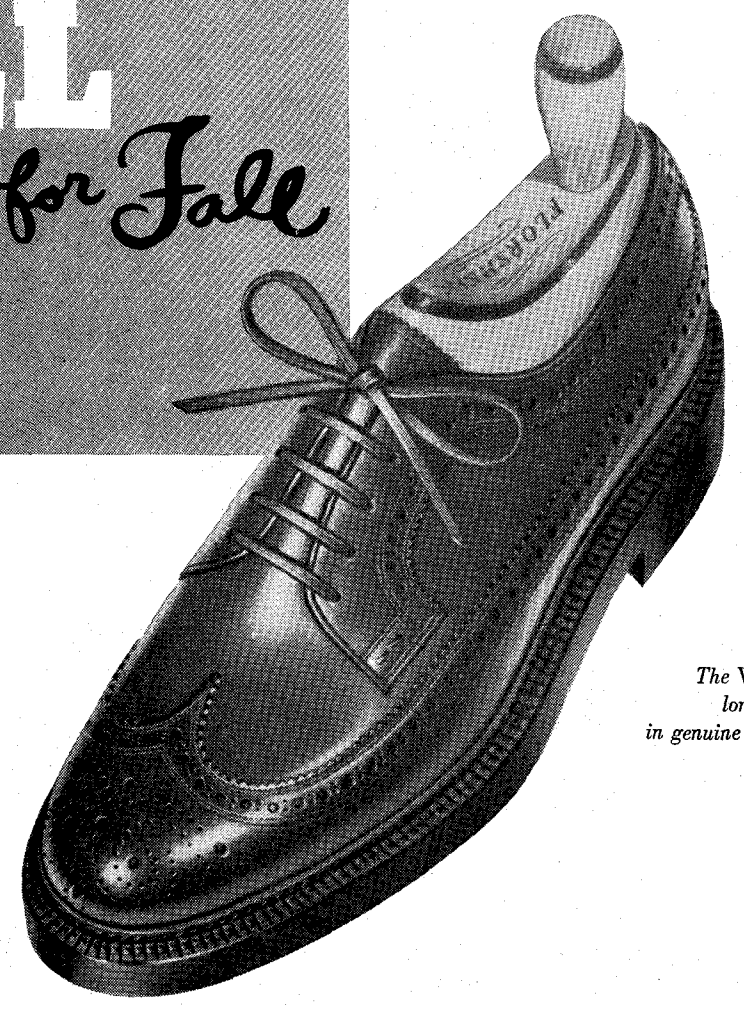
The BELAIR, *S-1729;*
black calfskin
Norwegian front blucher.

The VIKING, *S-1403;*
plain toe blucher
in tan random grain; storm welt.

ALL for Fall



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(*Continued from Page 74*)

like he was born there. He made his mistakes, but never the same one twice."

Aaron had found a refuge from ground balls and from flashing spikes, and he threw himself into outfield work with wholehearted enthusiasm. He reported to the Braves in the spring, although not as an official member of the varsity. He was on the roster of the Toledo farm club, of the American Association.

"From the start," Grimm says, "he did so well I knew we were going to have to carry him."

When Bobby Thomson broke an ankle sliding into second base in an exhibition game at St. Petersburg, Aaron automatically became a first-stringer. He opened in right field against Cincinnati, and stayed there until he cracked a leg of his own, sliding into third base against the Redlegs on September fifth. By the time that happened, the rookie from the Class A league had driven in sixty-nine runs and hit thirteen homers. He was batting .280.

Last season, on his way to the Braves' most-valuable-player prize, Henry drove in 106 runs.

This put him in an exclusive class, for only a few other Braves have ever reached the 100-RBI mark, either in Boston or Milwaukee—Wally Berger, Tommy Holmes, Bob Elliott, Sid Gordon and Ed Mathews. Even Rogers Hornsby, when he led the National League in hitting with the Braves in 1928, drove in only ninety-four runs.

Aaron's thirty-seven doubles last year tied him with teammate Johnny Logan for the league lead. He topped the club in hits, with 189, and in batting average, with .314.

Henry also has nailed down another club title without serious challenge. He is acknowledged to be the all-time sleeping king of the Braves. The team does considerable flying, which didn't meet with Henry's approval at first. After a few flights somebody asked Duffy Lewis, the old Red Sox outfielder who is traveling secretary of the Braves, how Aaron liked air travel by now.

"How would he know?" Duffy said. "He's fast asleep before the plane gets off the ground, and he doesn't wake up until the engines have stopped."

In Milwaukee, the Aarons live in a little upstairs flat at the rear of a faded brown house on North 29th Street, just off busy West Center. Two pieces of furniture eat up most of the limited space in the living room—a big leather easy chair and a large-screen television set. "He just sit there and watch those shooting Westerns and smoke cigarettes," his wife says, chuckling at the chance to poke fun at her mate.

One day early this season Henry sat in that easy chair and talked about some of the ambitions that have taken hold of him since he discovered he was good enough to play in the major leagues.

"I guess the thing I'd most rather do of all," he said, cocking his head and biting his lower lip, "I'd rather hit four hundred. A lot of guys are hitting forty homers nowadays, but nobody is hit four hundred since Ted Williams a long time ago. Besides, that would mean I wouldn't have any slumps. You can't hit four hundred and have slumps too. I'd like to win the batting title, and I'd like to be the most valuable player, but most of all I'd rather hit four hundred. I guess that might get me all the rest."

The Polo Grounds in New York is his favorite hitting yard. Although he is not a dead pull hitter, and doesn't often capitalize on the short left-field foul line for home runs, many of his drives fall safely in the extra-wide-open spaces from left center to right center. "If I could play all my games there, I might get my four hundred," he said zestfully.

As for the opposing pitchers, he has no fondness for Clem Labine, of Brooklyn—"He mix it up pretty good on me, and I have a lot of trouble with that sinker he throws"—or Johnny Klippstein, of Cincinnati—"He's always keeping it low on me." With his reputation for murdering the fast ball, he sees an abundance of curves and slow stuff. Around the league the general theory is that it's safest to mix them up on Aaron.

"There's no use trying to get him out on one pitch," manager Fred Hutchinson, of St. Louis, says. "What gets him out one time won't get him the next time. The only sure thing you've got to do is keep it low, like you do to most all good hitters."

Henry has one mild complaint about the order of things in Milwaukee. "That's batting Number Four behind Eddie Mathews," he explains. "I get the blame for his home runs. He hits 'em and the pitchers knock me down for it. I got to hit more homers to keep the next guy ducking."

While he had a total of forty home runs in his first two big-league seasons, it is unlikely that Aaron will break any records in this department. It is his nature to "hit with the pitch," meaning that if it's outside he'll punch it into right field, and if it's inside he'll pull it to left.

Some authorities on the art of hitting, such as Stan Musial, of the Cardinals, say that Aaron swings at too many bad balls and doesn't wait out enough walks to be a strong contender for the batting title. It's true that he seldom lets pass a pitch that has even a morsel of fatness. Jocko Conlan, the veteran umpire, swears he can't remember ever calling a strike on Aaron.

"Musial has brought up a good point about Aaron," Charley Grimm said as the season was getting under way, "but do you remember a guy named Joe Medwick? He was the worst kind of bad-ball hitter, but he led the league one year. I'll tell you another bad-ball hitter who had a pretty good record for himself—Hack Wilson. He holds the National League home-run record of fifty-six. We were on the Cubs together. Many a time Hack hit them out of the park when he should have let them go by."

Off the field, the Aarons stay pretty well tied to the little apartment when the Braves are at home. For all his natural rhythm, Henry doesn't dance a step, but he delights in listening to the noisy rock-'n'-roll stuff. On the road he carries a portable record player.

His wife, Barbara, is a shy twenty-two-year-old who lived across the street from the ball park in Jacksonville. They met one morning as she walked to the post office. As she tells it, "I had just seen Aarons play the first time the night before."

There was a wedding the next fall, and now there is a daughter named Gail. Last winter the Aarons lived in Mobile, but they prefer to settle close to Henry's work, and now plan to become year-round Milwaukee residents.

Henry was born in Mobile, to Estella and Herbert Aaron on February 5, 1934. His youth was lived in average to above-average Southern Negro circumstances. The family has a plain little house in a section of the city called Toulminville, just a block from Carver Recreation Park, where Henry spent more time than at home. His father is a boilermaker's helper at the Alabama Dry Dock and Shipbuilding Company. There are two other Aaron boys, Herbert, twenty-eight, a plasterer, and Tommy, a three-sport star at Central High School. There also are two girls, one in college and one in grammar school.

Henry had one sports advantage that not all Negro children have. The Mobile Touchdown Club operates extensive recreation programs around the city, both white and Negro, and Henry got early baseball experience in a playground league at Carver Park. In high school he played football and basketball, but no baseball. The sport had been dropped the year before Henry became eligible, because it appeared Central was running out of material.

Henry played Sunday sand-lot ball with a team called the Pritchett Athletics. He never did have the benefit of any real coaching. "All I can remember," he said recently, "is that some guy told me, 'Always throw overhand.' I never thought I'd ever get anywhere."

Then the Indianapolis Clowns came to town one day in 1951 to play an exhibition game with the Mobile Black Bears. The Bears recruited Aaron, who was only seventeen at the time, to play shortstop for them that day. After the game, a fellow named Bunny Downs, who handled the Clowns' business matters on the road, asked Henry if he'd like to join his club. Henry said he could see no reason why not, so Downs said he would mail him a contract for the next season.

The contract duly arrived. It called for what seemed like a small fortune—$200 a month. Henry's mother, who guards her brood zealously, protested at the idea of her boy's leaving home. His father took Henry's side, though, and in March of 1952—after collecting his high-school diploma, upon which his mother insisted—Henry made his first train trip, journeying to the Winston-Salem, North Carolina, spring-training camp of the Clowns.

It has been surmised by some that Aaron might have been inspired to become a ballplayer by the fabulous example of Leroy (Satchell) Paige, who also came from Mobile. Henry disposes of this theory with open perplexity. "I never heard of him till I was grown," he said. "I didn't know he come from Mobile, and I never seen him till yet."

One of the biggest moments in Henry's career so far was the 1955 All-Star Game, which was played in Milwaukee. Henry scored a run, walked and singled twice. His second single, combined with Al Rosen's error, tied up the game and sent it into extra innings. Stan Musial finally won it for the Nationals with a twelfth-inning home run.

"I enjoy that," Aaron says, "but my first year in the big leagues I play in Jim Wilson's no-hit game. That's the most kick I get out of baseball."

Aaron is still adding polish to his abundance of natural ability. Good, strong wrists juice up his well-co-ordinated batting swing. He has no idiosyncrasies at the plate. Henry grabs a stick, steps into the batter's box and is ready for business. There is no wasted motion or meaningless contortions—only base hits.

His foot speed has been harnessed. With his satchel posterior and his shuffling gait, he looks like anything but a sprinter. However, only Bill Bruton, the speedy center fielder, can outrun him among the Braves.

His throwing arm, originally geared to the infield, has adjusted with maximum effectiveness to the outfield. In the first four games this year he threw out four base runners at home plate. He got Walt Moryn, of Chicago, in the home opener; then successively wiped out Hank Sauer, Don Blasingame and Red Schoendienst, of the Cardinals. In two cases the victims were carrying potential winning runs.

Not since Ernie Lombardi, the ungainly catcher, led the league with a .330 average in 105 games fourteen years ago have the Braves had a batting champion. Before Lombardi, there was only Hornsby in 1928 in modern years. Only the Chicago Cubs have been so delinquent in producing National League batting leaders. Aaron may eventually be the man to change this situation.

A few weeks ago somebody asked manager Walter Alston, of Brooklyn, "Did you realize that Aaron hit .552 against the Dodgers this spring?"

"And what's more," Alston replied, "he's liable to hit .552 against us all season."

THE END

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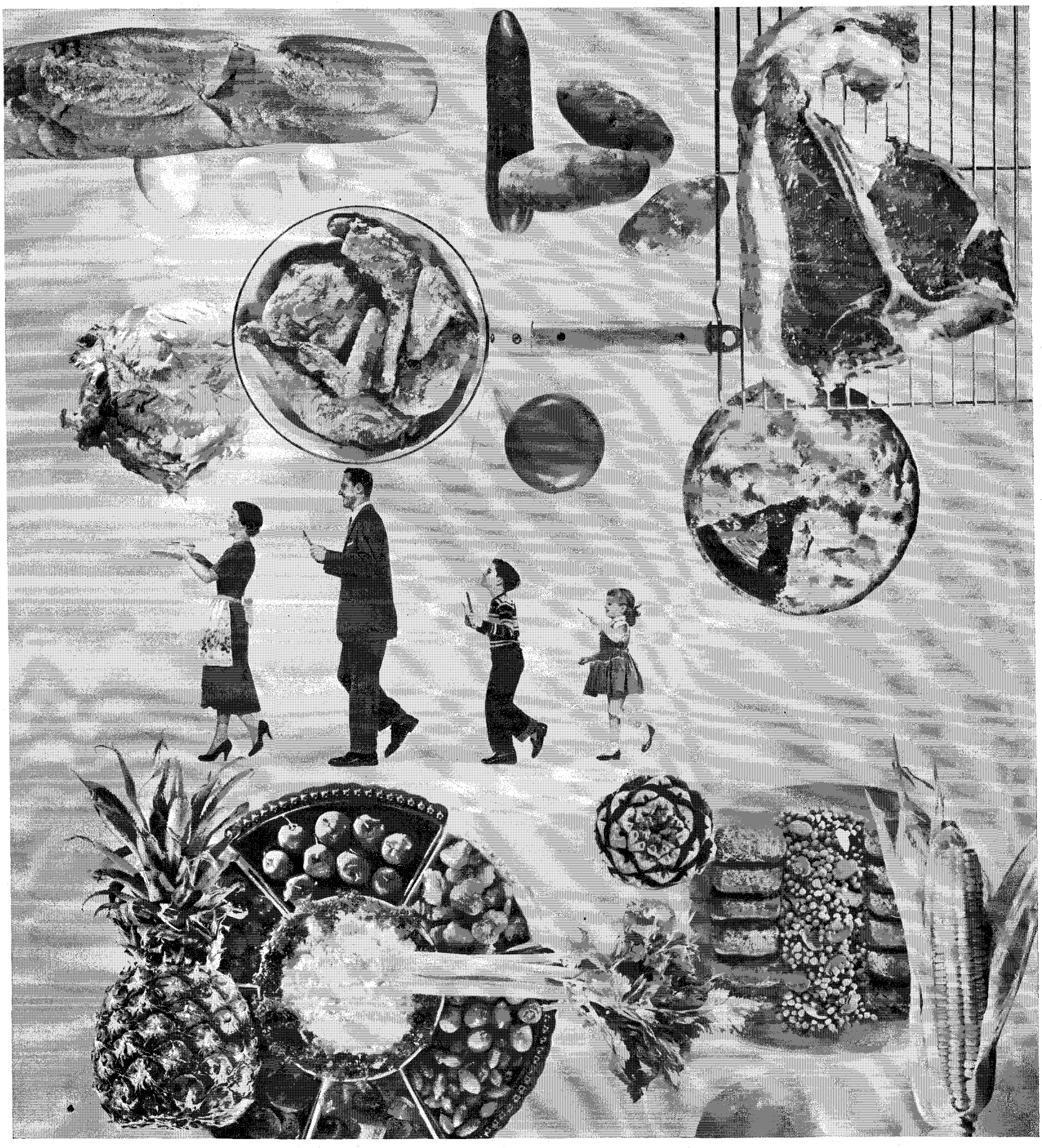

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Is Your House a Firetrap?

(Continued from Page 21)

prevention doctrine into every quarter of the United States and Canada. Hence a flying squadron of experienced chiefs from the West Coast is barnstorming the country on a state-by-state basis to sell the idea to their brother chiefs. At the suggestion of Gov. Arthur B. Langlie, of Washington, several states are staging local rallies of all their fire chiefs to study the possibilities. Such conferences have already been held in Idaho, Oklahoma, Nebraska, Connecticut, Ohio, Montana and Georgia, with others to follow.

The objective is to have more and more firemen visit private homes, looking for trouble before it starts. They always visit the basement and the garage. For the rest of the house they generally confine themselves to the living room, dining room and kitchen. Sometimes they go up into the attic. They pay particular attention to such details as the condition of electrical cords, the number of electrical appliances on a circuit, the rating of fuses in the fuse box; the storage of oil mops, polishing cloths and flammable liquids; the condition of heat or steam pipes, and their proximity to unprotected walls, ceilings or partitions; the nature and condition of portable heaters.

They are interested in housekeeping conditions too. In cities just starting such a program, the No. 1 hazard reported is invariably "rubbish accumulations." This fault is quickly corrected as householders are told about the double-edged threat it poses. To most people, a pile of junk is a risk only in the sense that it provides fuel if a fire should start; not so many realize that trash is a common source of fire from spontaneous ignition.

Most of such outbreaks go down in the records as "Cause Unknown," but there have been enough of them caught in time to prove the point. In a swank suburban home in New Jersey, a maid traced an odor of smoke to a pile of burlap wrappings from some new rosebushes, tossed casually on a table. There was no outside source of heat, yet the bundle was smoldering. When she gingerly picked up a piece of burlap to investigate, the whole pile burst into flame.

Spontaneous ignition gets its start when something—it's usually an oil-soaked rag—begins to form a chemical union with oxygen in the atmosphere. As oxidation speeds up, heat is generated, and the heat accelerates chemical action until the substance becomes hot enough to burst into flame.

For example, a wealthy resident of Boston's Back Bay area saw smoke coming from his toolhouse in the yard, and called firemen. They found spontaneous ignition had begun in a discarded ham bag in a trash barrel. And once I saw a mattress that had got so hot inside that the man sleeping on it had shoved it out of the window into the back yard, where it lay in a sleet storm all night. Next morning, when the mattress was ripped open, it was still smoldering in seven places.

Stacks of old newspapers are classic offenders in starting mysterious fires, the activating ingredient being the carbon in the ink. The other requirements for an outbreak are that the pile be stacked neither too tight nor too loose; that it be undisturbed for some time; that the ventilation and humidity be just right. With these conditions, spontaneous ignition is sure to result.

Obviously, spontaneous ignition outbreaks are by no means limited to oily mops or painters' rags. Any combustible material which has been in contact with oil or fat can take off by itself when the atmospheric conditions are right, which is one reason why firemen frown on accumulations of rubbish.

As this threat is minimized by house cleaning, its position as a leading menace is taken over by heating-plant defects or electrical abuses. Among the most common causes of heating-plant fires are the dumping of hot ashes into combustible containers, the piling of burnable junk too close to furnaces or stoves, and the charring of walls or partitions by hot pipes.

For electrical risks, the firemen always examine the fuse box to see if it is overfused or if the fuses are "bridged" with pennies or wire to make them stronger. Bridging a fuse so it won't blow—or replacing a fifteen-ampere fuse with a twenty- or thirty-ampere for the same reason—is as foolhardy as tying down the safety valve on a boiler. In some cities, inspectors have taken thousands of pennies out of fuse boxes. Last April seven children died in a Michigan fire traced to this cause. This practice simply makes some part of the wiring the weakest link in the chain, instead of the fuse. Consequently, when a circuit is overloaded, the wire hidden in a wall or ceiling will blow, scattering white-hot metal to start a blaze behind the plaster.

The inspectors also look for frayed extension cords, and find them in abundance. They pay special attention to the number of electric appliances in evidence, for they know that most homes today are carrying too much of a load on inadequate wiring. In 1930 there were only about nineteen electrical appliances, other than lamps, available to the average home. Today there are around fifty-three. And with Americans adding 50,000,000 appliances annually to their dwellings, with scant regard for the original wiring, it is no wonder that electrical fires are on the increase.

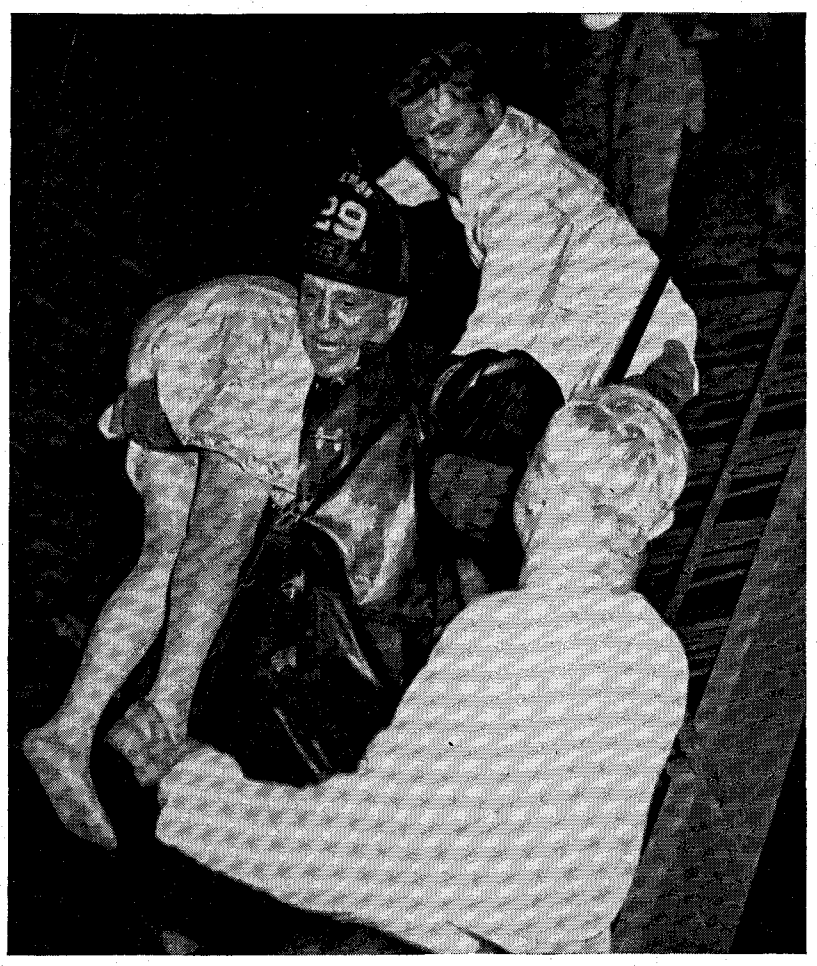
Last spring, a neighbor of ours brought six fan-type electric heaters up to her summer place. During a cold snap she connected four of them at once. They virtually melted the main fuse. She didn't realize that just one of these heaters pulls about 1600 watts, enough by itself to burden an ordinary household circuit.

Where evidence warrants it, warnings are also given to Do-it-Yourself home handy men about the pitfalls of amateur electrical work. This is a fertile field. A recent report of the International Association of Electrical Inspectors revealed that fires due to improper electrical installations had increased 187 per cent over the previous year. The TV set comes in for scrutiny, too, since a survey in forty-six cities showed eight times as many fires from this cause as from the notorious Christmas-tree wiring.

This is no indictment of television sets per se, but of the way they are used. A TV set generates a terrific amount of heat. All reputable manufacturers provide ample ventilation, but this ventilation may be obstructed when the owner shoves the set close into a corner or up against draperies, and impedes the free circulation of air around the mass of glowing tubes.

Such things are much easier to see and correct than is the cause of the greatest number of dwelling fires—matches and smoking—which ranks second in dollar losses and loss of life. Sharp inspectors notice whether ash trays are plentiful and commodious; above all, they look to see if matches are left within easy reach of children. Many fire departments now offer lectures and educational material especially for baby sitters. Not the least thing to be emphasized is the torchlike flammability of much of our children's clothing, especially the frothy stuff worn by little girls. In a five-year analysis of child fire deaths, the National Fire Protection Association found twice as many girl victims as boys.

This sort of preventive assault on the dwelling-fire menace has brought results in scores of communities. But even without the help of these inspections, there are some things every householder can do for his own security. First, he can police his own premises in the same way a fireman would. Second, he should remember that doing the wrong thing in case of fire is an easy way to get into the headlines.



A fireman removes a victim of Chicago's 1946 LaSalle Hotel fire. Most of the 61 fatalities died not from burns but from the effects of superheated air and fumes.

Clearly, the right thing to do is to have a reliable home fire alarm. At the very least there should be a family escape plan, worked out and rehearsed beforehand, so that everybody's reactions will be largely automatic. This goes double for the mother, who confidently plans to get the children out first if anything happens, but who has no idea that her most deadly adversary in this crisis is not visible flame, but invisible rising heat. This is what kills people on the deadly top floor, even while people downstairs, where the fire is burning, have little trouble escaping. This is what makes the main stairway the first escape route to be cut off.

Any family escape plan must be based on two basic facts:

1. In case of fire, never open your bedroom door without feeling it first. If it is hot, don't open it: it is too late to make the stairs. Because if there's enough heat to saturate that wood, there's more than enough to kill. (People who die in bed or in their rocking chairs have been sleeping with their doors open.)

2. If the door is hot, some other avenue of escape must be used—and this is where the prearranged plan applies for the occupants of each individual room. Can they step out on a porch roof or go down a rear stairway without entering the main hall—or should they just stand at the open window and yell for help? Even in the last contingency, there will usually be time for rescue if the bedroom door is kept shut.

In an isolated location, a ladder might be left lying on the ground under the master bedroom. If one person can drop safely from a window, he can raise the ladder to windows in other rooms.

Everything will be easier if the children's room can be reached by connecting doors from the parents' room. And the whole situation can be simplified, especially where small children are involved, by the installation of an "escape ladder" which fastens to the baseboard inside the window. This is a stout rope ladder with oak rungs which stows neatly in a box on the floor. For use, the free end is simply tossed out to the ground. A fourteen-foot length costs around ten dollars.

But the practicality of all this hinges on a nebulous factor: the pure chance of being awakened in time. Consequently, the most logical expedient of all is to do away with the dwelling fire. And this is precisely the message that is being given to householders by the fire chiefs of our most alert cities.

For years this approach has been advocated by Percy Bugbee, general manager of the National Fire Protection Association. "We can do little," says Mr. Bugbee, "but pant along behind constantly rising fire losses and fatalities until we have enlisted the sincere co-operation of the one individual most responsible and with the most at stake—the householder himself. Achieving that through universal, full-time home inspections, we will cut our dwelling fires in half the first year." THE END

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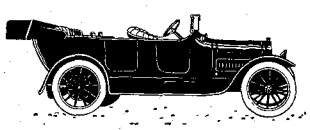

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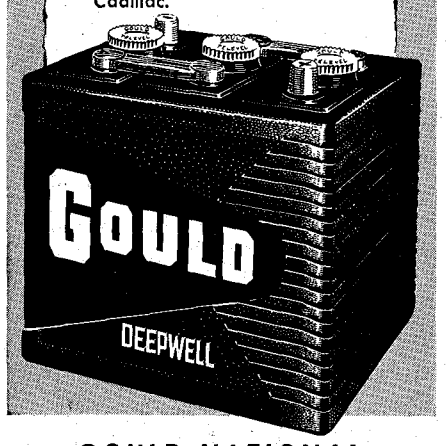

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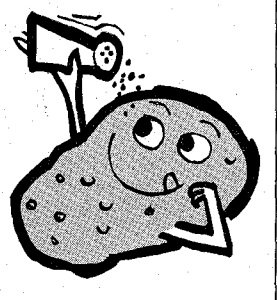

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The Squealer (Continued from Page 31)

thing he had dreamed of—a really big man like Wiley Arnold, with a reputation all over the state. Not that Frank had illusions about Arnold himself. Frank was no illiterate, movie-struck kid. It was just smarter to line up with professionals, like a college graduate going with an established successful business.

At seven o'clock Frank got up from his bunk and took a towel from his foot locker and started over to Arnold's bunk. He wore no shoes—no clothes at all, in fact, except his shorts—which was part of the plan.

Arnold glanced up as he approached the bunk, and he met the bright, cold, blue eyes blandly. "Hello, Arnold," he said. "Got any soap?"

He moved unhurriedly beside the bunk toward Arnold's foot locker. Arnold's smooth face was startled, its careful, habitually controlled blankness giving way momentarily to the real thing. He didn't answer, and Frank moved on to the locker, flipping it open and bending to rummage among the clothes. Behind him and to either side he could hear a sudden cessation, so that the noises from the far ends of the cage, where his action had not been noticed, came very clear in their faintness. He paused for a moment, his hand resting on the soap, and drew a deep, difficult breath; then he lifted the soap, bumped the lid of the locker down, and turned.

As he had expected, the red, tight-skinned torso of Tiger Hicks blocked his vision, the thick, knot-muscled shoulders coming almost to the level of his eyes. Frank looked at the big man slowly, still holding his face in the smile.

"Beg pardon," he said. "You're standing in my way, and it isn't polite to stare."

Hicks' green eyes widened swiftly and his right hand clenched and moved. Frank tensed himself to duck it, but Arnold said, "Wait, Tiger," his voice slow, amused.

Tiger waited, the fist still clubbed ponderously, the green eyes half closed in contempt. Frank waited, too, but he didn't look at Arnold; he smiled instead at Tiger.

"Who are you?" Arnold said. "What do you think you're up to?"

Frank continued to smile at Tiger; the big man moved slightly, glancing at Arnold, puzzled.

"You," Arnold said. "I'm talking to you, hot shot."

Tiger looked back at Frank. "It's you," he said. "He means you. Answer him."

Frank glanced at Arnold then, smiling. "Oh, me, Mr. Arnold?" he said. "I'm sorry, but I didn't hear my name. It's Kritz—Frank Kritz. I don't answer to any other."

The Tiger's huge red face twisted. "A wise guy, boss!" he snarled. "Let me bust him." He raised the right hand again, but again Arnold said, "Wait, Tiger."

Tiger waited, and Frank did too. Arnold was silent for a moment; then his voice came again, still amused, still very soft. "Put down that soap, hot shot, and get your rump back to your bunk."

Frank continued to smile at Tiger.

"Didn't you hear him?" Tiger said.

"Beg pardon," Frank said. "You're standing in my way, and it isn't polite to stare."

He held the soap and the towel until the big right fist had started its ponderous, rising arc; then he dropped both of them and stepped inside quickly, hooking his own left, driving it twisting to the Tiger's nose and following it with a short straight right. He felt the nose give under his fist, and the Tiger's head snapped backward, his whole body rocking with it. Frank dug his left hand into the big belly and, when the Tiger doubled, chopped with his right at the chin. The big man straightened, blinking and shaking his head, and Frank sank the left again to his belly.

It was like chopping down a tree—a big one with a rotten middle. That was part of the plan too; Frank had seen the soft beer belly, had planned his attack around it. The Tiger backed slowly across the aisle, his knees beginning to sag, his green eyes glazing.

Out of the corner of his eye, Frank saw Bugs Kinney and Reece Darden start toward them, but they glanced at Arnold and stopped. Frank had counted on that too—Wiley Arnold's interest in an expert job. He drove Hicks steadily back to the wall and when he was stopped there, bending forward over his stomach, swung twice at the chin and stepped back. Hicks swayed for a moment, his body doubled forward, then tumbled on his side.

Frank turned and went back across the aisle. "Frank Kritz, Mr. Arnold," he said, when he passed the big man. "When you want to see me, the name is Frank Kritz."

But nothing happened that night, or the next day either. Frank was dissatisfied, even a little worried, though he had warned himself not to expect immediate results. A man like Arnold could afford to take his time, to be careful—in fact, he would have to or he wouldn't be Wiley Arnold. Still, Frank wondered if, after everything had gone so perfectly, he had been completely wrong.

Meanwhile, Chaplain Tolar came to visit him the following afternoon, took him into the conference room beside the cage—not the visiting room with its chicken wire between them, but the conference room, where they sat across the table like equals. They had had a lot of conferences since Frank had been there; not altogether official ones, either, for the chaplain actually liked him, Frank felt; and in spite of all the differences between them, Frank liked him.

He sat across the conference table from Frank, an all-gray little man, his steady, clear eyes almost matching the thick, iron-colored hair above them, his young, startlingly firm-lipped mouth set gravely now. He would have heard about the fight, Frank knew, and could undoubtedly read more between the lines than Frank would have liked. He was a good man, Frank thought. If the world were really like he saw it; if everyone could be a chaplain and ignore or deny all the facts; if all the mothers were kind and loving, as his undoubtedly had been, and all the fathers constant ——

"How goes it today, chaplain?" he said. "You all right?"

The little man's eyes didn't leave his face. "Your hand is swollen, Frank."

Frank glanced at his right hand, dropping it involuntarily below the table. "It's all right," he said. "I just bruised it."

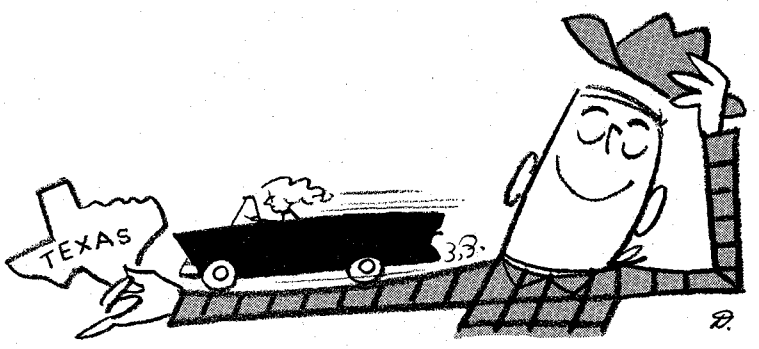
"I heard," the chaplain said. "It was quite a performance."

Frank flushed and was immediately angry with himself. Why should this little man make him feel guilty? What did he know about Frank Kritz's world?

"We do what we can, chaplain," he said. "We don't all get our pay for being gentle."

The chaplain laid one hand across the other, smoothing his palms—small hands, white hands. What would they do with

The Perfect Squelch



The young man with the Texas license plate on his coupé had made three trips around the Los Angeles block, looking for a parking place, when a car just ahead of him pulled out from the curb. As he slowed to pull into the vacant place, a horn tooted impatiently behind him. Turning, he saw a young woman in a long convertible waving violently for him to go on. "I want that parking place," she called. "Move on."

When the Texan continued to pull into the place, she blew her horn several times more. Then, pulling up beside his coupé, she glared at him and said, "I thought Texans were supposed to be polite."

"Thank you, ma'am," the Texan said, lifting his hat. "Any time you're in Houston you can be *my* guest."

Lanna Folena

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Tiger Hicks, Frank thought; or with a hoe in the Long Line, for that matter?

"It isn't the fighting, Frank," he said, "or not primarily. We all fight sometimes. It's who you fought—and why?"

So he had read between the lines. Frank looked at him, not flushing any longer; challenged, maybe even threatened now. He smiled evenly.

"All right, why?" he said. "You tell me, chaplain."

The smooth furrow between the little man's brows deepened sharply. "Frank," he said, looking up. "Frank, please."

This was the thing Frank disliked, almost dreaded. If the chaplain would push him, accuse him, fix an open condemnation; but instead there was always this even, despairing sorrow, which disarmed you, left you nothing to fight. And why should he feel that sorrow? Who was he to feel sorry for Frank Kritz?

"It's a real world, chaplain," he said. "We do what we can, what we have the guts for. You aren't in it, of it. Don't judge what you can't understand."

The chaplain shook his head, looking at him steadily. It was a long time before he spoke, and when he did he was rising slowly. "A man is more than guts, Frank," he said; "some men, real men. There's compassion and self-denial, even sacrifice. They take courage too." He stood above Frank then, a small, unconsciously erect figure. "I believe you'll find that out," he said slowly. "I hope so. But you certainly won't learn it from Wiley Arnold."

He turned and went out then, leaving Frank, as usual, with a vague, all-pervasive dissatisfaction; not at anything tangible, for there was nothing Frank could have said or done, of course: their worlds were far apart. But there was always the feeling of incompleteness when the little man left. And that afternoon the dissatisfaction was even stronger, because Wiley Arnold was still ignoring him.

But later that night, after they had eaten and most of the men had left the cage to take their showers, Frank received his visit, and with it a decided shock. He was lying on his bunk when Wiley Arnold sauntered over, looking somehow dapper even in the stiff, unfaded new stripes, and dropped himself easily on Frank's bunk. Frank saw Tiger Hicks and Bugs Kinney and Reece Darden in a huddle around the Tiger's locker.

Arnold's hands were red from the sun, but they were still softer than a man's should be, long and meatless and tapered. He laid one on the sheet beside Frank and leaned forward.

"Is it Frank," he said, "or Mr. Kritz? Or maybe you have a nickname."

"Try Kritz," Frank said. "That's easy."

Arnold's smooth, alert face didn't change; he continued to lean forward. "You're a foolish man, Kritz," he said. "You might have been killed last night."

"I didn't think so," Frank said, "and I wasn't. I figure that proves I was right."

"In the fight, yes," Arnold said, "but after lights-out—Tiger has a knife. He wanted to use it."

"I figured that," Frank said. "But he didn't."

"He would have, though," Arnold said, "if I had let him."

Frank shrugged. "Like I say, I called it right."

Arnold did smile then, for a moment. When he smiled, he no longer looked pleasant; his lips thinned and turned downward, as though he despised himself for being able to smile. Then, abruptly, his face was smooth again.

"You're a bright boy," he said, "and you were good against Tiger. Where did you learn to fight?"

Frank shrugged. "You pick things up," he said, "when you need them."

Arnold stroked the sheet slowly, watching his long fingers; then he looked up suddenly. "In the Navy, for instance? While winning a fleet light-heavy title—and four medals in your spare time?"

Frank dropped his eyes. So he had found out about that. Frank had been younger then, still soft; that wouldn't help him with a man like Arnold. "I like to fight," he said, "and they gave me a couple of chances."

"I hear you like books, too," Arnold said. "Have even served time in college."

"I liked the short hours," Frank said. "Besides, sometimes I learned things."

Arnold's blue eyes were very bright then, chilly. He had crossed his legs, and he leaned back, cupping his knee under both hands. "Uh-huh," he said softly, to no one; then he suddenly leaned forward intently. "You said last night, if I wanted to see you ——"

"I said when you wanted to see me," Frank corrected.

Arnold's face creased again in its self-despising grin. "All right," he said, "you're a bright boy, and I like bright boys. But don't push your luck too far."

"You were saying?" Frank said.

"That if you're really ready, we can use you."

"Try me," Frank said. "I won't know till I hear what it is."

Arnold was silent for almost a minute. The smooth face was absolutely blank; the whole body, poised behind the loosely crossed legs, seemed to converge behind the bright, smiling eyes. "The little chaplain," he finally said. "We need to talk to him, and you can get him to us."

That was when the shock tingled through Frank, not so much at Arnold's saying it or at the meaning, as at his own reaction, the sudden, unthinking refusal that swept up in him and almost expressed itself before he controlled it fiercely. For a moment he was shaken, almost frightened. What was he doing, losing control like that? And now, above all! When you were playing with Wiley Arnold you couldn't afford even one slip. And that was completely aside from the real question of how he had got so involved with the chaplain. He would have to look into that later.

"The chaplain?" he said after a moment, keeping his voice slow and smooth. "What do you want with him?" He was playing it blindfolded now; all he had known was that something was obviously on, that Wiley Arnold and three of his toughest hoods wouldn't have been picked up on an amateur bank job unless something big was on. The rest—Arnold's nature, the setup with him and the others—he had put together from watching. But now he was feeling his way.

Arnold had not moved, nor had his frigid eyes. "You don't seem enthusiastic," he said.

"I'm not the type," Frank said. "I don't cry in movies either."

Again Arnold's face creased painfully in the smile. "Good," he said. "We want him tomorrow night after supper, in the conference room as usual."

Frank's role had got out of hand now. He couldn't refuse at this point even if he wanted to—in fact, couldn't even call time out to find out just what he did want. But he had to try. "I don't cry in movies," he said, "but I like to know the plot before I buy my ticket."

Arnold had risen, and he smiled again briefly. "It'll be a good show," he said. "Take my word for it." He turned toward the bunks across the aisle. "Tomorrow night after supper," he said. "We hope you won't let us down."

That night Frank had insomnia and memories and other symptoms of neurosis which he was unaccustomed to, which he had eliminated years before, when he had started passing the checks. He kept seeing the image of his mother, the way he had last seen her six years before, thin and sallow and work-drawn, reduced finally to a night shift in a garment factory, her feet and legs giving way, even her voice lacking its old strident fierceness: and nonetheless pitiful in spite of the fact that maybe she deserved it, had nagged and shrewed her way into it, driven his father, who admittedly didn't need much driving, to the bottle and softer women, and finally away completely to God knew where; seeing also the university upstate, the green world, with its long tranquil stretches of ordered campus, its huge old buildings, scattered and casually dignified; the grave, decorous professors with their well-fed, well-groomed faces; and the students, so young and awkward and uncertain, yet assured even so, intimate by very habit in a way that Frank never could be; the lovely coeds, like radiant, gaudy flowers.

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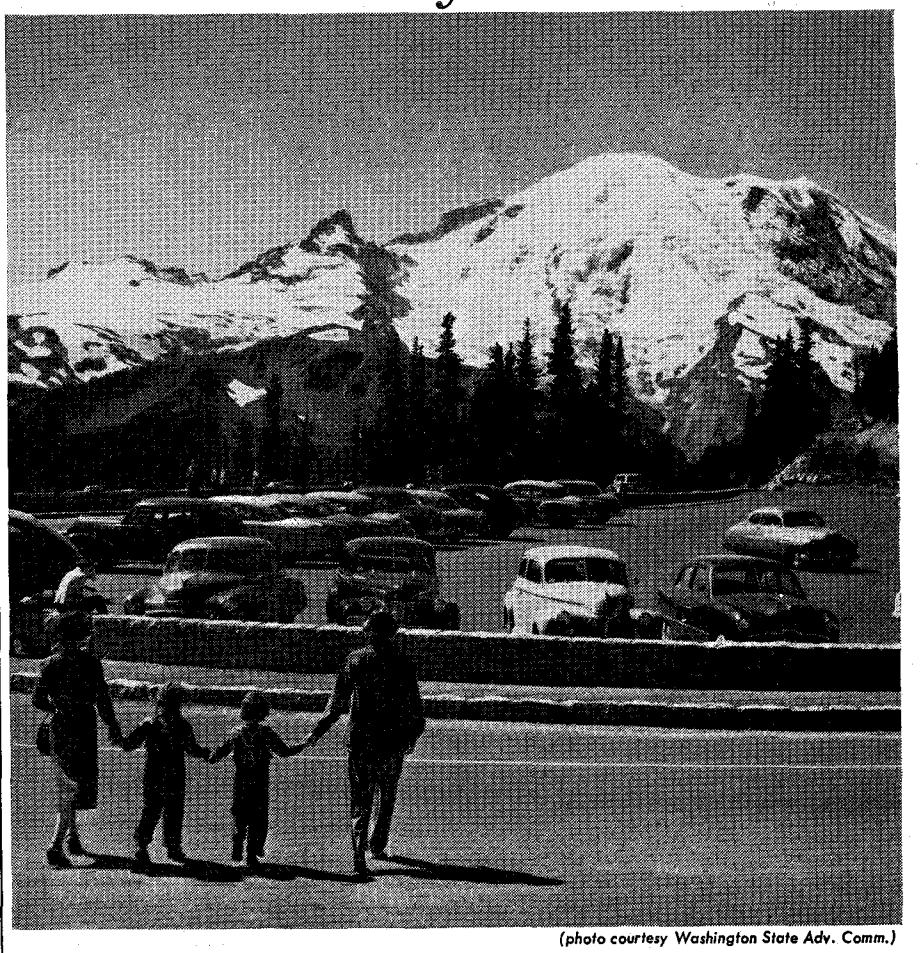

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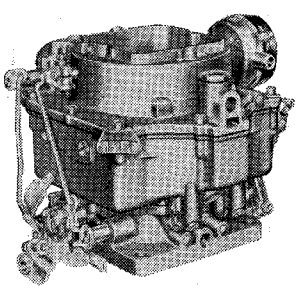

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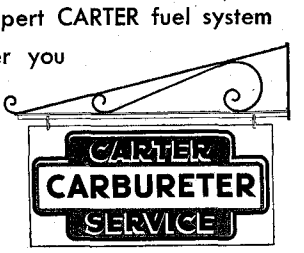

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There had been one, a small girl with large dark eyes which, when she was off guard, became black, almost frightened; and he had thought once or twice that maybe if he spoke to her, tried —— But there had been no use; even then he had seen it.

What could they ever know, any of them, about Frank Kritz? They wouldn't be able to believe it even. What you had known, what you had eaten and breathed and slept was the only reality. To them, Frank Kritz's world would be just bad taste.

But it wasn't, of course. Taste implied a choice, and there was no choice when you lived in it. In the green world or Chaplain Tolar's heaven you made choices—abstract choices that really never mattered, for which there were no consequences except abstract ones. But in the real world you had to eat and you had to have clothes, and you had to buy breathing space, even. Which was why he was irritated with himself for his reluctance about the little chaplain. Where did he, Frank Kritz, get off playing sentimental? That was for the professors.

Besides, he had no actual proof that the chaplain would be in danger. Arnold had said he wanted to talk to him, and maybe that was all; it must be, because why would they want to hurt the chaplain? He was probably the most popular official at the prison. Still there was something big on, and Frank would rather have known just what it was.

The next morning, though, in the smotheringly matter-of-fact heat and brightness of the cotton field, he had convinced himself that he had been wrong, or at least that he might well be and that at any rate he had little choice; he was already too involved, had attracted too much attention to pull out safely now. And when it came to a choice between himself and the chaplain—well, he wasn't that sentimental. So at noon that day he told Hawkins, the gate trusty, to get word to the chaplain; the prison grapevine would be faster and surer than a written request, and it might also keep Frank himself clear.

The afternoon was long and copper-hot. He tried to lose himself in the steady grate and ring of ninety-odd hoes slashing rhythmically in the slate-gray, powdering earth. It was not a betrayal; he had sworn no oath of loyalty or protection. Besides, who was endangered? Maybe Arnold was being secretive just to keep down publicity. And why should Frank—with more than he had hoped for, with every step of his scheme working beyond anything he had dreamed—why should he borrow trouble?

Finally the sun began to ease its fierce pressure on their backs. Dodson came out of the cotton house at last and signaled to them. Then they formed the long column, three squads, sweat-soaked, shuffle-footed, flanked by the shooters—trusties with their ugly .30-30's. Hollis, the lead trusty, counted them and nodded to Dodson.

"All right," the big man said. "Shove 'em off."

At the tool house, as they were putting up the hoes, Frank worked his way beside Arnold. "I've sent my invitation," he said. "Is the show still on?"

Arnold didn't turn or show that he had heard. "As scheduled," he said.

"One thing we didn't get straight," Frank said; "my position."

Arnold turned toward him, smiling, already on his way out. "We try out new talent first," he said. "Bring this part off and we'll sign you up."

Shortly before seven-thirty the chaplain came. When they saw him enter the lobby, Arnold looked over and nodded faintly at Frank. Frank got up slowly and went toward the conference room. Arnold and Hicks got up, too, and sauntered slowly behind him. Bugs Kinney and Reece Darden were standing near the door of the conference room, talking.

Frank stood at the door and watched Bill Faber, the hall boy, let the little chaplain in. The tension which had been building in him all day was coiled chokingly in his throat now and he told himself fiercely, *Don't be a fool; he'd do the same thing. If the roles were reversed and he had the choice, he'd do the same thing: they all would.*

Then he wasn't thinking or even feeling, it seemed, because Bill Faber didn't lock the barred door behind Frank. He let Frank in and pulled the door shut and bent over the lock carefully, but the key didn't turn. Then he straightened without looking at Frank or Kinney and Darden just beyond the bars, and went back across the room.

Frank felt naked as he faced the chaplain. The little man smiled quietly. "Well, Frank?" he said.

Bill Faber had crossed the room and was closing the hall door behind him. He turned and inserted the key this time, and Frank saw the bolt slide into place.

"Hello, chaplain," he said, his voice outrageously composed.

"You ——" the chaplain began, but then his face suddenly lost its expression, lost expression and color in one instant, so that he stood motionless with his head slightly lifted, one hand half raised to the chair before him.

Behind Frank, Reece Darden said, "Just stand still, chaplain. The door behind you is locked."

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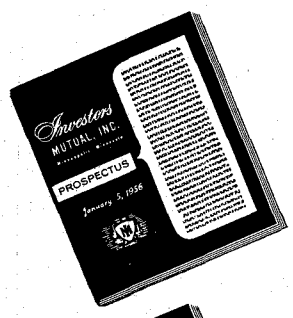

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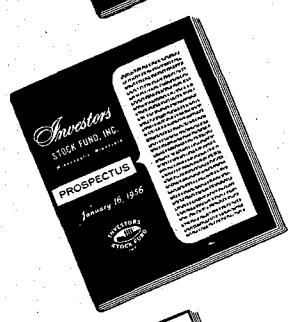

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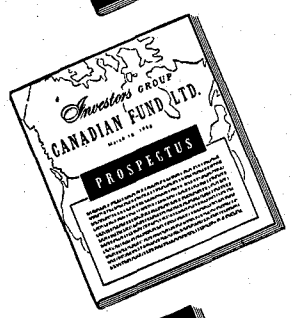

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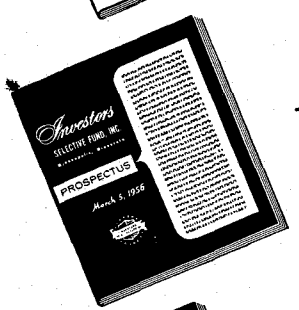

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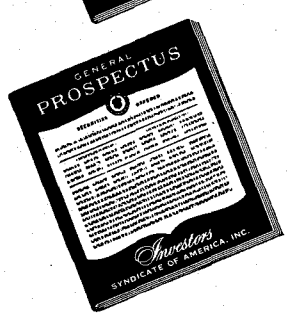

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He and Bugs Kinney moved past Frank. Reece had a pistol, Bugs a long, hone-hollowed butcher knife. The chaplain's eyes moved to them for a moment, then came back to Frank, who still stood numbly, the tension pressing at his throat.

Something touched him on the back gently, and Wiley Arnold's voice said, "In closer, Kritz, away from the door."

Bill Faber, in the hall, suddenly reached his right arm through the bars and swung it upward sharply. The keys curved from it, glistening in the yellow light, straight at Frank's face. Just before he ducked, a big paw swung out and caught them. Tiger Hicks turned with them and locked the door behind him.

Arnold had a pistol too. He was advancing slowly toward the chaplain. The chaplain's face was gray.

"Just take it easy, chaplain," Arnold said pleasantly, "and you won't get hurt."

Hicks towered suddenly beside Frank. "Come on," he said, "move up."

Frank moved beside Arnold. The Tiger stood behind them. The chaplain advanced his upraised hand until it touched the chair.

"What do you want?" he said. His voice was faint, without its usual resonance, and his full lips didn't move.

"Some information, chaplain," Arnold said, still smoothly in the thick, choking silence, "the answer to a question."

The chaplain's gray eyes dilated swiftly; he shifted his hand, which was trembling faintly, forward to grip the chair back. "What is it?" he said. "What question?"

"I'll put it frankly, chaplain," Arnold said. "We want the pigeon, the one from the Coast."

The pieces suddenly fell into place for Frank. Of course! A squealer! The sudden crackdown on the Coast—the Gold Coast on the Gulf, with its brothels and dives and crime rings. It was Wiley Arnold's headquarters and several others', bigger than Arnold. And the many surprise arrests and padlockings since the new sheriff went in. Things were coming clear.

But the chaplain stared at Arnold, his full lips parting stiffly as he spoke. "The pigeon?" he said; and after a moment, "The Coast?" but stalling—clearly, transparently stalling, Frank saw. As unable to lie as to cope with these gorillas: out of his element now.

"We haven't got much time, chaplain," Arnold said. "Will we have to hurt you?"

Hicks, behind Frank, shifted ponderously. He had a butcher knife, too, like a twin of the one Kinney carried. *Hurt him?* But of course they wouldn't; there would be no need. He would tell them and then they would go.

But the chaplain was standing mutely, his full lips ghastly pale now, the small hand gripped on the chair.

"Chaplain," Arnold said urgently, not loudly, but ominously still. Then, after a moment, "Of course, you know, chaplain. You're a natural, the prisoner's friend and conscience; and any man who wants to squeal needs a conscience, someone to say it's all right."

The chaplain was composing himself now; his face was still pale, but his voice was firmer. "I am a man of God," he said. "I ——"

"Of course, chaplain," Arnold said. "We're not saying you squealed. And maybe you didn't even O.K. it. We'll say you just listened. But you remember who you listened to. We've traced him up here."

Again the chaplain stood mutely. Tiger Hicks hulked closer over Frank's shoulder. "Come on, boss," he rumbled; "let's get it over with. We got to meet ——"

Arnold glanced at him quickly, his smooth face expressionless. Hicks hushed and Arnold turned again to the chaplain. "Tiger's right," he said gently. "We have to hurry, chaplain."

"You'll never make it," the chaplain said. "Even with the keys, even with the hall boy. There are guards outside, too, and the fence ——"

Arnold's face broke in its painful smile. "Chaplain," he said, "smarten up. This is no amateur job. Some big men want this rat hushed."

The chaplain moved both hands to the chair; his shoulders hunched slightly in his thin, short-sleeved shirt. Arnold moved his head faintly at Darden and Kinney. "All right," he said reluctantly, "we'll have to persuade him."

The tension was now in Frank's head, unfocusing his eyes in the yellow light, humming insistently in his ears. Behind him he heard the muted shuffle of many feet as the men in the cage gathered. Darden and Kinney took the chaplain's arms and led him around the chair, pushing him down in it. He sat like a small boy, his feet scarcely touching the floor. *He'll tell them,* Frank thought. *He'll tell them.*

Wiley Arnold nodded briefly at Hicks; then turned back to the chaplain as the Tiger lumbered forward. "I wish you wouldn't make us do this, chaplain," he said. And, incredulously, Frank saw in the strangely blurred light that his smooth, placid face was pale.

Yet he was doing it; watching tensely with bright, reluctant blue eyes as the Tiger hulked over the chair, over the small, bloodless, boy's figure. The humming grew louder in Frank's ears, the huge bulk of the Tiger shimmered under the bare bulb over the chair, and Frank heard unbelievingly, as in a nightmare, "Hold his arms," the Tiger's rumbling grunt.

Tiger laid the knife on the table and turned, spreading his legs. The chaplain's face, bloodless and graven, watched him as he flexed his huge shoulders. Then, as the giant poised there, his ponderous fist back-drawn, Frank suddenly heard the sound, his voice—his own voice, though a great way off—"No! No, stop!" and he caught himself suddenly, choked the voice off fiercely with will rather than body because the body was numb, had not made the sound to start with but simply yielded it to the horror. And Wiley Arnold's bland face was dancing at him in the yellowness, dancing and not-smiling thinly, the pistol swinging up to point at him, as his voice said smoothly, "Oh? Kritz objects?"

Which was all that he would say, Frank knew, and he cursed himself helplessly. He thought that Arnold would probably have shot him then if he hadn't been reluctant to make the noise. And there was Tiger, who had turned quickly and was grinning at him in giant, obese delight.

So he had ruined everything. Now he couldn't help even if he wanted to, for Arnold stood facing him, the gun loose but unwavering, pointed at his chest. "Hurry up, Tiger," he said levelly.

Tiger turned again and his huge right arm bulged and leaped forward—low, to the chaplain's chest. The chaplain's white, paperlike face twisted suddenly, and his breath came out through his teeth. "God!" he said. "God!" It wasn't profane as he said it.

"No!" Frank said. "Arnold, stop them!"

Arnold looked at him, his face still pale. "I'd like to," he said. . . . "What about it, chaplain?"

The chaplain's eyes were closed. His face was lifted to the bare yellow bulb. "Our Father ——" he was saying. "Our Heavenly Father ——" Tiger's sloping shoulder bulged again, stooping, and the whisper leaped suddenly into sound, "God! God!"

"Chaplain!" Frank said. "Tell them!"

The chaplain didn't open his eyes. "They'd kill him," he whispered. "They want to find out to kill him."

"But they're killing you!" Frank said. "It's not your quarrel! Let him look out for himself!"

The chaplain didn't seem to hear him. "Our Father," his stiff lips said soundlessly; then flattened and whitened, hissing, as Tiger's arm leaped in again.

"Chaplain," Frank said, "you can't stop them. This is real; they'll get it out of you!"

The chaplain's eyes were still closed; he shook his upturned face. "I can't, Frank," he said, "I can't. Our Father," his lips shaped again.

And yet he was stopping them, Frank realized suddenly. Terrified and helpless there among them, he yet held them futile, blank and impotent before his quivering, upturned face: one little man tremulously clamping all their combined fury and purpose behind his fear-woodened lips. For the Tiger had straightened and turned to Arnold, and the others were looking at him, too, bewildered; and for a brief moment Arnold's eyes turned to them, away from Frank.

So it was the chaplain who did it, really, not only by turning them, giving Frank the chance, but by his voice, too, the murmurous, steady whisper which seemed to fill the thick yellow silence, making it gaseous, combustible, waiting only for the brief, impossible chance, which was the spark that ignited it, exploded it in Frank's face so that he leaped not even in fear, not even hurriedly, but simply propelled by the explosion, leaped at the pistol in Arnold's hand, grabbing it and hitting Arnold at the same time, seeing the Tiger lunge ponderously as they fell—Arnold reeling and crumpling, dragging Frank after him, wrenching at the gun; then seeing the butcher knife in Tiger's hand at his shoulder, the Tiger's huge face whitely insane as the dull cold pain numbed downward through Frank's arm, and twisting the gun free from Arnold's hand, rolling and firing desperately as he might have spoken, cried out, as the knife came again, at his neck this time, grazing it coldly.

Then another, mysterious pain somewhere in his hips as the Tiger jerked upward, the knife poised again in his hand, jerked upward with his huge, craggy brows raised questioningly, then lurched forward across Frank and Arnold. Then Frank was twisting to free his hands, both of them holding the gun, since the right one was numb, and seeing the other pistol exploding in Reece Darden's hand. And Frank fired crazily at the gun instead of at Darden as he realized that it was that—the other gun—which had made the strange pain in his hip; seeing Darden lower the gun slowly, opening his hand as he lowered it, so that the pistol fell even before his knees began to crumple. Bugs Kinney was behind the table, his own face white, peering around the narrow leg, his lips shaping something which Frank couldn't hear in the roaring.

Arnold was moving, too, somewhere beneath him, and Bugs Kinney's face was beginning to blur oddly, so that Frank had to shake his head. But the blurring wouldn't stop, and Arnold was beginning to sit up; so Frank said, "Chaplain! Chaplain!" calling desperately against the roaring, unable to find the chair which the little man had been in, wondering suddenly if in the jumble a stray bullet maybe—from his own pistol even —— Until he heard the chaplain's voice close above him, saw the white, full-lipped face swim out of the yellowness, and felt the relief swoon sickeningly through him.

"Take the gun, chaplain," he said.

"I have it," the chaplain said. "Are you all right?"

"I'm O.K.," Frank said. "A little sick."

"Did Darden—the shots?" the chaplain said.

"Just in the hip," Frank said. "I'll be all right."

"The sergeant will be here soon," the chaplain said. "The shots will have warned him. Just try to lie quiet."

Arnold had apparently wiggled free. His face floated into Frank's vision, vague and distant. "Over there," the chaplain told him. "Move over with Kinney." Arnold's face floated away; the light was going, too, the yellowness.

"Thank you, Frank." The chaplain's voice floated down to him slowly, bending and shifting like waves, ripples.

"Thank you," Frank said, or thought he said; he couldn't be sure.

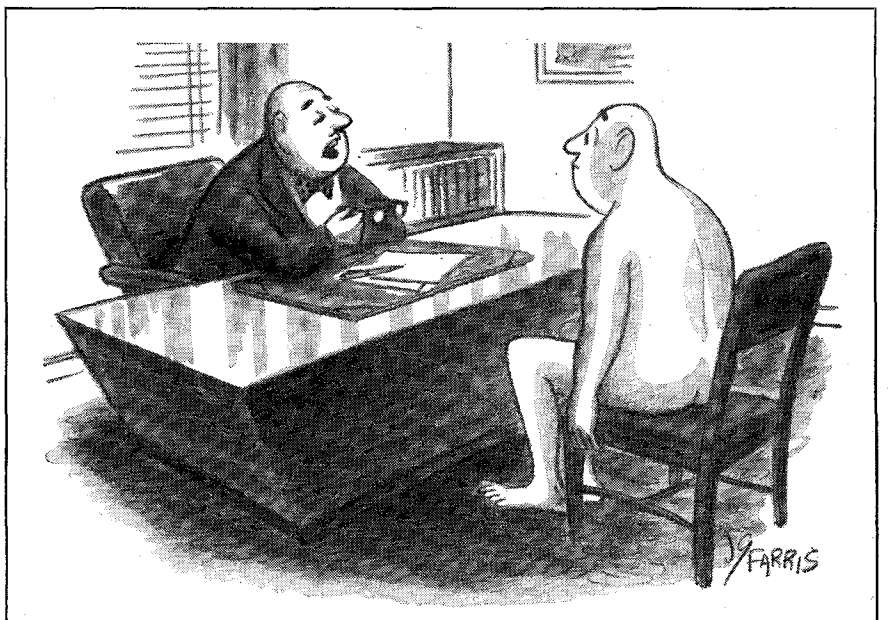
"Me?" the chaplain said. "Me?"

"You did it," Frank said, hoped he was saying. "It was you who did it." And he must have said it, because his own voice was bending and wavering, far off, so that he could watch it.

"But me?" the chaplain said. "What ——" And after a moment, "Don't talk, Frank. Just try to lie quiet."

"All right," Frank said. "But later we'll talk; later we've got to talk a lot."

THE END



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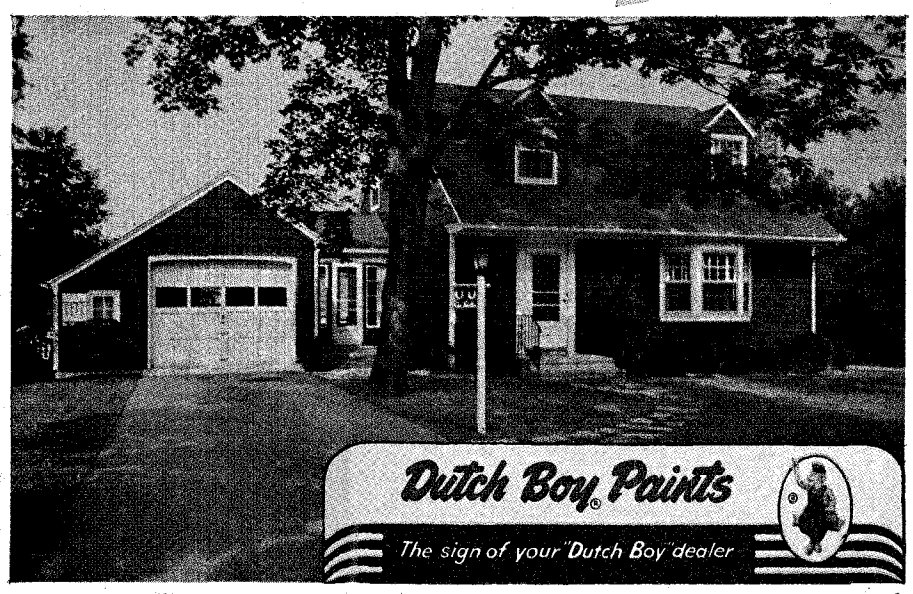

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How to Get Rich on a Horse

(Continued from Page 33)

out of the gate, they would mark his ride from one to twenty points on such technicalities as his "lick"—that is, on the amount he swung his (dulled) spurs from high in front on the bronc to high behind. They'd be watching to see that Casey was master of the situation; if he got thrown off balance and was a few jumps recovering, they couldn't mark him as high as if he'd been boss throughout the ride. They would mark Be Peaceful from 65 to 85 for his wildness, his ability to make it tough for Casey.

Casey nodded and the gateman swung it open. Be Peaceful had one of his better days, the first buck promised he would be his meanest. Casey's feet were high, almost in the mane, when he landed. The crowd and the judges saw the kind of performance which marks Casey as the greatest. His lick on a bronc is smooth, graceful precision. He never resorts to what the cowboys call a "safe lick"—hardly swinging his feet. With his toes out, Casey's feet describe full arcs, and he's worked on his lick with both feet as carefully as a tennis player perfecting his strokes. His single, rope rein he holds scornfully, as if he merely didn't want to drop it. His free hand—he'd be disqualified if it touched any part of his equipment or his horse—is held away from his body, the hand unclenched, the forefinger and thumb just touching, as if holding a flower.

Ten seconds later, when the timer's horn sounded, the crowd's roar shook the big building. The sum of the two judges' scores, for both Casey and Be Peaceful, was 187. When every bronc rider had ridden his first horse—of three for the rodeo—Casey's 187 was high. And at the end of the rodeo—even though he was beaten on both his other horses—his score totaled 535 and was still high for the average. The average and first-day money netted him $1497.02.

He could use the money, certainly, but he was far from broke, and his ribs hurt plenty. No one would have thought a thing about his missing Fort Worth. Why he insisted on entering, Casey himself couldn't have put into words. He can't explain the arena's allure, his love of the roughest, most uncertain sport in any country. But he makes no bones about his sorrow at leaving it. "I've woke up and I've thought and I've had tears come to my eyes about gettin' out of it, quittin' rodeo," he admits.

All the same, Casey is too smart not to be looking ahead for another career, and his personality and looks make it likely that he will wind up in Hollywood. The firm of Trezona-Schiller—business management—took Casey under its wing two years ago and set up the Casey Tibbs Enterprises. Then they tried to see in what direction Casey's abilities could best be turned to account. Right now the answer seems to be television.

But in spite of his new responsibilities as an actor—not the least of which is to keep himself in one presentable piece—Casey hasn't been able to stay away from the life he loves best. Recently he sneaked off from Hollywood to a small rodeo in Springville, California. He came back all smiles.

"I felt a funny uneasiness," he said. "My chaps was either too loose or too tight; my rein felt like it had been layin' in water. But when he jumped out, I felt perfect. If he'd a-turned through himself, I was all right." When Casey talks about a good bucking horse, you think of Arcaro talking about Citation.

He placed only fourth—winning seventy-four dollars—but he'd known one day's real relief from Hollywood. He'd seen his old friends. And most important, "They acted like they was real glad to see me."

Casey's mother, a remarkably straight, tallish woman with a ready smile, remembers that Casey took to riding wild-mannered critters at an early age. When he was four, Casey, the youngest of ten children, was left with a neighbor's daughter while his parents made a trip from their ranch to Fort Pierre, South Dakota, fifty miles away. When John

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"Is this considered clothing or shelter?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

and Florence Tibbs returned, Casey was badly bruised. The sitter said he had been climbing on the milk calves while they were lying down. When she found him, from the looks of things, he must have had several disastrous rides.

In 1909, a year after their marriage, Florence and John Tibbs homesteaded in the rolling grass country, south of where the Cheyenne River joins the sluggish Missouri. It was a range country. Horses needed little care. Whatever they brought was clear profit.

Casey was breaking horses for a living at five dollars a head when he was ten. He paid for his own school supplies and added a bit to the family purse. It was a large, contented family. As Mrs. Tibbs says, "They acted more Irish than they looked, no end to the jokes and pranks." Casey's great admiration for his mother shines like a spotlight. "I try to figure how she handled things. Mothers nowadays have two children and they're just completely overworked, never get to go out nowhere. Mother raised ten real mean kids, twenty years apart," he says, smiling. "One mean one, for sure. Fifty miles from town, and most of us born right home with a woman doctor from over on the river. And the cookin'; it was nothin' to see half a dozen extry riders just drift in. And she done all the sewin', made clothes out of everything, even flour sacks."

Casey's entire life was horses. While in eighth grade he was paid for breaking sixty-three head. At fourteen, he entered his first rodeo, in Fort Pierre. A single, uncluttered ambition burned within him; right then and there he decided he was going to be the best cowboy that ever came out on a bronc.

When he was leaving to go to the next rodeo, his father saw Casey's spurs in the old battered pickup. "Don't you get enough ridin' at home?" John Tibbs asked.

There had been several scenes about Casey's contesting. John Tibbs based his opinion on the wild, loose-fingered men who had followed the unorganized shows at the turn of the century. Anyone who rodeoed for a living was a bum. Casey didn't answer. He caught his ride to town and thumbed his way to White River, South Dakota. They wouldn't let him enter because he was too young.

Casey left home with an Indian, Bud Annis, who was collecting bucking horses and renting them at little rodeos. Casey joined the herd, taking several of the young horses he was breaking, working with them on the trail. He stayed with Bud and made the Timber Lake rodeo, where he broke his ankle. Afraid to go home, he stayed with a sister who lived on the Cheyenne River Indian Reservation, and kept in touch with Annis.

As soon as he could ride again he helped Bud trail the string to McLaughlin, South Dakota. Casey was learning and although he was enough of a horseman not to let the young saddle horse he was breaking buck, he did break work horses to ride. If they bucked, so much the better. He started developing the reflexes and co-ordination which have made him tops. Some broncs use tactics as scientific as a boxer's combination of punches. They spin one way, then cut back, reversing with a three-quarter-ton snap-the-whip. They kick out with their hind legs while they're in the air; or, on landing, often with such force that their front feet drag backward on the ground. Casey watches a horse's head to guess its next move.

Compared to the average bronc rider, Casey isn't powerful. So, instead of relying on strength to pull himself back into balance in the saddle by hauling on the rein, he's developed an uncanny rhythm. He believes that his below-average weight, about 155, helps him. Other cowboys, Bill Linderman, for one, will stick with as tough a horse as can Casey, but none can do it as smoothly and freely.

At McLaughlin, Casey won his first day money, the sum paid each day's high scorer. It was eighty-seven dollars. He couldn't believe his good fortune. He didn't think it was possible to win that much. Proudly he carried the check with him for weeks. Finally he tried to cash it in Fort Pierre. He couldn't; the writing was blurred beyond legibility. That night someone stole it from his hotel room.

That winter he spent with a married sister. The next year he met Jack Buschbom, a boy who became a great bareback rider, and they traveled together. They worked for a wild West show; as soon as they had made enough to pay their rodeo entrance fees, they'd leave and go rodeoing. Then they'd be back; two weeks with the show and they'd be gone again.

The raggle-taggle kid was on his way. Bill Linderman, one of the top cowboys then and now, knew someday he'd step aside for this kid when he saw Casey win day money four times riding broncs at Cheyenne. Bill says, "You could see it then. The way he rode was something. He gave a horse every chance. A horse would cut back with him, and Casey'd never lose a lick. And dyin' to win; I never saw such a competitor."

At the Tibbs ranch, father John was waiting for him "to starve himself toward home." They felt a little better on hearing that Casey had a job with a big cattle outfit—the Diamond A—breaking horses. Jack Buschbom was with him. The horses were big, stout geldings. Jack and Casey were each getting $100 a month and ten dollars a head. They'd go to a Saturday-night dance, sometimes as far as twenty miles away, and take the horses along just for a workout. They'd corral them in the stockyards, dance all night and drive the horses home Sunday.

At Cheyenne, Casey had met top bronc rider Gerald Roberts. Gerald and his brother, Ken, had a contract to supply bucking horses for the bigger rodeos. Casey took a job buying horses for the Roberts brothers. He rounded up many in the Cheyenne country; horses he knew; some of them Bud Annis' and others rank Diamond A geldings. He took three carloads to Roberts in Strong, Kansas, trying them out as buckers for $2.50 a head, plus his room and board. This was wonderful training. Not only did he get all the bucking he wanted but he learned to step off a moving horse because sometimes there were no pickup men—the cowboys who put their horses alongside a bronc to let the rider vault safely to the ground, away from a bucker's murderous hoofs and often murderous intent. He also learned how to fall, which later saved many a broken bone. Casey's remarkable lack of serious injuries is more than luck.

While in Strong, Casey caused a near riot because he wanted to break in a new saddle, but couldn't find a tin tub big enough to soak it in. The small hotel he was staying in had a bath on each floor, however. "I went down one floor and filled the bathtub with water. I put my saddle in. There was no lock on the outside door, so I wired 'er with a coat hanger and crawled out the transom. I came back that night and darn near all them section crewmen and haymakers are lined up plumb around the hall, cussin' that son-of-a-buck that's a-takin' so long. I slipped away. Next morning, somethin' wakes me. There's a commotion. The sheriff and everything. The maid has finally got a chair and looked over the transom. The dye has come out of this saddle and she gets a glimpse of somethin' floatin'. She's positive it's a murder or suicide. She screams and yells!" Later, the maid made Casey scrub the tub for forty-five minutes.

Casey was saving money, and the next year he bought a house in town for his folks. His dad had suffered several strokes without telling anyone; called them "just feelin' bum." The doctors

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tried, in suggesting the move, to keep him away from work. But John Tibbs did not live to see his son win a championship. He died in July of 1948.

Other cowboys tell of the change in Casey. He had always been a spectacular contestant; from the start he dressed in vivid shirts, when only a rookie with superb confidence would have dared to draw attention to himself. Today lavender is his favorite color. I asked if cowboys didn't think it sissified. Casey's answer was typical: "I'd love to have 'em think they was gettin' beat by a sissy."

After his father's death the same arrogance was there, but there was an added pressure; it seemed as though he wanted to get rid of his money; see how late he could stay up. At times he wouldn't wait for the pickup man; he'd step off his bronc at the whistle, taking insolent little steps—as would a high-wire performer after dropping from the net—never glancing back at a hind foot which might have missed his head by inches.

If he knew he'd missed his first lick out of the gate, he'd still contest, still ride wildly, in spite of the fact he knew he was out of the money on that particular horse. It didn't hurt his riding. And it didn't hurt rodeo.

In 1952, Casey had a bad accident at Nampa, Idaho. One pickup man had snubbed the bronc's rein to his saddle horn, and just as Casey started to grab the other man's shoulders to vault clear, his bronc made one last buck and threw Casey over his head. The bronc and both pickup horses went over Casey, trampling him badly.

Rushed unconscious to the hospital, Casey was found to have a blood clot on his spine. After he regained consciousness, his friends would call him up from the rodeo grounds and relay the announcer's voice giving the results. Between relayed performances and visits from cowboys, Casey lay there, watching the sheets move, unaware that he was actually moving his legs. The doctors told him there was an even chance of paralysis. He had time to read the writing on the wall and to make some disheartening self-appraisals. These I tried to pry from him.

"I never claimed to be no angel," he said, "but I never went around pushing little ducks in the mud. I never hurt anybody but myself. But if any of the guys comin' up can profit by my mistakes, insteada bein' lured by my good fortune, I'll answer your nosey questions."

Casey thinks his gambling was the worst vice of all. "You can take any goof off the street and make a gambler out of him. Sure, I'd bet on anything—get a couple of toad-hoppers and bet which could jump the furthest. I've stayed at one crap table for three days and nights—they'd be bringin' me food right to the table—and then go out and darn near break my fool neck trying to win forty-five dollars in a wild-horse race (an event where teams of three men try to saddle a wild horse, and one of them rides him across a line), forty-five split three ways amongst your team.

"The year 'Fifty-one was a breeze. I drew such good horses. Several cowboys coulda won the bareback if they'd a' drawed my stock. But I was goin' good. Never bucked off a bareback horse and only one saddle bronc. Only worked fifty-four rodeos. (He made eighty-six in 1954.) The income-tax people found me shy $1088 at the end of 'Fifty-one, and I'm a-layin' there in Nampa, thinkin' as how I had to borrow 'er to pay 'em.

"You got to have a little gamble in you to rodeo, but I sure respect a fella like Jim Shoulders, or the Tescher boys, who salt 'er away. I was too wild for my own good, but I'm glad it's behind me; I'd hate to be married and have to go through it again.

"I'll admit I was an extreme playboy. I was plumb scared to go to bed for fear I might miss something. Partyin's easy to find. You see, each town's a-whoopin' 'er up. Growin' beards and such. You hit the rodeo and they're havin' their big spree. You go on and the next place is the same. A kid has to watch it. Travelin'! Man, I don't think anyone outside of rodeo knows the amount. Nothin' to put 65,000 miles on a car in a year—and fly, too."

One real head spinner of a week went like this, for instance: Puyallup, Washington, on a Thursday, two performances. Fly to Omaha to ride there Friday. A rented car and a dash to St. Joseph, Missouri, for Saturday afternoon and night. Fly back to Omaha, Sunday, and then to Albuquerque, New Mexico, for the first go-around there. Fly to New York. Fly back to finish Omaha, and to Albuquerque to finish there—with a side trip to Kansas City to make the Strike It Rich program. Then rush back to catch the next go-around at New York. But he won the bronc riding, bareback and all-around at Puyallup and Omaha, the bronc riding at New York and the bronc riding at Albuquerque. The run was worth $12,000, and expenses were $896.

Then comes the letdown of a rodeo where Casey is stuck in one town—playing endless games of cards, wandering around town and putting in time until he is due to ride. The life is not conducive to sensible living. But the Nampa accident changed Casey. As he expresses it, "I didn't put my head in no gunny sack filled with ashes, or whatever that saying is, but I started thinkin'."

For the last three years he's been raising money—by putting on a rodeo in Fort Pierre—for a recreation hall and gym for the 4-H club. This year, at a meeting in the bank, the committee wanted to limit use of the building to boys who were club members. Casey bristled; he wanted any boy to use it—especially one who didn't have enough "leanin's in the right direction to be a Four-H-er."

Equally typical of Casey: the same evening, as we were driving across the Missouri bridge, the headlights picked up the large sign depicting Casey's face and advertising Fort Pierre as being his home. I asked him, straight-faced, "How long did it take you to build that?"

Because there were two complete strangers in the car, he was delighted. "A helluva time. See, the city would only give me nails. I had to save for the lumber. And so's not to get caught, I'd build 'er at night, by the headlights comin' over the bridge. Pop up and drive a nail, then hide." He was in seventh heaven at the silence from the back seat. He had to add, "You know, my face's so slim they think they can squeeze it on Mount Rushmore."

Casey's most painful experience in or out of the arena came when members of the Casey Tibbs Enterprises thought it wise to see how far he would go as a featured cowboy with an act of his own. With a trick horse called Midnight, he was billed at several of the rodeos in which he was also competing.

The other cowboys made life miserable for him. His act—and he's not too proud of it—was the usual: Midnight assumes poses, prays, bows and does other conventional tricks. At Lubbock, Texas, Jim Shoulders ribbed him by dashing out in the middle of the act and handing him a guitar.

"When I had my horse sayin' his prayers, or in some position, all the cowboys would go to hollerin' like they were tryin' to run him out of a pen with a handful of rocks. He'd throw his head up and jump out of his position. You don't know how painful it was. Then come time to ride a bronc, it'd be the most relaxed feeling in the world."

The cowboys were doing themselves no favor by riling Casey, because he would contest with more fury than ever. He cleaned up at the majority of rodeos in which the act appeared, but the only times he really enjoyed the act were those when he took the horse to children's hospitals and gave performances for the kids.

The act speeded Casey's decision to retire. A rodeo cowboy in championship contention can't afford to make mistakes, and a man with other things on his mind does make them. I saw him bucked off his first horse in New York last year. I knew that the bronc title meant more to him than anything else in the world. It was like seeing Musial fanned by a Little-Leaguer. He just plain got bucked off an average horse.

When I asked him about it, he told me he'd made two cardinal mistakes. The first was not studying this horse when he had the chance at an earlier rodeo. In other years Casey would mark every horse on a program, note his technique, the length rein to take and which way he cut back, as carefully as a baseball scout watching an opposing club. And the second was just carelessness: He came to New York tired. He had a few drinks. He hadn't eaten and they hit him. Before he knew it, it was time for him to ride.

"I just flat got bucked off. I raised up on my elbow and that horse came back and bucked within three feet of me and I wished he'd a kicked me in the head, I felt that stupid. Been behavin' myself all year, and goof where the big money is."

He makes no bones about it to himself. He's been a good bull rider, but he stopped riding bulls in 1950. He wanted to concentrate on the bronc riding, and his mother hated the big, mean-tempered Brahmans. Last year, however, he wanted to add two titles to his record. He might need the 4123 points he won riding bulls to get the all-around. As it turned out, he didn't need them. That same night in New York he drew a bull "rank enough to win a day money on. He spun like a top, then stopped before the whistle. If I'd been on my toes, I'd have spurred him real quick, and he'd a gone on; it'd never been noticed. As it was, I just sat there."

Although Casey won the all-around for the year, Deb Copenhaver beat him for the bronc championship title—by 174 dollars. An average marking on the bronc he was bucked off would have made the difference. On his fifth horse Casey had the remarkably high mark of 189.

It was a long, hard year. He found he had to push himself. Some of the drive was gone. So now he's taking a crack at another field; he's greener in this one than he was in rodeo when he went to White River at fourteen. He's eager to develop a TV series with an authentic rodeo background. Fully realizing the job ahead, he's secretly working hard, taking voice lessons and basic dramatic coaching. Outwardly he jokes about his own lack of acting experience, but inwardly he's every bit as intent as he was when he started to contest. One thing is sure—Casey won't settle for a run-of-the-mill career; he will always want to stand out. THE END

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Mr. Grump was appalled when the town fathers built a baseball diamond for teen-agers next to his home. He objected that the noise, traffic, dust and general commotion all but wrecked his home life. On being ignored, he sued to shut down the diamond as a nuisance.

"This type of playground activity in a wholesome atmosphere is the best means of combating juvenile delinquency," the town fathers countered. "Communities everywhere have established such diamonds, and we have a perfect right to do so."

"I'm as much against juvenile delinquency as the next man," Mr. Grump retorted. "But what you're doing here is to drive me out of my house and almost out of my mind with a worse public nuisance."

If you were the judge, would you stop the boys' ball games?

• •

The games continued. The court, conceding that "the noise of happy children at play may be irritating to some adult ears," nevertheless ruled that as "the establishment of playgrounds has proven an effective means of combating juvenile delinquency, we must temper modern conveniences with modern inconveniences."

Based upon a 1955 New Jersey decision.

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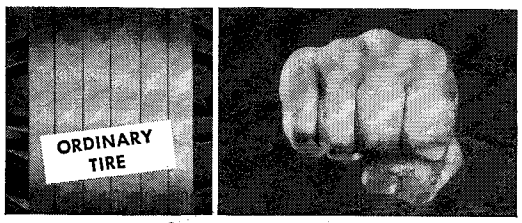

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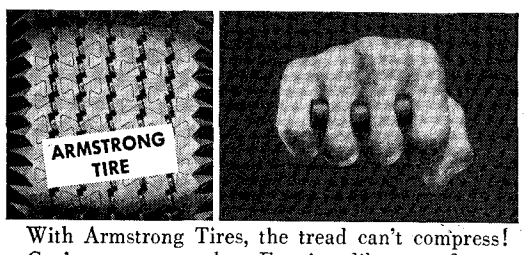

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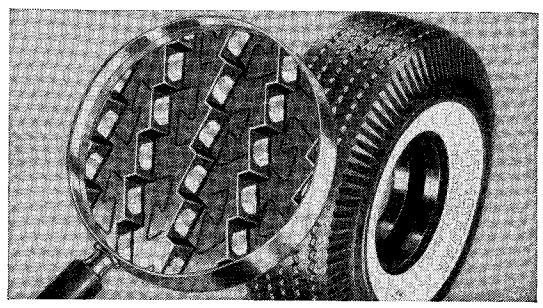

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The Edge of Death (Continued from Page 35)

rolled a cigarette, holding his hands beneath the long yoke of the raincoat. His mare stood, favoring her left foreleg. He ran his hand gently over the long ridges across her shoulder where the lion's talons had taken purchase before she had thrown him off. The scars were long and almost two inches apart, a mute testimony to the span of the cat's foot. The ridges were not completely healed and appeared raw with the wetness parting the hair.

"Maybe I was wrong, Fawn Eye," Quick mumbled to the mare. "There's no sign here; maybe he got out of the valley."

Sitting far back in the saddle to help the mare's shoulder, Quick guided the nervous horse back toward the rising trail to the cabin. Where the grade became sharp he dismounted and followed her, step by step, up the wet, tortuous trail back to the cabin. The wind had quieted, but the rain fell steadily. There was no sound but the clink of the mare's shod hoofs on the rocks and the fall of the rain among the pines. When they reached the cabin Quick unsaddled the mare and turned her into the corral. She walked into the lean-to stable and blew disheartenedly into the empty feedbox that had been for Little Star. She stood with her right shoulder high and her left hoof relaxed, with only the toe of her shoe touching the ground.

The spring rain had turned cold and the lion lay in his dry cave, his heavy paunch distended, and gazed with golden, black-flecked, sleepy eyes out into the pouring rain. A trickle of water ran into the mouth of the cave and puddled between his outstretched forelegs. He rose and drank from the puddle, then retreated from the wetness. He stretched his long body out, rump in the air, forelegs extended, sheathing and unsheathing his claws. Then, lowering his ears against his bullethead, he yawned a wide, tongue-curling yawn and lay back down to sleep.

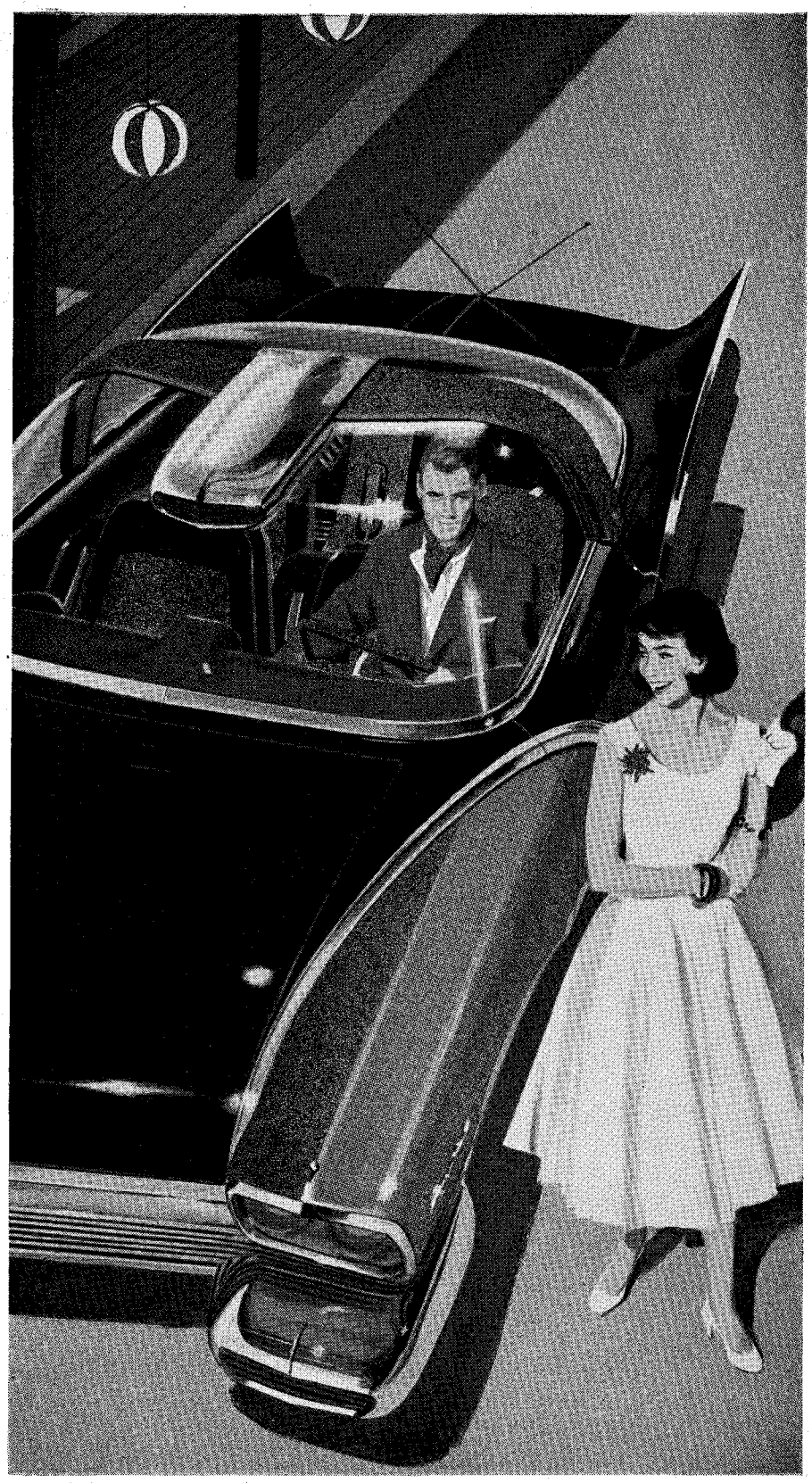
Quick walked back to the cabin and opened the door, his senses dulled with wetness and fatigue. Too late he knew things weren't right. The slight fire he had made in the stove should have been out, but it was crackling and the cabin was warm. The aroma of coffee was strong. His delayed reflexes embarrassed him when he saw the fat man sitting in the single chair. Quick took secret pride in his senses and they had slipped. He glanced to the wall. His rifle was gone and he knew he was in trouble.

The man was still and didn't turn toward Quick.

"Welcome home, bo," he said.

Quick didn't answer. He removed his sopping hat and ran his quick black eyes around the room. On the floor before the man's chair was a powerful leather-cased battery radio. It was almost as large as an ammunition case. The top was open and the long telescoping antenna rose up, shining and foreign-looking in the crude cabin. Quick was unsure as to just what it was and was a little afraid of it.

"I said, welcome home, bo," the man repeated. Then he turned toward Quick and laughed. He sat in the chair, relaxed, with his right hand in his coat pocket. His teeth were slightly bucked in his loose, wet mouth. He held his head cocked and



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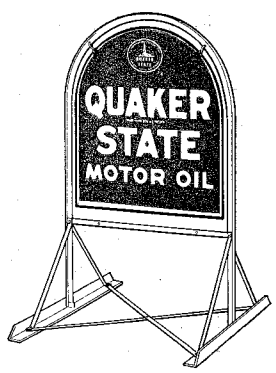

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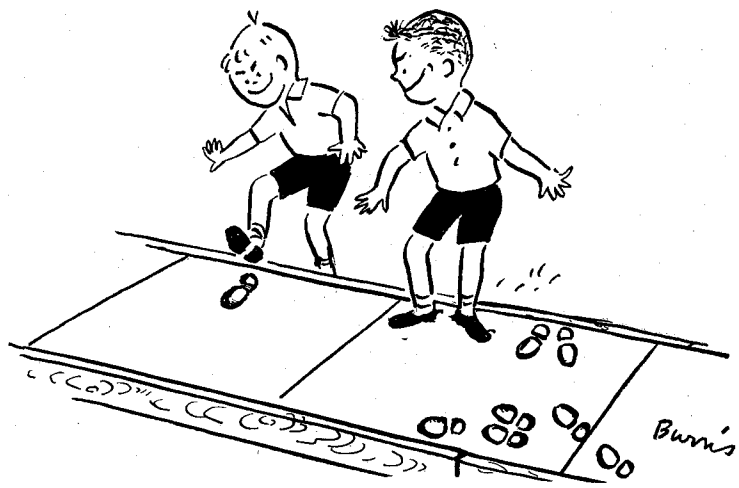

The Perfect Squelch

When Professor Parnar found deep and damaging footprints in the just-hardened concrete of his new sidewalk, he was sure they had been made by the young sons of his neighbor. But not wanting to stir up a neighborhood storm, he simply suggested to the boys' father that he should tell his sons to be more careful of others' property.

Instead of agreeing and apologizing for the mischief, the father grew indignant. He couldn't possibly reprimand his sons, he said, because it might curb their natural healthy impulses. He suggested that the professor was stuffy, that he had forgotten his own youth. Then he explained in tedious length how boys will be boys and ended with the irritated query, "Don't you like boys?"

"Oh, I like them," the professor said. "But in the abstract, not the concrete."

Henry F. Woods

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peered at Quick out of his left eye, which was badly cast.

"You got out of the plane," Quick stated, feeling the forced relaxation and controlled desperation of the man, and sensing the danger in it.

"Well, now," the man said, "he can talk. He thinks real good too; he knows I got out of the plane."

"You hurt your arm?" Quick asked quietly, feeling the stranger out.

"What's your name, bo?" the man asked, ignoring Quick's question.

"Quick Waterwatcher."

The man turned his head and looked at Quick with his right eye. The gaze from the singly focused orb was keen and sardonic. Then he laughed again, his teeth yellow and protruding.

"Well, now, a real live Indian. First I ever saw. How far into town, Indian?"

"No town nearer than Rock Sight. Fifty miles for the crow," Quick answered, taking off his wet slicker.

The man watched him closely, his hand tensed in his pocket and pushing the gun sight against the cloth so that it showed.

"No more flying, Rainmaker," he said; "the plane's at the bottom of the lake."

He glanced at his watch and leaned forward and snapped on the radio. It came alive instantly on a short-wave band that crackled and popped out some Morse code, and then settled to a slow drone. It made Quick nervous.

"We'll have to get your nags and ride out then, just like Hoot Gibson," the man said.

"Unh-unh," Quick grunted.

"Don't be like that," the man said. "I want to be real friendly. How much money you got, bozo?"

"No money," Quick answered. "I'm a Government bounty hunter. I trap." He was trying to be friendly, and it was a big speech for Quick. He had seen the gun in the man's pocket.

The fat man's eyebrows rose and he spoke, "Well, what do you know! A Government man. I'll have to watch you real close, now won't I? What did the Great White Father ever do for you besides leave you broke? Yes, sir, a regular G-man." He was enjoying himself.

Then the radio began to talk: "Attention. Attention. All Air Police Patrol. All Civilian Air Patrol and Federal Conservation Aircraft. Observe and report the position and course of Cessna aircraft, single plane, Number 34286—repeat, Number 34286. This aircraft has a yellow fuselage and black wings. Took off from Twin Falls at 1300 hours this date, tentative destination, Vancouver. Repeat. Tentative destination, Vancouver. This aircraft is piloted by Alfred Farrell, wanted for armed robbery and murder. Age, fifty-six, five feet ten, one hundred ninety pounds, light complexion, thin hair, sandy; brown eyes. May be wearing glasses. Distinguishing marks, tattoo on left forearm, the name 'Ruth' in a heart. Prominent teeth and heavy cast to left in left eye. This man is armed and dangerous. Repeat, this man is armed and dangerous."

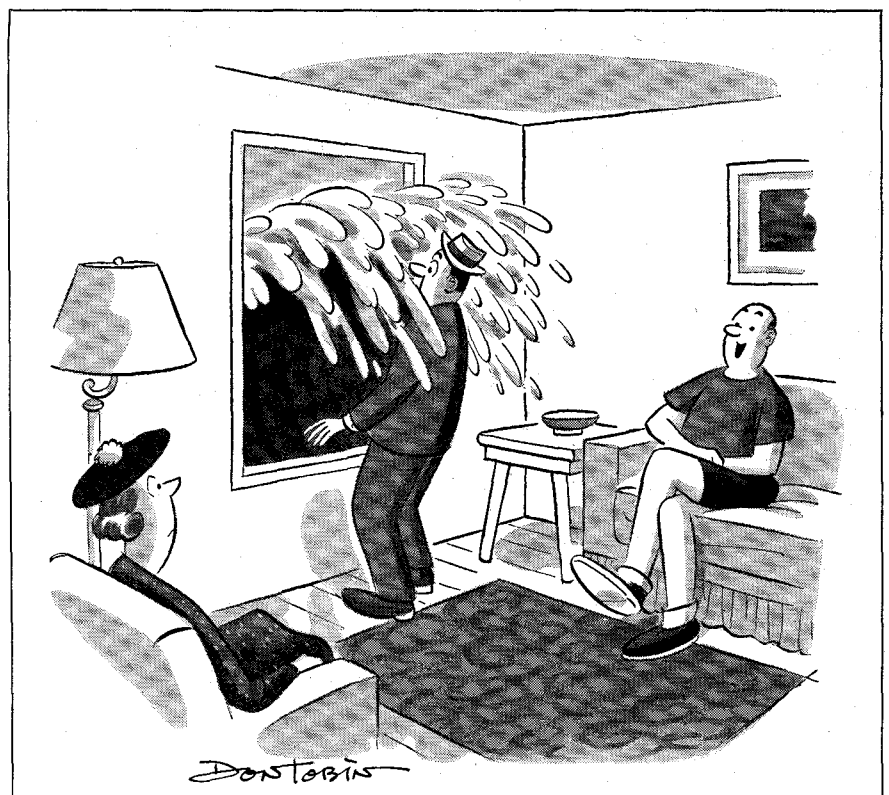
The man reached over and snapped off the radio.

"Just call me Al, pal," he said to Quick. Then, laughing, "Now you know, bozo." He took the gun out of his pocket and held it in his hand. It was a snub-nosed revolver.

"It looks like we're in this together, Rain-in-the-Face. How long will it take us to get to Rock Sight on those horses? All day?"

Quick looked at him blankly, hiding his awareness of the situation. "I do not go," he said.

"Don't play it wrong," said Al. "Most of the heroes are dead, and I've taken the springs out of your guns, anyway."



"How's that for a view of the ocean?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Quick stood quietly, hearing the water falling from the cabin eaves; then he said, "Just one horse. One lame mare. She couldn't take a man over the pass, or gear to get us out. There's much ice up where you go over." He watched Al closely to see how he was taking it.

"How come she's lame?" the man asked, suspicious of a lie.

"The lion, Saber Foot, almost got her," Quick answered.

The man looked at Quick a moment, then laughed. "Who you kiddin', nature boy? Ain't no lions around here. That Frank Buck stuff don't go. We're leaving in the morning. I seen two saddles in the lean-to and I know you got another nag. Wise up and I might even make you rich. Bet you never seen a grand all in one note." He reached over and snapped the radio back on and switched it to a musical program.

"Fix us some supper, pal; I'm hungry," the man said. He reached into his pocket and took out a cigarette. He seemed sure Quick would obey him.

"Snap it up," he said, throwing the match on the clean floor. "What you got for chow anyway?"

"Meat and beans," answered the Indian, moving to the stove.

The Indian carved the venison. The knife was a live thing in his hand. Eight inches of death honed down thin. He wondered if he could flip it underhanded with enough force to kill the man seven feet away. He glanced toward Al. The fat, balding man was watching the knife, grinning. He cocked the revolver, and Quick could see the round nose of each heavy load in the cylinder. He knew the time wasn't right yet.

"Make mine heavy on the meat," said Al. "I've had a lot of beans in my life. After we eat we're going out and look over the nags. We're gonna get an early start tomorrow."

Quick sat in the chair in the center of the room and listened to the rain falling steadily in the pine trees outside the cabin. He watched the man eat and the man watched him. The revolver was lying by Farrell's plate and the cocked eye never left Quick. Farrell shoveled large pieces of venison into his mouth and the tallow cooled and left a white greasy ring on his chin. When finally he had finished, he picked up the gun and moved away from the table. He picked his buck teeth with a match.

"You can eat now, Rube," he said. "Then we'll look at them horses. I'm real interested in them horses. They're gonna take us out of here."

Quick moved to the table and sat down. He didn't eat but drank a dipper of water and watched the man with expressionless eyes. He thought about the skillet of hot grease on the oven in easy reach. He could hear it bubbling.

"Go ahead and try it." Al spoke from several feet away. "It'll cool off before it gets here."

Quick looked into Al's twisted eye and saw a mind as vicious as a wolf's and more merciless than Saber Foot, the colt killer. Knowing there would be more waiting, he spoke again of Fawn Eye.

"Only one crippled mare," he said, his voice calm.

"How come two saddles and two bridles? Don't kid me, Waterwatcher. You produce the other nag or I'll make you take me out of here if I have to drag you behind that mare." Al suddenly cocked the revolver and stepped to where Quick sat. He held the muzzle at the corner of the Indian's eye.

"Don't get funny with me, country boy. I oftered you a bill to take me out. I know you can do it. Either you get in line and get the gear ready and the nags checked out or I'm gonna get ugly."

The Indian sat still, not moving or blinking, but with his eyes glowing hotly savage.

"You ever seen a man shot across the bridge of the nose with one of these things?" Al continued. "It won't kill you, Rube, but you won't watch no more water. I got nothing to lose. I'll blind you and burn this shack and strike out by myself. Think it over," he said.

"Maybe I carry some, you carry some, one horse will do. At daylight tomorrow I show you my one horse, where he is dead," Quick said.

"That's better," Al said. "If he's dead, he's dead. I'll believe it when I've seen it. I'm gonna ride, any way you figger it. You and that horse are gonna get me outa here. I got a lot to do and a lot to do it with."

Forcing the Indian to lie on the floor, Al stripped the long leather laces from Quick's boots and lashed the Indian's hands and feet, bunching them at his back. Then, taking the bell that the dead colt had worn, he tied it to the lashes, so that any movement on the Indian's part caused a loud clatter. Then he sat in the chair and dozed lightly, waiting for daylight.

All through the night Quick watched the man, and behind his hot, glittering Indian's eyes were visions of the lion snare by the body of the colt. It was strong enough to swing a large man.

When it was still an hour and a half before dawn, Quick spoke to the dozing Al. "Time to go to the horses."

Al rose and stretched. "You didn't ring your bell much, Waterwatcher. Maybe you got a good night's sleep," he said, untying the Indian.

Outside the cabin, Quick said, "You see Fawn Eye. Now I show you where her colt is."

"O.K.," Al said, "but watch yourself. I'm jittery early in the morning."

They started up the trail toward Broken Nose, taking the long way through the trees—Saber Foot's circling route. The other way, which followed the lip of the bluff to Broken Nose, was the open way—Fawn Eye's way. A light drizzle still fell steadily in the mountains and Quick could hear the small life sounds about him. There was no wind and beneath the top of the peaks the overcast hung in the pine trees. Beneath the pine trees on the floor of the forest, Quick could feel the thick carpet of pine needles soften, swell and thicken with the moisture. He knew they would be at Broken Nose, where Little Star lay beneath the snare, before it was light enough to see the color of the rhododendron. Then he could smell the kill, and he motioned Al ahead.

The lion uncurled his body from sleep. He stretched himself, feeling the painful morning gauntness of his paunch. He padded to the mouth of the cave, carefully stepping over the small puddles which had gathered in the rocky floor. Twice in a half hour his growing hunger drove him to the opening of the lair and twice the rain turned him back. Then, remembering the body of the colt, still fresh and within easy range, he slunk out into the dampness and began to work from thicket to thicket in the direction of his kill.

He stopped often, sensing a strangeness in the misty morning. His great, round-eared head swinging in a semicircle, he tested the air for his enemy, the Indian. Each step forward was a slow, imperceptible movement between the pillarlike trunks of the yellow pines. Each time his broad paw went down, it was only the bending of a single pine needle. He was cautious, for he knew the Indian could outstalk him. Just before the wind changed and filled his mind with the aroma of the dead Little Star, it brought just enough of Al's taint for the lion to know there was a new enemy in the woods.

As the light grew, the cat reached the place where the trail up the mountain swung close to the lip of Broken Nose. Here lay the colt. After a while he left the cover of the pines and began carefully to uncover the carcass. His hunger pushed him hard, and with the nearness of the meat he didn't hear Quick and Al until the white man was upon him. Then suddenly sensing them, he jerked his head up and struck the trigger of the snare.

Gun in hand, Al stood in the first light of dawn and for a moment was hypnotized by the great cat convulsing on the loop. The animal knotted and unknotted, his talons slapping hunks of bark from

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the small trees in his reach as he strangled. Then he stilled, and his hair stood stiff on his tail and back in the last feline paroxysm of dying.

"Cripes!" Al said as he turned and fastened Quick with his evil, canted eye. His features were twisted and beginning to stubble with gray beard. His expression reflected the savagery of what he had seen, and his yellow buck teeth were rat-like in the growing light.

"You're cute, ain't you, Indian, bringing me up here to prove you ain't got but one horse alive? You would have liked to get me swung up in that trap, wouldn't you? They couldn't hang you no higher than that on a sour apple tree, now could they?"

Quick stared impassively out over the valley and didn't answer the man.

"Made it with your own two little hands, I bet, didn't you?" Al continued. "Well, stick them hands out here and let me see 'em." He gouged Quick in the belly with the pistol barrel. "Hold 'em out, I said," Al repeated, then laughed.

Quick extended his hands out, palms down, still slightly swollen from the lashings of the night before. Al placed the muzzle of the revolver against the back of Quick's left hand and fired. The bullet struck the ground at the Indian's feet and knocked pine needles over his shoes. A steady, red-black drip started from Quick's hand onto the ground. The Indian didn't flinch or frown. He didn't even blink as he looked from his mangled hand to the white man's face while the shot echoed around the mountains.

"That's just to show you I'm serious, Waterwatcher. Don't get cute again or the next one will be in your eye. Now we're going back after some grub and that horse, and you're gonna walk me out of here. We'll do it the hard way."

Later, at the cabin, Quick loaded the mare. She was nervous and weak, trembling under the heavy gear.

"Leave enough room for me, Waterwatcher," Al said. "I aim to ride."

Then he took a length of rope and tied it through the Indian's belt in the back. He played out twenty feet or more and tied the loose end to his saddle horn.

"Lead on, MacDuff," Al laughed. "It's a long way to Rock Sight." Then he felt his middle to reassure himself about the thick money belt under his shirt.

Up the grade they went, Quick walking sure-footed and slightly pigeon-toed, his back bent under the blanket rolls the mare couldn't carry. They took the open way back toward Broken Nose and the Indian knew he had only one chance left. He prayed to the gods that the wind would be right, blowing from them to Broken Nose. He said a prayer, too, for Fawn Eye.

As the cabin fell away below them, the path swung nearer the lip of the bluff and Quick knew they were near to this sharp turn in the trail that would bring them suddenly upon the spot where Little Star slept with his killer swinging idly in the snare above him.

Al looked around and said, "This ain't the same way we went out the first time."

"This is the only way the mare can make it," answered Quick.

Then the sharp bend in the trail was upon them. Quick glanced back and saw that Farrell was looking with his crooked flier's eyes out across the chasm that fell away below them, and had not felt the growing nervousness of the mare. The wind was right, coming from their backs.

When the Indian reached the eye of Broken Nose he stepped around the sharp, blind turn where the lion hung. He slowed, allowing the rope to slack. Then he placed his shoulder against the suspended carcass and shoved hard. The cat's body swung in a big circle toward the frantic horse's face. The mare reared, nostrils flaring red. As she pawed the air, whistling wildly in fright, Quick fell on the ground, jerking his belt loose to free the rope. Al waved his arms futilely for balance, trying, too late, to grab the saddle horn. The horse went over backward and Al struck the rocky ground on his rump and slid over the lip of the precipice.

The mare lay a moment on her side, blowing hard, with her eyes rolling whitely; then she scrambled to her feet and ran down the trail toward the cabin, trailing rope and shedding gear at every lope.

Quick walked to the edge of the bluff and looked over. Al's face was three feet below him. He had grasped a slim vine that grew weakly between the rocks. His badly cast eye looked upward and his body seemed to pivot on his gaze as he hung in space and turned slowly. Quick looked down into the upturned, perspiring, pale face. He could see the tops of the pine trees far below. They were dwarfed with the height.

"Help me, Quick!" Al groaned. "Help me! I can't hang on much longer!"

Sand dribbled from the straining root of the vine and fell on Al's face.

"Oh, help me, Quick! It's coming loose! Hurry, get the rope!"

Quick stared down at Al with blank cold eyes. He didn't speak.

"Hurry, man! For mercy's sake, I'm going!" Al screamed.

Then, holding desperately with his right hand, he dug frantically at his waist with his left hand, coming up with a fist full of large bills. A few of them fluttered away in the breeze as he clutched again at the slim, rain-weakened vine.

"Take the money! Turn me in! Just get me up! You can reach me!"

Quick lowered his left hand, holding it just short of Al's reach, so that the man could see the swollen tongue of flesh protruding from his palm where Al's bullet had passed through. Then the Indian smiled for the first time, his perfect white teeth flashing in his dark face.

Al's hands slipped slowly down the vine as the bark skinned off. He gave Quick one last look and the Indian could see he was crying. Then he fell away, turning slowly. His screaming stopped when he struck the jutting chin of Broken Nose and bounced far out to crash into the pines below. For a few moments the money twinkled in the air and floated lazily down like leaves from a dead tree.

The sun came out and Quick Waterwatcher looked about him, feeling its warmth and smelling the swelling life of spring. He held back his head and called to the quail, whistling more with his throat than with his lips. Hearing him, the little rooster quail broke the circled covey to feed and, walking to the top of a clump of grass, fluffed his neck and sent his sweet, rising, triple-noted call up the mountain to his friend.

Quick watched as the deer stepped daintily from the juniper thickets, and the buck, after finding the air free and clean of the lion smell, rubbed his itching boss against a pine tree and then turned to nuzzle the doe. The trout guarded their beds carefully, then rose to the flies on the surface of the lake.

Quick went to the snare and cut old Saber Foot down and drew his heavy pelt from him. Then, walking with his silent woods tread, he went to the cabin to bind his hand before starting his journey to collect his lion bounty and tell of the man who was spitted on a pine limb at the foot of Broken Nose.

Reservation for Murder

(Continued from Page 39)

Then his expression hardened. A very wonderful sedative! The Janisek special! And that pocketbook lying out here in plain sight, as if to invite someone to notice and recognize it! He muttered anxiously to himself, with small tight gestures; then opened one of the front windows a few inches and dropped out the pocketbook. There! Let them prove it had come from 2234! Or let them try to prove it!

He went back to the bedroom, remembering that he had left the sedative in there.

Another dose now? Would that —— His expression again changed. Bits of glass sparkled before him on the bedside table, and on the rug under it had gathered a pool of thick, colorless liquid. Good, Colonel Tedescu thought grimly; better and better; now the old man had smashed the bottle in some way.

The phone rang outside. Theodore Victor again? Or perhaps Janisek? He looked down at the bishop, keeping his pale eyes veiled stolidly, his mouth compressed, his jaw muscles ridged out sullenly; then left the lamp on, left the door open and went back into the other room to answer.

About this time—but not, of course, by way of the main lobby, nor the Imperial arcade, nor the Park Avenue entrance—they were attending downstairs to Charlie Mueller. A patrolman had opened a street door just down from the taxicab runway; two men had gone out through it, carrying the stretcher; then came Walter Duval and Ray Cassidy. Wind swept back viciously into the basement passage, and under the blanket there was revealed for them the edge of a worn trousers cuff, a gray sock darned neatly over the heel, and a black shoe. They both stopped. Cassidy removed his hat.

"Terrible, terrible," Walter Duval told him, peering around uneasily from the side exit. "What a thing to happen to us! I know it could have been worse, Cassidy—much worse. But still —— Do you suppose the papers are going to get hold of it?"

Worse? Cassidy thought. *For the Imperial, perhaps, but for Charlie Mueller?*

Then the stretcher was lifted up and the doors closed. He put on his hat. Not in life had little Charles Mueller ever been much of a one for the Park Avenue entrance; nor in death either.

"The end of us all," Walter Duval muttered, as if touched honestly there by some vague but oppressive realization of human mortality. "Out we go, Cassidy, the minute our time comes. Used up, hustled away and checked off. When you think of it ——" He let out a protracted and doleful sigh, genuine enough at that moment. "Poor devil! Any family at all?"

"Two boys," Cassidy told him, digging his head into the wind from Park Avenue. He did not intend to return through that basement passage; he had no desire to meet the other stretcher, and 1756, on the way back. "The wife died a couple of years ago. I thought you knew."

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"I suppose I should have," Walter Duval said. "He was a good, steady man, Cassidy. He did his job." Yeah, Cassidy thought, even with Mr. George V. McCollum a couple of hours ago; if you wanted to remember that part.

They walked together by the taxicab runway and the dignified entrance to the Imperial Towers, all apartments in there, and all permanent guests. The real Imperial elite, Cassidy reminded himself—diplomats and movie stars and famous industrialists and retired politicians. Walter Duval glanced in, out of long habit; so did Cassidy.

"Pretty quiet," Cassidy remarked.

"Thursday night," Walter Duval said.

They reached the corner. Lights sparkled along Park Avenue, and the clock facing Cassidy over the enormous stone arch of the Grand Central Building showed him that it was just about ten minutes of nine. That was a surprise. He felt that it should be later, much later—that hours and hours must have vanished by this time. And yet, under the Imperial canopy, there was the usual midevening business going on. Cabs were lined up all the way around the southeast corner, and other occasional cabs were darting in hopefully from the unending stream of Park Avenue traffic. A doorman hustled about, resplendent in his gray-and-blue Imperial uniform; and a native African prince, trailing behind him a colorful but solemn-looking native African entourage, passed, in the revolving doors, a tall and impressive-looking man in full evening dress, but with a Sikh turban and a black beard.

Not that such contrast, on any night of the week, was at all extraordinary for the Hotel Imperial. Upstairs, in the fourteenth-floor security office, was a list of important personages pinned up for Cassidy's attention—personages who were either in residence at the time or expected shortly. The Queen Mother of England, perhaps, or the president of a South American republic, or the French ambassador, or the German chancellor; and with all their activities itemized on that chart, in an exact, minute-by-minute schedule, from time of arrival, through functions of one sort or another, until time of departure. It was Cassidy's responsibility to make sure that none of those public figures was embarrassed, annoyed or perhaps physically threatened so long as he was on the hotel premises, but what bothered him now was an uncomfortable and nagging conviction that if he usually succeeded well enough with the Imperial eminents, both domestic and foreign, Charlie Mueller had been another and much different matter. And who had sent him around there? Cassidy asked himself. Who was responsible, really? At six o'clock, up on Twenty-two, Ray Cassidy could have nipped the whole business right in the bud by stopping those two men and questioning them. But instead —— He went on heavily, head down, hands in pockets.

"S-st!" the doorman said then, motioning aside to him as he turned in at the Park Avenue entrance after Walter Duval. "Cassidy! Wait up, will you? Just half a second."

He left Cassidy there and helped the African prince into an English limousine, came back, swung aside his Imperial cape and got out from beneath a pocketbook of black leather—a woman's pocketbook.

"See this?" he demanded, handing it over. "Just about knocked my head off five minutes ago. Plop! Right in front of me. Well, go on, Cassidy; take a look. You know whose it is? That Florence Savage's."

Cassidy took it, backed off a few steps and glanced up, floor after floor, window after lighted window, to the twin pinnacles, icy sharp under this bitter January sky, of the Hotel Imperial. Florence Savage's pocketbook? But how could —— His expression tightened. What the devil was going on around here anyway? Who was trying to push in the needle on Ray Cassidy?

"Somebody just dropped it out," the doorman was insisting to him. "From pretty far up too—the way it landed. Only they didn't touch a thing in it, whoever they were; not a thing. You notice?"

Cassidy opened the purse. Some change, eight dollars in bills, Social Security card, handkerchief, clean lavender smell, cracked mirror —— He narrowed his blue eyes, weighing the open pocketbook in one hand and studying the Park Avenue façade over him with his head back and his broad features ruggedly and rather grimly expressionless.

This was something pretty funny, all right. A sneak thief would have removed the cash, in any event—and first thing, because no one would have been able to identify it on him afterward. Then he would have disposed of the pocketbook right away; a standard operating procedure. There hadn't been much time for 1756, but enough, surely, for him to have managed either or both of those actions. Why hadn't he?

"Thanks," he said, his lips straighter and tighter than usual; "thanks a lot, Eddie"; then went in through the revolving doors, and found Walter Duval already consulting in his lobby office with one of the room clerks.

"Take a look," Cassidy invited, laying the pocketbook between them with no ceremony. "There's the purse we've been hunting for. Eddie, the doorman, just told me that it dropped down on the sidewalk not five minutes ago. O.K. I got a couple of questions for you. Who threw it? And where did it come from?"

"Eh?" Duval said. He touched it with his index finger, scowled at it, shoved it away and scowled at Cassidy. "We've already settled that business, haven't we?"

"You think so?" Cassidy demanded. He shook his head slowly. "I don't. I'm beginning to think that maybe we haven't even started on it."

"Now look," Duval said, sitting back in a chair, compressing his lips and making a great show of calm, perfectly controlled patience. "Why push at the thing? Why, Cassidy? Suppose that fellow just threw it out of his window an hour ago? It could have happened that way. Then it balanced against a ledge, maybe. And hung there until the wind hit it and knocked it off."

"Some throw," Cassidy said, putting a cigarette in his mouth, but not lighting it. "Remember what room he had? Seventeen-fifty-six. Way around on the side street; and yet he drops this purse right in the middle of Park Avenue—and a good hour after he drops himself into that stairwell. You think that's logical?"

Duval began drumming his fingers with harried impatience on a leather-bound memorandum book.

"Then one of the guests found it, opened it, got ashamed of himself and got rid of it. He didn't want to turn it in down here; he'd have had to answer a few questions. So he just decided to get rid of it in that manner."

"O.K.," Cassidy said. He spoke quietly and nodded quietly. "Whatever you think; whatever you say. But what about the big fellow I spotted upstairs? Suppose he threw it? Then he's still nosing around in here. You want that? You don't think that we have to do something about it?"

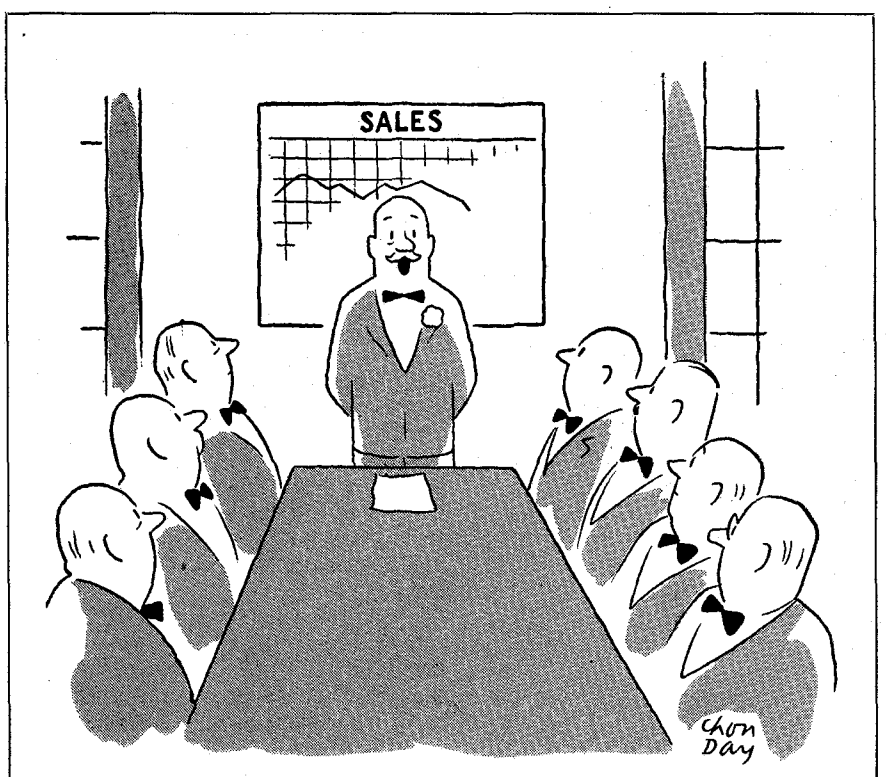
Duval got up, walked over to the office door, stood there a moment and walked back. Now clasping his hands behind him and patting them, he considered Cassidy from the eye corners with resentful uncertainty.

"I think we're just beginning to pick up a little real information," Cassidy said, still very quiet with him. "We knew all along that there were two fellows mixed up in this business, not one; but what did they hire that room for? Just to go downstairs and grab off Florence Savage's pocketbook? Either I'm crazy, Mr. Duval, or they had another and more sensible reason. They didn't touch the pocketbook—so they didn't want it; and this proves it. It was just a stall. It just covered them up."

Duval worried his black mustache, then his chin, then the mustache again.

"But what else do you suppose they might have been looking for?"

"I don't know," Cassidy said. "Not yet. But they weren't sneak thieves, Mr. Duval, and they weren't after that



"How's this for an idea . . . let's put a box top on the bottom too!"

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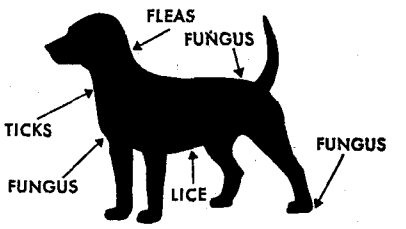

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pocketbook. Then what did they want? I'd like to find out."

"I can't see it," Duval said. He pushed back in the swivel chair, again drumming his fingers. "Why should the other fellow be hiding himself around here, Cassidy? It doesn't seem ——" His phone rang. He spoke into it, listened and put his hand over the mouthpiece. "All right," he said; "you're the professional in this business, so I'll leave it to you. Root him out, Cassidy—if you think you can manage it. Just keep me advised."

Of course, Cassidy thought stolidly, the real, high-class professional. The type who looked at a gun, and let Hannegan ——

Taking the pocketbook with him, he left Duval's office by way of an inner doorway, passed through a couple of darkened chambers and up a narrow flight of stairs to the next landing. Here were the Imperial executive rooms, all dark now, shut up till tomorrow morning—a deserted switchboard, an empty visitors' bench, a wooden gate; and beyond the gate a right turn for Cassidy, and the mezzanine corridor again.

It was pretty quiet up here now. The doors were closed to the Grand Ballroom, with one voice droning inside over the loud-speakers; there was heavy applause; then another and more oratorical voice—the guest of honor, probably. The two cloakroom attendants were chatting idly to each other, near the elevators; and Florence Savage was just coming out of the stenographer's office, her hat and coat on.

"Got the pocketbook," Cassidy told her. "Anything gone?"

She opened it and looked inside. "No," she said. "Not that I —— Where did you find it, Ray?"

He told her that too. "And got an idea kicking around," he added, ringing one of the down buttons for them. "How about a cup of coffee with me?"

"That I'd like," she said. "Good, Ray."

They went down to the lobby, crossed it and had their coffee at a soda fountain just off the Imperial arcade.

"Maybe a pretty screwy idea," Cassidy said there; "I don't know. But it's about all I've got, anyway."

"Maybe a pretty good one," she said, looking back at him in the big mirror. "Why not?"

"Oh, I can still figure," he admitted huskily. "Always could. That isn't what bothers me. But —— Just think back a little. They wanted something out of the mezzanine office, but it wasn't your pocketbook. Well, what was it? Something you typed, maybe—or one of the other girls?"

She frowned at him, concentrating on that question. "I suppose it could be. You mean a letter of some kind?"

"I mean anything at all," he said doggedly. "What were you working on when all this happened?"

"Why," she said, attempting to think back now, "let me see. Oh, yes! That speech for Bishop Hruba in Twenty-two-thirty-four. But it wasn't anything secret or important, Ray. It was about God, mostly. How God helped him; how prayer was the only thing that made him hold out against those horrible people. And it wasn't touched, anyway. It was right on the desk afterward. And my notes were there too."

The old man in Suite 2234, Cassidy remembered.

"Wait a minute!" he said, swinging around to her. "Where did we see those two fellows at six o'clock? Right up on Twenty-two, wasn't it? You think that's the connection I'm looking for?"

"No," she said; "that's just not logical, Ray," telling him then of the devoted secretary up there, and the bishop's nervous condition. "It couldn't be," she added, her honest conviction on that point altogether beyond challenge from Cassidy. "He's not well, of course, but I'm sure there's nothing in his speech could —— No. It's not possible, Ray. I read it all through, remember, and I know."

"Then where's the catch?" Cassidy demanded, shoving his coffee cup to one side. "What did those fellows want in here, anyway? I can't figure it! One of them gets caught, so the other one ought to get out of here right away, if he's using his head. O.K. Then where did the pocketbook come from? You got any ideas about it?"

He considered a moment; then added moodily: "Say they wanted something on Twenty-two; they must have, since they sneaked up there. Well, suppose the big fellow still wants it, whatever it is? Suppose it's that important? He can't get it any more, can he? Because he hasn't got that hide-out on the seventeenth floor to work from. He needs a way in here, so he can get around in the place, and he hasn't got it. Not unless ——"

He stopped for a moment, gazing at her with suddenly narrowed blue eyes—or through her at empty space, rather.

"Not unless he's ready to take a pretty big chance on it. Hey? He's a smooth guy, though; he thinks real fast; he sees me looking at him up there on Twenty-two, and he pulls that leak business right out of the hat on us. He doesn't know who I am—couldn't—but he's careful enough to take no chances, anyway.

"All right. How would he figure the thing? That only two people around here got any kind of a look at him—you and me. Maybe we're guests, maybe we're just visiting, but there's no reason why we should report him, is there? He didn't do anything that we saw, not up on Twenty-two; and so far as he knows, he isn't connected at all to the guy in Seventeen-fifty-six—not by the hotel people. So let's make out he wants to get back in here for that something important. How would he manage it? You think he'd have enough guts and gall to march into the lobby again, and to ask for a room right up on Twenty-two maybe?"

She stared back at him with wide-open brown eyes.

"Why, I don't know. Perhaps if the something was very important, Ray. Important enough to match the risk he'd be taking."

"That we'll check," he said grimly. "And right now. Come on."

But outside, at the reception desk, the room clerk appeared to have been watching for him too.

"Where were you?" he demanded. "You had a call, Cassidy, from up on Eighteen—and for you, personal. I had to send up one of the roundsmen ten minutes ago. And it's some night around here; everyone's goofing off. They claim nobody put in the call, that I must have put down the wrong number; when I know I didn't. How about that?"

But it seemed a very minor point to Cassidy; he brushed it aside impatiently.

"All right," he said. "All right! I was around. You notice a single man that checked in here during the past hour, say? A big, fat guy; wheezes, kind of; pretty pale; pretty thick eyebrows?"

"A single man?" the clerk said. He blinked slowly. "Afraid not. I had two men a little while ago, two singles. But that's all. I put them in Twenty-two-thirty-nine and Twenty-two-forty-one; adjoining rooms. They'd made a reservation by phone, half an hour ago."

Twenty-two again, Cassidy thought. Significant?

"They ask for Twenty-two?" he demanded tightly. "They make a point about it?"

"Not particularly," the clerk said. "The one that called just told me that they wanted a room high up. I said that we had a nice double room on Twenty-seven, and these adjoining singles on Twenty-two, and in back. And they thought the singles might be a little more comfortable for them."

Sure, Cassidy thought; they wanted a room high up, but in the end they took the one that was lower down. Why? Because it was Twenty-two? And because they wanted to get as close to that floor as possible, so long as they aroused no suspicion about it?

"Two of them?" he said. "What did they look like?"

"Well," the clerk said, "as a matter of fact, Cassidy, one of them was a pretty big fellow; fat too. He wore a black hat and a dark overcoat, but that's all I noticed about him. Why?"

Cassidy felt his heart beginning to thump anxiously, as if there were a heavy weight resting on top of it. Suppose it was the big fellow? What then? Cassidy would have to handle him now. With no Hannegan this time, and no help from anyone else either. He wet his lips quickly, and perhaps the girl noticed that action—and interpreted it too.

She said quietly, "Look, Ray. I'd go up with you; I could help to identify him. And I wouldn't be afraid for one second either. Not with you."

What fooled her? Cassidy thought hopelessly. The big chest? The tough manner? The rugged features? His blue eyes became much darker than usual, the flesh under them dark too—almost bruised looking. Walter Duval appeared.

"Now what is it?" Duval said. "What's the conference for?"

But they were late again, however; a good quarter of an hour now behind Mr. Janisek's meticulous timetable. At 8:40, in that luggage shop over on Third Avenue, Mr. Janisek had decided on the right traveling bag; at 8:45, from a cigar-store phone booth, he had reserved two adjoining rooms at the Hotel Imperial; and at 9:05 he had arrived, with Cousin Josef, in the side-street taxicab runway.

There was still, of course, the red-headed fellow who had seen him up on Twenty-two earlier, and with Emil; who was probably connected in one way or another with the hotel police; and who, if he had a brain in his head or just a little suspicion about that earlier meeting, could now spoil everything. If, naturally, he was permitted to spoil it. But Mr. Janisek was ready for him also. It was quite simple. He must be kept out of the Imperial lobby while Mr. Janisek registered. How to manage it? There was a phone in the starter's office downstairs, a house phone; and Mr. Janisek took full advantage of it. He tipped the starter, murmuring something about a friend upstairs whom he wanted to contact immediately; and then, when he was alone in there, he asked for the Imperial desk.

"Room Eighteen-forty-eight speaking," he announced crisply. "There was a little trouble up here last night, and one of your people handled it. A redheaded man, but the name ——"

"Yes, sir," the desk said. "Mr. Cassidy."

"Of course," said Mr. Janisek, noting the name mentally for future reference. "Mr. Cassidy. I would like to see him again, please. Could you send him up right away?"

The desk thought so; and Mr. Janisek replaced the phone, and waited two minutes by his wrist watch, and then went upstairs with Cousin Josef and an Imperial bellhop. He was—oh, maybe a bit nervous about it, eying the main lobby with sharp care before showing himself, but Mr. Redhead was not visible anywhere, and there was no trouble or difficulty at the reception desk. It was all over in a minute or two; then both danger points—the main lobby and the Imperial's Mr. Cassidy—were safely behind him, and he was floating upward with the bellhop and Cousin Josef in one of the Imperial elevators.

Then it seemed to him that he had proved once and for all that the redheaded fellow was no one to worry about; that the reverse was true, rather; that at every turn so far it was Francis Janisek who had acted with the superior shrewdness, the quicker and more effective mental strategy. And yet he had almost worn himself out over the thing. Should he risk the Imperial again, and with Cousin Josef this time? Shouldn't he? So much

"The ol' man must've really given 'em a pep talk this morning!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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indecision and nervous strain, but not any more. For the necessary few minutes, he had decoyed Mr. Cassidy up to Room 1848; and now he was a legitimate guest at the Imperial. Who had noticed him checking in? Who had questioned him? They slid past Seventeen, and past Eighteen, with the gilt mirror reflecting Mr. Janisek's almost dreamy-looking exterior about the bellhop's detached and soberly uplifted profile; and on Twenty-two, of course, he was no longer an unknown stranger required to state his business up there, and to pass inspection from the proper authorities.

No, no! Everything was far different this time. The floor clerk simpered a bit, and Mr. Janisek nodded at her with exactly the right touch of affable graciousness. It was true that at the last moment Cousin Josef hesitated nervously—almost pulled back—but his companion, without altering a bland smile in any way, forestalled that nonsense at once by digging his fingers into Cousin Josef's scrawny forearm.

They turned left now, keeping to the Park Avenue side, and Mr. Janisek had to cover his mouth furtively with one hand; it was almost too much. Really it was! The very floor, the very side he wanted; everything he wanted. Around him were only a few everyday sounds almost muffled by the Imperial doors—the low peal of a telephone, a woman laughing suddenly, two men rumbling at each other; and then, before him, another bellhop or page boy at the entrance to Suite 2234. He rang there; the door opened and Colonel Tedescu accepted from him some kind of envelope, perhaps a telegram.

Mr. Janisek advanced composedly. What else? No hesitation at this point, and no recognition either. But the military ass glanced up at the most awkward instant, and very nearly betrayed all of them. His eyes goggled; he gaped foolishly.

The smile became a bit painful for Mr. Janisek, but he maintained it. Idiot! Imbecile! Would Tedescu be silly enough to address them, to come out into the corridor in front of them? It seemed so, but then Mr. Janisek darted just one unmistakable glance at him, over the bellhop, and the colonel stepped back hurriedly, dropping the telegram at the same instant.

It was accidental, but it was also fortunate. They got past without further incident, but not too far; then their bellhop, shifting the new suitcase from hand to hand, opened a door on the other side of the corridor from 2234, and two or three rooms separated from it. There followed the usual routine business—lights were turned on, the connecting door was thrown open and the bathrooms were inspected.

And the military ass? Still out there, perhaps? Still gawking? Mr. Janisek produced some change. "Very nice," he informed the bellhop; "thank you. Very comfortable."

Then he went out after the bellhop—seeing him off, presumably—and almost at once the military ass poked his head from 2234. Mr. Janisek motioned at him, lifting a hand and waving it back angrily, but Colonel Tedescu was not able to understand the simple command in that gesture. He looked down the corridor, to make sure that the bellhop was heading away from them for the elevators, then hurried across and over to Mr. Janisek and Room 2239. There was nothing to do then but to drag him inside, and quickly.

"What are you doing?" Colonel Tedescu whispered. "Why the room, Janisek? I have been half crazy up here, worrying about you, and about Emil. Was there any trouble?"

Mr. Janisek closed the door; practically slammed it.

"I have been amusing myself," he declared, with biting sarcasm. Tell him about Emil? No, something warned him; let that rest for now on the only shoulders that were capable of supporting it, not on those of the military ass, or of the other pathetic creature standing between them with his velour hat cocked to one side and a gray overcoat covering him almost from chin to shoe top. "I called you, idiot; I called several times; and each time there was someone talking to you."

"Theodore Victor," Colonel Tedescu said, glancing over uneasily at cousin Josef, but not greeting him. "He calls, Janisek—and calls and calls and calls! Why can he not see His Excellency? What is the difficulty about it? He is tormenting me, and now he has even begun threatening me."

"One is worried," Mr. Janisek announced curtly. "How is the old man behaving? Still asleep?"

"Yes!" Colonel Tedescu said, his face darkening. "That wonderful sedative of yours! Well, it does not work, Janisek. He came crawling out of the bedroom before—and when the stenographer was with me. She saw him. And she wanted to get a doctor immediately."

A slight twitch crinkled up the smudgy, very dark eyebrows confronting him. Intolerable! What had Francis Janisek endured—and outfaced too? And Tedescu to flare up as though ——

He demanded icily, "What are you trying to tell me? That he talked to her—and that you permitted it?"

"No, no!" Tedescu calmed somewhat. "He babbled out something or other—that God had forgotten him—but he was not sensible. I convinced her finally that it was only one of his usual nervous attacks. She was very sympathetic about it."

"He is quiet again?"

"Completely exhausted," Tedescu said. "Quite safe now. But to leave me alone all this while, Janisek! What happened downstairs? Did they recognize Emil?"

"No excitement," said Mr. Janisek, shrugging carelessly; "no trouble at all. We picked up my things, as you see, and then he checked (*Continued on Page 95*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I think I see your trouble."

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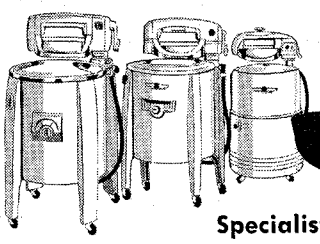

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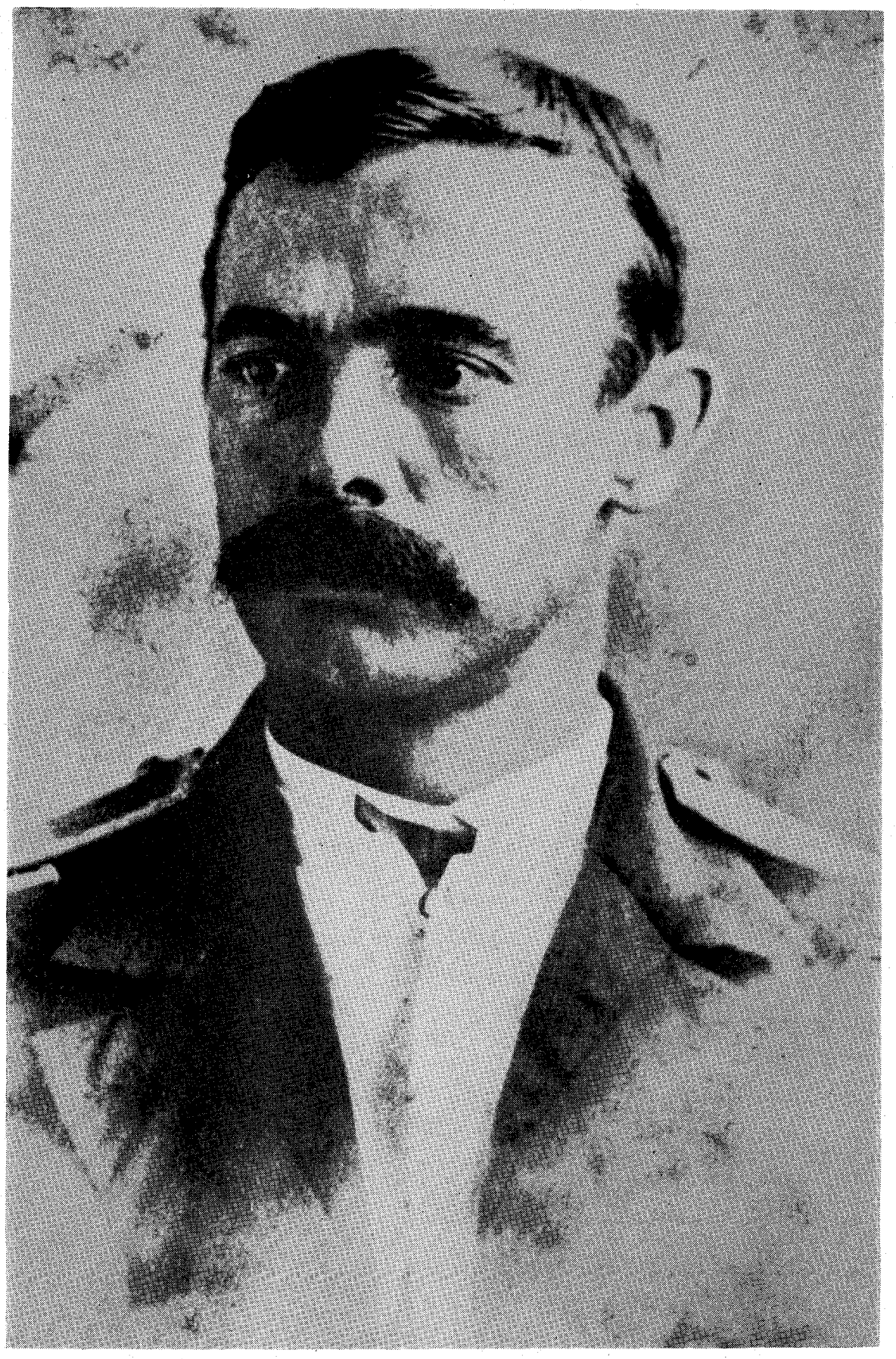
The terrible vengeance of Joseph P. Fyffe



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(*Continued from Page 93*) out immediately. Better that way. You imagined otherwise?"

It seemed to him that the lie would be quite safe; that a momentary disturbance on Seventeen, no matter how dramatic in nature, might have taken place on the other side of the world for an Imperial guest up on Twenty-two. The thing would be to hush it up, so far as the hotel personnel was concerned; not to spread it about. And he was correct there also. Colonel Tedescu sat down on the bed thankfully, again starting to watch Cousin Josef with quick, covert side glances.

"But the strain for me!" He puffed his cheeks out. "The phone ringing and ringing! Newspapermen for interviews; Theodore Victor; telegrams for the old man to speak here and there, messages of sympathy, offers of help—and not one word from you as to what was happening. Yes! I was greatly worried about everything. Do you suppose I could help it?"

"So worried," Mr. Janisek murmured, "that you decided to fortify yourself with good brandy. Oh, one has a nose, anyway." He looked down at Tedescu with sudden and rather evident contempt. "Well, I am not a frightened military ass. I say to myself, get rid of Emil, send him away, and start over again. What had changed? It can be better than before, even. Because this time I myself will make sure that it is."

"And you managed a room here?" Tedescu whispered at him. "Right across from us? How?"

"Oh, very cleverly," Mr. Janisek announced, turning his plump back there with insolent nonchalance. "By asking for it. Well, what do you think of our gentleman here? Do you suppose that he can attend to the job for us?"

Cousin Josef, venturing a timid smile, glanced from one to the other of them.

"Stupid one," Mr. Janisek instructed arrogantly. "The glasses." They were removed; and Mr. Janisek tilted the chin, slanting it over to one side, then the other. He did it impersonally, like a critical photographer trying for a new and unique camera angle. "You will please notice," he added, glancing back over his left shoulder at Colonel Tedescu. "We have the cheekbones"—he tapped one—"the placing of the gray eyes; the high, narrow temples; and the arch of the nose. All the Hruba family characteristics, in short; and all identical. The age too; and"—this time he lowered the brows significantly—"of course, the somewhat dilapidated physical condition." His hand made a negligently sweeping gesture to indicate the complete picture. "Well, what would you say? Satisfactory on all counts?"

Tedescu hesitated. "The mustache," he said then. "The old man is clean-shaven."

"Oh, yes," Mr. Janisek murmured. "A really insuperable obstacle. All of two minutes to shave it off, Tedescu. Quite impossible, eh?"

"But there are so many things that went wrong," Tedescu said, squirming a bit. (Why? Mr. Janisek asked himself. Hunting for a way out perhaps? Trying to find some valid excuse for turning tail now at the most critical moment?) "Emil, as you remember; then the old man waking up; then the sedative. He knocked it over when he got out of bed. I meant to tell you before."

Cousin Josef waited patiently in position. It was true enough, what Mr. Janisek had remarked of him; he was as slight and wasted in physique as Bishop Hruba, even if he had burned out from within because of other and much different tensions. He had gray hair; tired, worn-looking features; and gnarled old hands. He said nothing, showed nothing, and perhaps felt nothing; just stood there with the humble submission to other people, the sad, vague, ineffectual gentleness of the alcoholic who, at the moment, anyway, was not drinking. Life had broken him years before he and Mr. Janisek had crossed orbits. He knew it. He was age without dignity, existence without a sensible reason. He resented no blows and no insults—knew what he deserved, perhaps. Now he waited. He had not yet been told to do anything.

"But look at him!" Tedescu said, not looking himself, but turning his head aside to Mr. Janisek with an expression of revolted contempt and loathing. "Are you out of your mind? A creature like that—a sodden physical wreck! And you think to pass him off before hundreds of people tomorrow night! No, Janisek. No, I tell you!"

"I believe you have forgotten the comrades," Mr. Janisek observed in a very placid tone, moving back several steps and from that viewpoint eying Cousin Josef critically. "The two years, colonel. You will walk in to that dinner tomorrow night—oh, believe me!—and all you detect will be gestures and expressions of the warmest and most sympathetic commiseration. Ah, the poor man! What he has suffered! What those animals have put him through! Gasps, colonel; alarmed and distressed whispers one to another; perhaps a few open tears. And then, the one vital realization, in the unlikely chance that there will be someone present who remembers Paul Hruba from years back, in the old country—how he has changed! How he has aged and withered since they have last seen him!"

"That is granted," Tedescu said. He looked back at Cousin Josef reluctantly. "But you understand that the bishop has a certain presence, even now. A dignity, Janisek; a touch of the spirit."

"Oh, dignity!" Mr. Janisek repeated after him, and in a dry, almost amused manner. "We have no problem at all there; we have been trained. Dignity, imbecile!" And he snapped his fingers. "How do you handle yourself before all those people? What have I taught you to do for tomorrow night, when the gentleman here will escort you into the Grand Ballroom?"

There followed a very curious pantomime. Cousin Josef bowed left quickly, bowed right, his eyes hidden again behind the glasses; he lifted his head, held it stiff-necked toward heaven, raised his arm and walked several steps, very erectly and quickly, between dresser and bureau. His lips murmured; his right hand blessed invisible multitudes to each side; he bowed again.

"Good God!" Colonel Tedescu exclaimed. He jumped up.

"Now you are offended," Mr. Janisek complained irritably. "Your sensibilities are touched. But only reflect a moment. The bishop's robes, Tedescu—and the bishop's manner, as you have just seen. Who questions either of them? He walks in quickly, as expected, sanctifying the congregation; he bows here, and bows there; and he reads the speech. Perhaps he stumbles a bit; perhaps the old vigor and force are not evident. Well? Who objects? I can tell you this much: Tomorrow night, if there is a voice, just one voice, raised in protest or suspicion against him, that unfortunate will be dragged out and hung by his heels to the nearest lamppost. We will be dealing with true patriots, remember. An audience actually inspired."

"No!" Colonel Tedescu said. His voice trembled. "I am not a religious man, Janisek. But this—this perverted mockery ——"

A mistake, Mr. Janisek realized, and perhaps a very serious mistake. He had shown the military ass the way out, and the military ass had seized on it. Now, when the moment was almost here, Tedescu must have decided to avoid any further implication; and avoid it, of course, for the most righteous and high-minded reasons. How to handle him? Friendly and logical persuasion? He attempted it.

"Please listen to me," he entreated, putting his finger tips together, pressing them sidewise over his breast pocket, and gazing down at Colonel Tedescu with a kind of stricken solemnity. "You do not quite understand. I, too, have respect for the old loyalties. I am not a devil from hell, Tedescu. I am only a man who is trying to arrange matters for us in the most sensible fashion. You agree to that much?"

"No!" Tedescu said. He had flushed. "The money seduces you; you see how it can be done; and then you have your nose rubbed into the thing itself. I will not quarrel with you, but I have made up my mind, Janisek. No. We do not go on with it."

There was a pause—a long, heavy pause—then Mr. Janisek inclined his head silently. Oh, yes! Silence with this creature; utter contempt! He took the suitcase, walked into the other bedroom with it, and stood motionless there, the door open behind him, the light off. He could have smashed something. It was he who had been called on to outface the terrors, not Anton Tedescu. But now? Now, of course, all his time, all his effort and all his thought, would go for nothing—if he permitted it. Would he?

In the bedroom his face shone with its usual hothouse pallor, the morose, sulky eyes brooding in it, the mouth open a bit, the chin curving down and in with stubborn, sullenly childlike dejection. Essential now was the active co-operation—or even the passive—of the military ass, but how to secure it, and secure it in such a way that from this time on there could be no possible turning back for either of them?

With Emil it would have been very simple. A look, just the weight of a carefully veiled glance, and Emil would have managed a minute or two, quite alone, in the old man's bedroom. Then? Then a pillow over the face, but no real pain, of course, and no outcry, the whole thing finished and done before the military ass even suspected it. And then, indeed, the boats would have been well burned behind all of them, and no way back any more, only forward.

Well, it could still be managed in that fashion, but not, unfortunately, by poor Emil. By whom then? By Francis Janisek? He began to consider it uneasily, his high, sloping forehead, his sharp nose, his thick lips and the roll of flesh under his chin giving him something of the pointed and venomous physiognomy of old Grandfather Ferdy Ferret in a children's cartoon. But was he uneasy, to be quite truthful about it? Could he face up to this, too, as it had been necessary for him to face up tonight to so many other things?

He felt about in himself, testing. Quite calm everywhere; quite steady. Perhaps he was improving in this business. Why not? And if the way of redemption was to get an old man out of his path —— He raised his head suddenly. Yes, he thought. Yes. Get into that bedroom; dispose of Tedescu on some meaningless errand; and see then who would have the last say in this matter. Kill the old man—that was the one vital thing. How could Tedescu back out then? How could he change that part?

But now there were steps out in the corridor; they halted there, and Tedescu raised his head, and looked around nervously at the other room and Mr. Janisek. Someone rapped on the door.

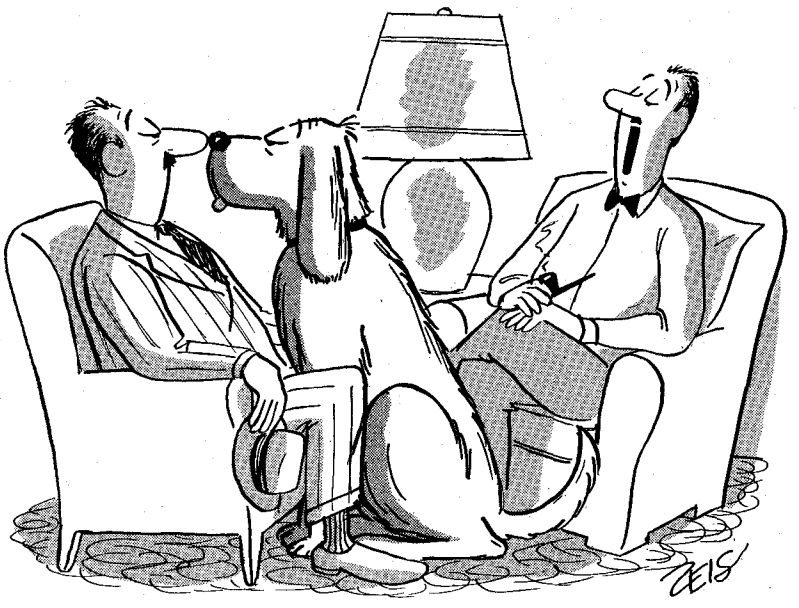
It seemed then, after all, that Mr. Janisek was not really improving to any noticeable extent in this business. He goggled out stupidly from the inner bedroom, the dark bedroom, no advice in him at that moment; and no assistance. Who was out there? A police officer? The redheaded fellow? He was sure of it—altogether positive. His breath failed him. All he understood was that Tedescu was trapped in the other room, and Cousin Josef. But perhaps Mr. Janisek, in the second bedroom, was still safe. Why not? Couldn't he close the door on them?

At the same moment, Tedescu must have had pretty much the same idea. He jumped up, backed off two or three steps and came hurriedly around the bed. Then, however, it was every man for himself—quarter asked, but no quarter given. Mr. Janisek instinctively reacted to safeguard and conceal Mr. Janisek. He slammed the connecting door, bolted it and put his shoulders against it.

"Janisek!" Colonel Tedescu cried at him. "Janisek!"

Mr. Janisek closed his eyes, shook his head quickly, shook it again and did not respond.

TO BE CONTINUED



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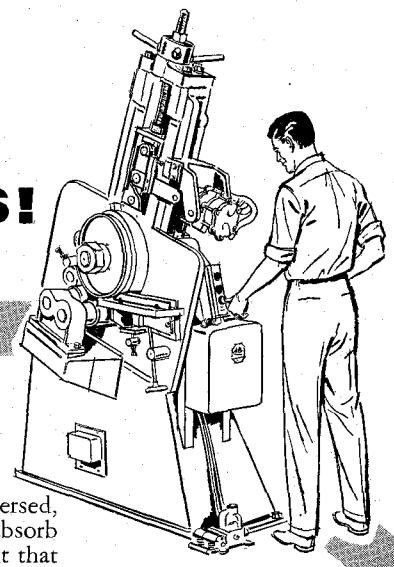

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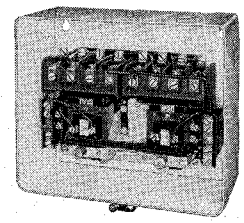

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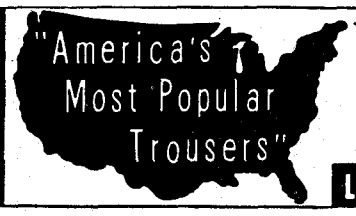

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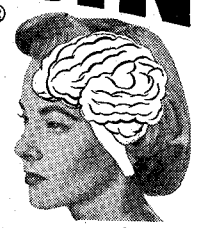

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Red Surge in Southern Italy

(Continued from Page 29)

down the Apulian coast, through parched Lucania, on to the gloomy mountains of Calabria, where terraced plots cling to steep hillsides for dear life and where superbly sculptured women in handsome local dress forgather with their earthen jugs around the village well. Of Italy's 49,000,000 people, some 12,500,000 live in this neglected back yard, which is a little smaller than the state of Maine and which, in its more cheerful reaches, reminds the traveler of California.

A few statistics will fill in the background. The average annual income of the southerner amounts to $170, compared to $360 in the North—and to $1800 in the United States. While seventy out of every 100 children finish primary school in Northern Italy, no more than thirty-seven do so in the South. The North provides five hospital beds for every 1000 people—the South, 1.6 beds. Of about 180,000 annual emigrants from crowded Italy, some 80,000 come from the South, where the population curve is going up and up. Housing is at a premium, unemployment is high, illiteracy rampant. There are few skills and little industry, and what the soil yields, by and large, goes north the way it is—the South does not possess a single cold-storage warehouse for its agricultural produce, and no one bothers to make leather from the skins of slaughtered animals. Hence, a comparison between Italy's southern problem and our own would be a fallacy; the contrast between North and South is infinitely vaster here, and you have the impression, once you cross the line, of moving back into a distant past.

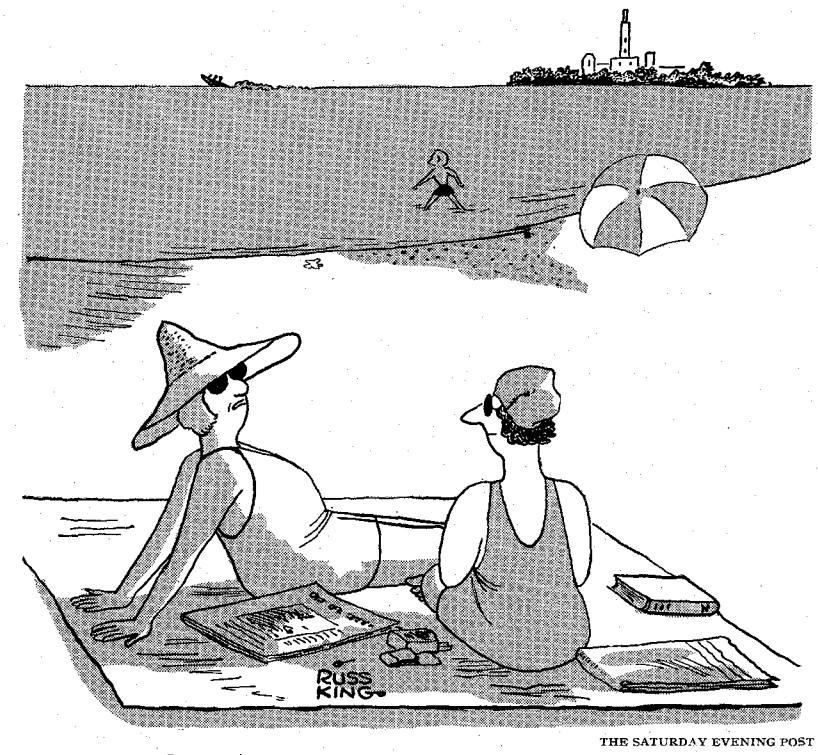
For centuries, the South has had a life apart. From the red-bearded Holy Roman Emperor, Frederick II, who, 700 years ago, topped southern hills with his stout castles, to Spanish and French kings, one foreign dynasty after another has ruled this realm. And, as each conquering monarch took possession, he gave the land to his own faithful nobles; by 1600, the King of Naples ruled a roost of thirteen princes, twenty-four dukes, twenty-five marquises, ninety counts, and some 800 barons. Although succeeding generations dissipated their huge, landed fortunes, and newcomers—often their own overseers—bought up their estates, the system outlived those who made it. When Italy, in 1871, became a nation, the country's cash went into building up the North, where an aggressive middle class stood at the threshold of the modern age. The feudal South stuck to the ancient ways.

In Cerignola, a miserable town of yellowish two-story houses in the Apulian plain, two thirds of the 54,000 inhabitants are farmers, some owning a small patch of land, others a landless proletariat, all of them poor. On market day, when women with black shawls and vacant faces crowd into Piazza della Libertà, the stands displaying shiny aluminum ware or bright cotton goods are utterly deserted. The rag counters, by contrast, are doing a brisk business in cheap second-hand clothing, much of it clearly of American provenience. Even water is a luxury to be enjoyed by the *signori*. At one and a half cents for the five-gallon cask off the old, horsedrawn water wagon, how many families can buy enough?

"Black, black, black," says a woman, "is our misery." In an abandoned artillery barracks, 720 squatters are at home—farm workers, mostly, who moved into town seven or eight years ago and are glad to have a roof over their heads. In one cubicle, partitioned off from the rest with slabs of cardboard, I found two couples with three children each—ten human beings. One family sleeps in a bed, the other on a pull-out sofa. A small, intelligent, nice-looking woman, her face flushed with tuberculosis, turns over a pasty-faced infant. What's on the stove? Bread stewed in water and, for vitamins, green weeds picked in the country. A walk from cubicle to cubicle is like a trip through Dante's hell. The weirdest thing, perhaps, about this man-ordained inferno is that it's spick-and-span. These are not savages.

But they will, now and then, go on the warpath. There will be a few shots, and a few stretchers, and life will once again return to normal.

The town's tradition of rambunctiousness goes back to the last century.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"My husband has only one fault—
he can't do anything right."

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"There was this big estate," said one old man, "whose owners held nine miles of private road. Twice every day, at dawn and dusk, thousands of workers trod that road, bound for the fields or back to town. They counted and they found that they were many. And gradually they united."

Today, Italy's huge farmworkers' union, born here in Cerignola, forms the backbone of the C.G.I.L.—Italy's general labor federation—whose communist chieftain, Di Vittorio, is a Cerignola man.

Still, strength in numbers did not bring freedom from want. The union wage, officially agreed on, is $1.37 for a full day's work. But fear of unemployment is stronger than a written claim. When, at the nightly line-up in the piazza, the labor-hiring agent from the large estates talks dolefully about bad times, the men are more than willing to go to work for ninety cents a day. No one piles up more than 200 working days a year, and 150 is considered a fair average.

"I was born with the Communist Party badge," says one young farm hand. Even during the height of fascism, there'd be at least one Red flag up in Cerignola on May first. Since World War II the town has had a solidly Red administration, and more than half the local vote, last May, went to the party. Two hundred communist ward heelers keep the electorate in line. Between the hungry, bitter mass and the *signori*, there is no bridge. What would a middle class be doing here? Four or five local barons represent the worldly side of things, and their old-fashioned mansions, empty most of the year, give tone to Cerignola's silhouette. The stately home of one landowner still looks a little grimy from a fire that was not an accident.

Eboli is the dreary little town in the Campania region immortalized by the Italian writer, Carlo Levi, in his best-selling postwar novel on the South, Christ Stopped at Eboli. Two thirds destroyed during the war—it lay uncomfortably close to the Salerno beachhead—it is still trying to dig itself out. As you drive into town you pass the rows of rusty Nissen huts left there by British troops and now inhabited by 217 families who have no other place to go.

At communist headquarters, overlooking the main square, the man in charge is a well-dressed, extremely courteous, bright young lawyer. With one imperious gesture of his arm, he sweeps out of his office the card-playing, butt-smoking hangers-on, and sends for two cups of black coffee. Although the communists, last May, lost their grip on Eboli's town hall, the registered party membership, he wishes me to know, has grown from 120 to 1400 in the last ten years, not counting some 300 youth-corps members. "Even some well-off landowners are with us," he says, and proudly adds, "I own a little land myself."

Matera is a town inhabited, in part, by troglodytes. Located in Lucania, the poorest region of the South, it fools the tourist with a well-swept little piazza. But look behind this false façade and you are face to face with the big, crawling beehive of "the Rocks," one of the most spectacular exhibits of the South. Few sights in Italy are more impressive. Picture a deep and narrow canyon with a sad little river at the bottom, and an enormous limestone cliff pock-marked with caves along a stretch of well over a mile. Inhabited since prehistoric times, these wretched dwellings currently give shelter to 16,000 people. Hundreds of hawks, like restless souls, forever circle overhead.

The typical establishment here is a combination living-dining-and-bedroom, with enough cave left over for the mule. These people are not farm hands but small landowners or tenants who, at daybreak, head for their distant plots with mule and two-wheel cart. The soil is poor, their farming methods antiquated, and they are hardly better off than the day-laborers with whom they form the rural proletariat of the South.

In one cave I encountered a family of four—an aging couple, grown-up son, and mule. The whitewashed "living-room" wall was shared by the two generations—the parents' half was decorated with religious pictures, the son's with portraits of communist leaders. "I am a communist," said the young man, "because the party will deliver us from poverty." The party's active cells within the Rocks number 215, and there are few noncommunists among the cave dwellers.

Now, to be sure, this is not the whole story. For one thing, there has been a shift within the Marxian camp itself—a shift of votes from the straight communist ticket to Mr. Nenni's fellow-traveling socialists—due, possibly, to the destruction of the Stalin myth. Although the transfer has been less pronounced down here than in the rest of Italy, a net increase in leftist strength may, in some instances, mean losses for the communists, gains for the socialists. As the two parties are linked by a unity-of-action pact, the over-all result, unfortunately, is the same.

Besides, the progress of the left is, by and large, restricted to the country. Most of the larger cities of the South have, since the war, participated in the general improvement of Italian life and hence form "white" oases in a crimson countryside. The port city of Bari (population 275,000) and the major cities of Calabria—Reggio, Cosenza, Catanzaro—are busy, clean and prosperous. In Catanzaro, a proud local tradition of learning, music and good taste makes members of the middle class forget that they are stuck on a lone hilltop, reached over dizzy, hairpin roads. And in Cosenza, a thriving trading post of 70,000, an afterglow of Spanish rule obliges local citizens to "appear richer than they are" and to receive you, in their run-down *palazzi*, with all the grace of true nobility. The chivalry of the Old South is, evidently, not exclusively American.

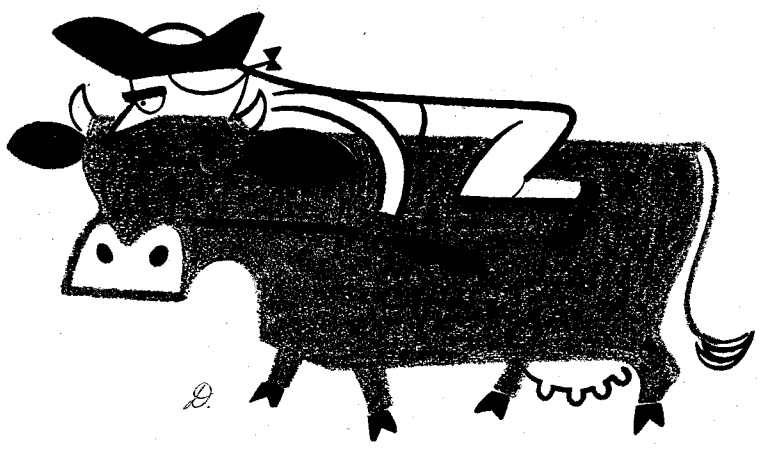
Some of these towns, reduced to ruin by the war, have overcompensated for the damage by doubling, even tripling, their urban areas. A furious building boom is rapidly transforming sky lines. Naples itself is in the midst of a face-lifting operation likely to give this royal capital of the "Two Sicilies" a new physiognomy—nothing but ultramodern sun-and-air apartment houses, a horrid sight to those of us who loved mellow old Naples and, no doubt, a distinct improvement from every other point of view.

A whole roster of laws makes these local miracles possible. There is a special law for the rehabilitation of war-battered Naples. There's a law for the Calabria flood victims, another one for the planting of trees, yet another for the gradual evacuation of Matera's cave dwellers to more salubrious villages nearby. It's here-a-law and there-a-law by which Rome has attempted to inject new energies into the South. And here-a-law and there-a-law will never turn the trick.

Take the most sweeping measure yet applied to the historic evils of the South, the land reform of 1950. Enacted with American blessing by the Demo-Christian government of the late Alcide De Gasperi, the land-reform law was designed to check what looked like the beginnings of a peasant revolution. Farm hands had taken over some estates, there had been bloodshed, and it was obvious that mere repression would only make things worse. Hence the reform law, which provided for partial confiscation—against payment—of large estates neglected by their owners. There was no brutal uniformity; landlords who had improved and diligently worked the land would lose but a few hundred acres, while the neglectful owner might be stripped of almost all he had. The land thus gained would be carved up into small lots and handed over to the landless peasants. And this, Rome confidently hoped, would take the steam out of Red propaganda.

Today the areas where the reformers have been busy look as if suddenly a soft, warm breath had kissed the lunar landscape. Down by the blue Ionian Sea I stopped in a three-year-old village surrounded by luxuriant fields to chat with the reform administrator, Carlo Cormio. A tall, lean, gangling fellow with pale-blue eyes in a frank, sun-tanned face, he could have passed for a young farmer from our own Midwest. He had studied agriculture and was devoted to his work with a cool passion. The land around us, he explained, had been the property of mighty landlords—the Berlingieri, Federici, Rizzi, La Cava, and Faralda. Some 18,000 acres of their holdings had been snipped off, improved with irrigation ditches, and assigned, by lot, to 1050 landless families, including some from faraway communities. The job was largely done; his office would fold up by 1960.

He showed me through the shiny village, designed to serve as a community



Look at the State They're In!

If the three Kemper brothers had won their way, at least part of Florida would have a distinction today that California couldn't claim. For Reuben, Nathan and Sam Kemper, respectively a merchant, land speculator and tavern keeper, sought to establish the Republic of West Florida 150 years ago and very nearly succeeded. The devil-may-care brothers drafted a declaration of independence, designed a flag, and raised an "army" of thirty volunteers to oust the Spanish rulers of the area.

The land which the Kempers wished to liberate for their own purposes lay between Southern Alabama and the Gulf of Mexico. It apparently was not included in either the 1795 Treaty of San Lorenzo, by which Spain ceded to the young United States all its land east of the Mississippi and south to the thirty-first degree, the present southern boundary of most of Alabama and Mississippi, nor in the Louisiana Purchase in 1803. The best acreage was owned by American Tories who fled the violence of the Revolutionary War, and by Spanish and French royalists, all of whom preferred Spain's easy rule to American domination.

The Kempers' rabble army sacked the property of a Spanish official, captured the alcalde of Feliciana district, and summoned all true Americans to rise to arms. But not one budged from his early equivalent of a beach chair. Faced by 150 West Florida militia loyal to Spain, the Kemper army vanished into the night. A year later, a band of pro-Spanish citizens descended upon Sam's tavern when all three brothers were present and captured them in a barroom battle in which several men were killed. Bound hand and foot, the brothers were delivered to West Florida militia, who started down the Mississippi River to the jail at Baton Rouge. As the vessel passed the last American outpost on the west side of the river, Reuben cried out, and American soldiers rescued the brothers just in time.

By 1810, the Kempers were far from alone in wishing to oust Spain. Rumors that Spain might let Napoleon seize West Florida brought all factions together. A tiny Spanish garrison was evicted from Bayou Sara, and seventy-five insurgents moved on Baton Rouge to capture its defending fort. They found themselves confronted by twenty cannon, well manned. Fortunately, scouts found a back gate through which cows were driven to pasture and brought back for milking. Seizing the Spanish cowherds during a fog, the Americans followed the cows home and overran the fort, last Spanish stronghold on the Mississippi.

The Spanish withdrew forever, and the West Florida Republic was again proclaimed. The very young nation asked a loan of $100,000 from the United States to defend itself. Instead, President Madison ordered West Florida seized. He said it was part of the Louisiana Purchase and therefore United States property. American gunboats landed sailors at Baton Rouge, and they hauled down the West Florida flag without bloodshed. It happened to be one of those days when it was too hot to fight.

Clarence M. Conkling

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and shopping center for some 7000 souls. There were one or two stores, a church, a café, an open-air cinema, a soccer field. Beaming, he took me in to see the kindergarten and the school. It was, perhaps, the most inspiring sight I saw down South—scrubbed and well fed, attired in neat little uniforms, these happy farmers' children were a long, long way from the Matera caves and the stewed weeds of Cerignola.

But—and the "but" shouldered its way into the pretty picture a few miles up the coastal highway. In one of the pink farmhouses built by the government on flat, rich land that used to belong to Prince Romanazzi, I talked with the newly baked proprietor, a beetle-browed, athletic man of forty-four who, in his previous life, had been a farm hand on the Duke of Sangro's lands. He bade me look through his new home—four rooms, nice wallpaper, clean beds, clean floors. From the back porch, we had a full view of the farm, fourteen green acres of grain, vine and olive land, all his. Then we sat down at the big table in the hall and, as will happen wherever farmer talks with stranger, out came the complaints.

"We are thirteen—myself, the wife, grandmother, the ten children. Seven of us work on the farm. There's the cow, the cart, the fertilizer, for which I owe the government 280,000 lire (about $450). That's quite a debt. Besides, there's the farm itself—375,000 lire (about $600) to be paid off in thirty years. Once I have fed the lot of us, there's little left to take to market. How can we ever get ahead?"

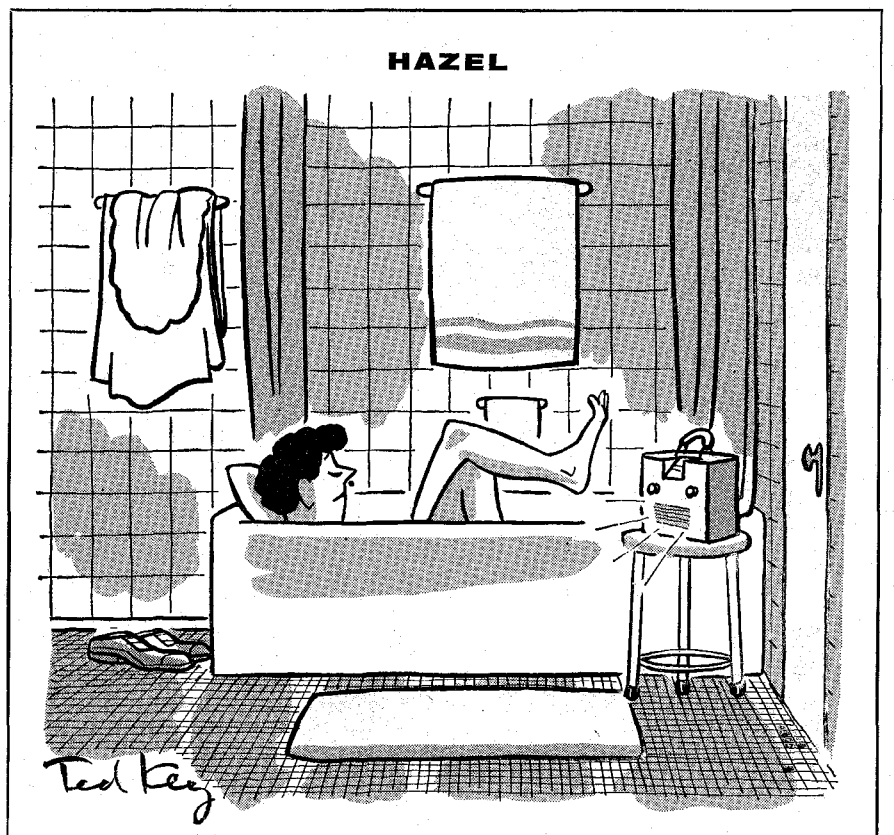
His politics? He straightened up. "I was a communist when I worked for the duke, and I am still a communist. The battle is still on." He didn't say what battle, but I was thinking of what an Italian critic had told me about land reform: "The father image of the feudal lord has been replaced by a new father—the state. Now they can blame whatever ails them on the government."

Land reform, it is now becoming clear, was not the magic answer to the problems of the South. The outlay for improvements and so forth has been enormous, amounting to $10,000 for the average new farm. Still, one of these gold-plated plots of less than twenty acres, turned over to a family of southern size, barely makes sense even where there is irrigation and where there are roads. Because "neglected" lands were the prime target of the land reform, much of the program has been carried out in areas poorly suited for intensive agriculture. In many places, the new farms are still far from the nearest road, far from water, far from electricity. But even if those drawbacks are eventually straightened out, what have you?

You have a total of 60,000 families that have been settled on new farms throughout the South, including 20,000 whose plots are merely garden-sized. This represents roughly one tenth of the land-hungry proletariat. The rest still carries on, sharecropping or working for wages, as badly off as yesterday. Most of those now employed at public works—dams, roads, canals, new housing—will pick up their last pay check when the government's six-year-old *Cassa per il Mezzogiorno*—Fund for the South—completes its twelve-year, $2,000,000,000 investment program. Then—what? Private investment, evidently, would provide new jobs, but neither cheap labor nor easy credits nor tempting tax exemptions have thus far lured more than a handful of large northern manufacturers into establishing new plants below Naples. Machines beget machines; why stimulate a chain reaction in the unspoiled South which might eventually shatter the snug monopoly of northern industries?

Hence, the "new South" is pretty much the old South, shot through with islands of good hope. Around these islands oozes the bleak sea of poverty. Content with having salvaged one family in ten, the planners felt their work was done—there is no blueprint for a general rehabilitation program. Even the ten-year plan of overall development, drafted for Italy as a whole by the late Budget Minister Vanoni, fails to provide a grand design for a more sweeping agricultural reform coupled with technical assistance, supervised credit and much-needed rural co-operatives.

This void, precisely, is what makes the South so dangerous. The feudal system which held things together for many centuries is broken up, and nothing new has been put in its place. Twelve million human beings, rudely awakened from a long, long sleep, are groping for a way of life.



"Mister chairman, the state of—*mister chairman*—the state—*mis-mister chairman—the state of New York casts all of its . . .*"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Here is, as Lenin would have put it, the "revolutionary situation" which gives the communists their classic opportunity. They can avail themselves of a dual advantage. First, they can claim the credit for what has been done, for there's little doubt that, without strong Red pressure, the South would have been left to stew in its own juice. "We would have to invent the communists if they did not exist" is one of the wry jokes around these parts. And, as what has been done is far from perfect, the communists can cash in on existing grievances and promise more of everything.

It's true that the southern farm worker or tenant farmer, who furnishes the bulk of the Red vote, is not a communist by nature. He is a humble, law-abiding person, who likes to raise a family and live and die in peace. Still, as a mass, this lowly peasantry has always been explosive. The story of each southern town is punctuated by sporadic violence. One small community once had a revolution over a threatened dog tax. During the postwar years, a little tiff could start a full-blown riot. Only last March there was a rising in Barletta, a small Apulian port, because relief packages distributed by church authorities were said to have been handed only to the politically clean. There were three dead and about twenty wounded.

When, after World War II, the people of the South discovered that they could use Italy's parties for their own advantage, they took to politics with a new passion—and with a peasant's eye for utilitarian values.

The game is played with a considerable flair for comedy. If you wish to be known as a good Demo-Christian, you won't be caught dead at the communist corner café, and vice versa. In one Lucanian town through which I passed, the clerks employed at the Communist Party office were Monarchists. Heartening stories printed in the press, in recent years, of twenty, thirty or 300 southern farm hands tearing up their Communist Party cards and joining, in a body, some much nicer club, take on a rather special meaning once you are here. Such mass conversions may occur, but it is also common practice in many regions of the South to carry several membership cards in one's pocket—"one for the priest, one for the party," as the saying goes, and one or two for the trade-unions or other helpful associations.

However, to shrug off the communist rank and file as mere "bread communists," as is the fashion here, means twisting a political reality. What if they have not read Karl Marx? What if their communism is only skin deep? In the long run, it is the votes that count, and this is something many people here find hard to grasp. With angry landlords and retired colonels voting Monarchist, housewives and merchants Demo-Christian, some of the students neo-Fascist, and the intelligentsia Liberal, no common strategy for beating communism and "Nenni-socialism" at the polls exists. The test will come with the next national elections—two years off—when purely local issues will recede before the bigger things at stake.

Meanwhile, the communists are busier than beavers. A year-round program of parades and *festas* and an avalanche of propaganda perpetuate the myth that communism is the champion of the poor, the deadly enemy of exploitation. In many places, l'Unità, the party organ, is the only purveyor of news. Red agents go from house to house, discussing personal problems, promising land, better times, less work, and husbands for the girls. The party's local leaders are no mountebanks. Well-groomed and personable, they often are the offspring of the bourgeoisie, who see no future for themselves in the established social pattern and take their chance as leaders of the proletariat. Trained in the party's cadre schools up North, they have the expert touch. In the piazza, they speak the language of the common man; they make short sentences and they repeat the theme until it hurts, while their opponents flounder through fine phrases.

The common man, however, is by no means the only catch the communists are after. As good a place as any to watch them woo the southern middle class is Crotone, a grimy little town of 20,000 on the eastern coast of Calabria, the sole of the Italian boot. Once a proud colony of enterprising Greeks, Crotone has the dubious honor of having wiped out splendid Sybaris, a nearby settlement inhabited by the proverbial Sybarites. Today, Crotone is a stronghold of the communists who draw their strength from the mechanical and fertilizer plants established here after the First World War. And, from a solidly Red city hall, the lines are out for the bewildered bourgeois. A fish vendor denounced for overstepping the legal price limits, a baker up for an infringement of the rules, are grandly pardoned by the communist city fathers—and are expected to return the favor at election time. Shopkeepers whose fortunes depend on their communist clientele begin to see the point of voting the Red ticket. Schoolteachers, clerks and factory employees, caught up in the strong current, float along. Hence, though the Demo-Christians, in last May's elections, made an impressive showing in Crotone, the communists, by gaining some 600 votes, quietly strengthened their control.

And that is pretty much the story—the story of a little-known frontier where things do not look comforting. Within the last six years, roughly $3,000,000,000 has been poured into this part of Italy. More than one half of this colossal figure represents public funds, including World Bank credits totaling some $60,000,000. None of this money has been thrown away; new dams, new roads, new houses are there to show for it.

But action has invariably come from upstairs; there has been no participation of the people. The little man, plucked from a feudal past and put down in a world he didn't make, has not been helped to help himself. No longer a mere chessman of his noble lord, he has become the chessman of a powerful bureaucracy. Small wonder that there is no great, spontaneous upsurge, no popular enthusiasm which might spell rebirth. Rome, in a hurry to fight communism, forgot to generate the safest antidote yet known—democracy.

All this is far, far from encouraging, and one is tempted to agree with those who, a few years ago, put all their hopes and all their energy into "reforming" the old South, and who now say that the whole thing is hopeless. The *Mezzogiorno* is a state of mind. The effort it would take to work deep, lasting changes may well exceed the resources of Italy. Yet, if the effort is not made, what is there to prevent the communists from cashing in on hunger, ignorance and idleness? Thus, the forgotten back yard of a friendly nation becomes a problem for the Western world in general—a problem whose solution, in the interest of all of us, should rate a high priority. THE END

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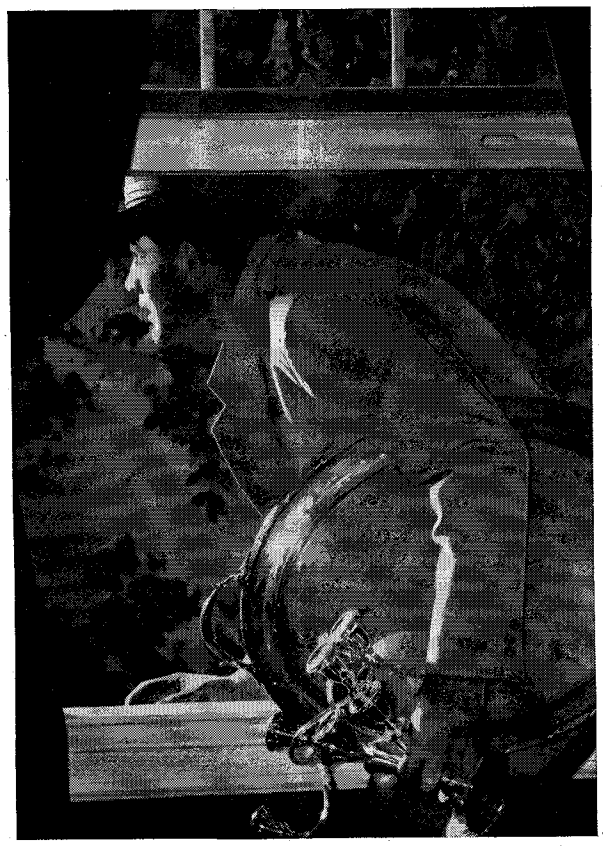
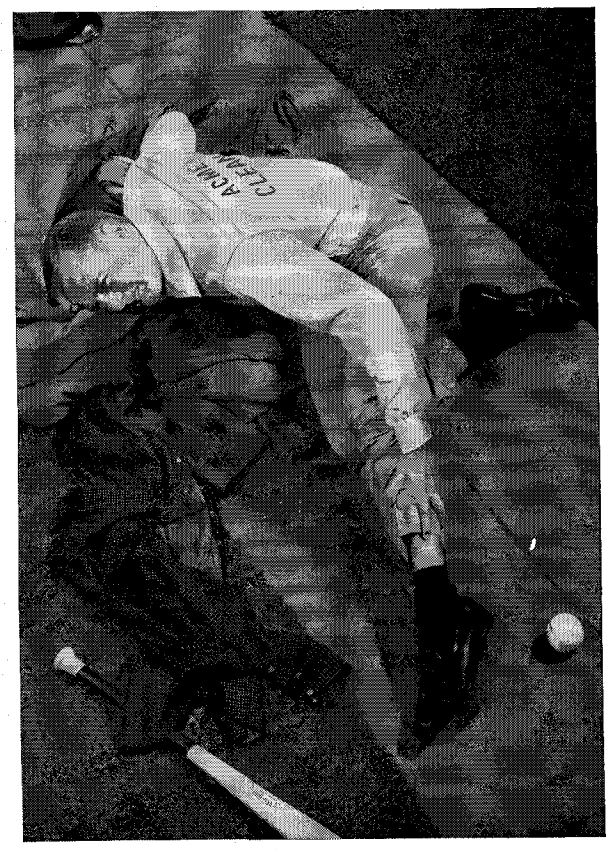
FIRE



THEFT



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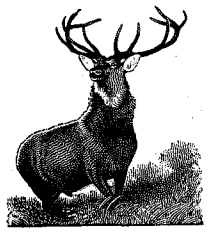

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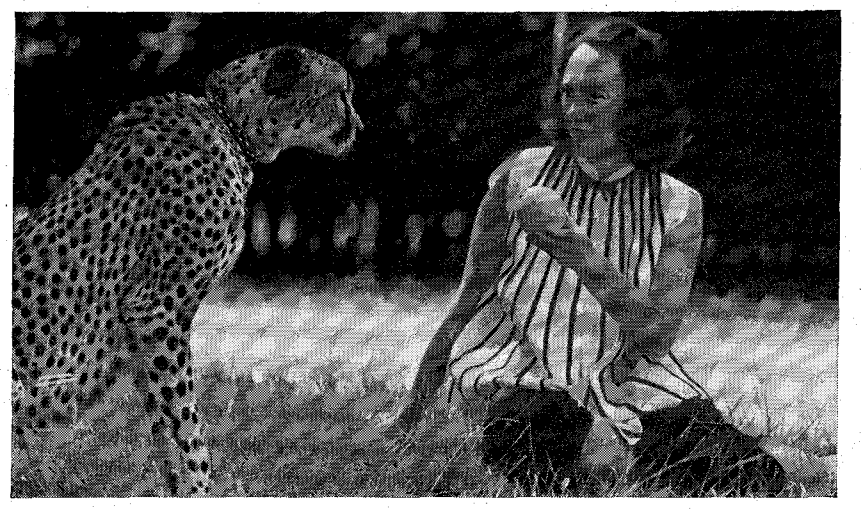
Keeping Posted

Be Very Careful With a Cheetah



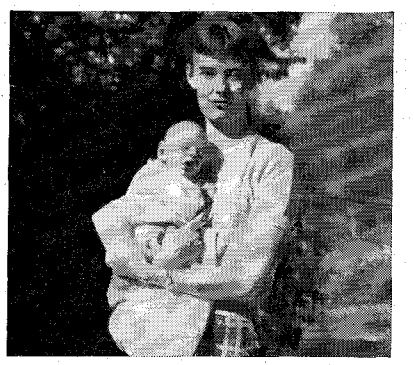
Regarding that photo: are the pretty lady and the handsome cheetah close friends? No, they are just sitting close together. A cheetah is an animal which can chase its prey at seventy miles an hour; or, while just sitting still, looking happy and purring comfily, it may attack a man, or anything else, instantaneously and with fearful effect. Affixed to the chain on that 120-pound beast's collar is a rope being held, off stage, by Florida's John Hamlet, the first man in America to train adult-caught cheetahs. That's good, but most people would prefer to be sitting someplace else. Photographer Jack Holmes made that picture of his wife, Jeanne; and at another time, he and trainer Hamlet entered the cheetah compound, where the animals were purring around on their own without ropes, and Jeanne tells on page *36* how close he came to big trouble in there.

Jeanne Holmes recalls, "As I hobnobbed with the cheetah, my husband kept telling me how to pose, but I never heard a word the good man said." She was listening to her thoughts: *With a cheetah, never make a wrong move.* She concludes, "It was a wonderful story to work on." A good story to read, but the Holmeses can have it to work on.

At the Conventions: One Upson After Another

Speaking of political conventions, as maybe you've heard somebody doing lately, just one hundred years ago a Judge William Hanford Upson, of Akron, Ohio, was a delegate to the Republican Party's first national convention. Just one hundred years later, his grandson, author William Hazlett Upson, of Middlebury, Vermont, who in the September 15 Post presents another report about that magnificent tractor salesman, Alexander Botts, is now a delegate to the G.O.P. meeting in San Francisco. To keep this thing going, writer Upson alleges that his infant grandson, William Hazlett Upson, II, plans to be a G.O.P. delegate in *2056*, the child being so keen mentally and physically that no doubt is held of his being able to serve at the age of 101. The author also alleges that Alexander Botts is in San Francisco, to study the political aspects of road-building programs.

Judge Upson, who died in 1910 and was a state senator and chief judge of Ohio's Circuit Court, also was a delegate when Lincoln was renominated and when Hayes was named, and in 1900, as one of five surviving founders of his party, was an honored guest when McKinley was renominated. "Grandfather," says Bill Upson, "was a moderate in politics; in 1856 he opposed the Fugitive Slave Law and the spread of slavery to the territories, but did not favor immediate freeing of all the slaves by force." Bill considers himself also a moderate: he's



Upson delegates 1, 2 — and 3?

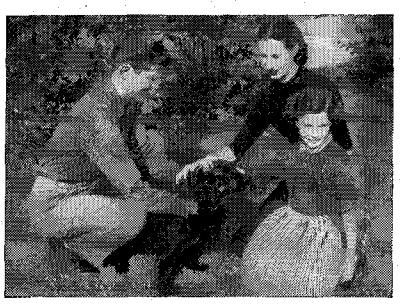
for temperate solution of integration, for more cuts in spending and taxing; for Eisenhower and Nixon. The alleged delegate to the *2056* convention, who lives with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Upson, of Peoria, says of his politics, "Ah oo ga dada," and refuses to elaborate on his statement.

Out of the Wild Blue, a Ring on the Doorbell

Joe Bell, having marketed a number of articles, decided to see if his typewriter would write fiction. He built a plot around an actual event at the Corpus Christi Naval Air Training Station while he was a World War II flight instructor there; and as he worked he felt sorry he could only remember the name of one person, besides himself, who was in the incident—a Lt. Robert Niemi whom Bell hadn't had any contact with for years. Well, two days after the typewriter finished the first draft of the story, the Bells' doorbell rang in LaGrange, Illinois, and honest to gosh, there stood Mr. and Mrs. Niemi, of Detroit. The Niemis had picked up the address somehow and, while on a trip, thought they'd pop in for a minute. So Niemi read the story and pronounced it good; and pretty soon so did the Post, which has ensconced it on page *26*.

Concerning Bell's war service, he remarks glumly that his youthful children tend to rate a flight instructor about zero in regard to thrill and glamour. When neighborhood youngsters talk about what their dads did in the war, his just maintain a discouraged silence. One day he took his own aside and said, "Look, I wasn't an instructor all the time—I was out in the Pacific too." Son David, brightening, asked, "How many Japs did you shoot down?" Dad Bell, glooming, explained, "Well—none. I flew transports." The poor boy uttered, "Transports!" in such a tone that the subject was hastily dropped. Later, Bell recalled some *Kamikazes* he once saw at Okinawa, and he may work up the nerve to try that angle out.

Things to Worry About



After Evans Harrington's last and first previous story in the Post in '54, he tried his hand, both hands, at writing a novel, resulting in The Prisoners being published by Harper's recently. This suggests that he is fitted for his present regular employment, teaching English at the University of Mississippi. Of his family he says, "My daughter, Donna, eight, is threatening to start reading and criticizing my stories, and my wife, Mickey, age unobtainable, threatens to stop doing my typing in view of the length of books." Though Harrington claims to worry more about the former than the latter, observe that his work on page 31 is short.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"Miss Minnie's Stolen Millions"

The astonishing story of how a quiet woman, aided only by an honest face and a fountain pen, pulled a $3,000,000 swindle.

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